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AN

AMERICAN VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS OF DAVID.

SUITED

TO THE STATE OF THE CHURCH IN THE
PRESENT AGE OF THE WORLD.

BY ABIJAH DAVIS,
Minister of the Gospel at Millville, New-Jersey.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory. PSALM xcvii. 1

PHILADELPHIA.
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY D. HEARTT
1813.

District of New-Jersey, ss.

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PREFACE.

THIS American version of the Psalms of David is intended to be, as it were, a new song put into the mouths of God's ransomed people, written in a language which they understand, but breathing the spirit of the divine original. In executing this work, the plan was to give a free verse translation of the Psalms, making them the ground work of the new song. preserving the leading ideas and metaphors, but varying the expression to suit the circumstances of the church in the present age of the world. A prose translation strictly literal, is very difficult, and not always just; a verse translation strictly literal, is an impossibility which it is folly to attempt. In a version of the Psalms the harmony of sounds ought not to be sacrificed for the sake of being a little more literal. "The letter profiteth nothing, it is the spirit that giveth life." It is enough for me, therefore, and it ought to satisfy every unprejudiced Christian, if in this work, I have kept as near as I could to the inspired model, without running into a gingle of words.

This version is intended for the use of all the true worshippers of God, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. There may, indeed, be a few stanzas that will not exactly correspond with the received opinions of some, but the author hopes that they will have more liberality than to condemn a work for the fault real or supposed) which they find with a few lines. It ought rather to lead them to a deeper study of the scriptures to discover where the error lies, whether in this work or in their own minds. It is not by an intolerant spirit, but by mutual forbearance, and a free exchange of sentiment, that the several Christian denominations, if ever, will be brought to the unity of the faith.

That I might not be under the necessity of rejecting many of the most poetical words, or of compelling the unlearned worshipper to sing without understanding, I have given in the margin an explanation of the most difficult terms. An author is oftentimes but imperfectly understood by many, for want of a dictionary at hand, or of a sufficient knowledge of the meaning of words. By casting an eye to the references the language in this version is familiarized to almost every child, while by this means I have been enabled to sing in more harmonious strains. This practice is new, but was it adopted generally by authors, I think it would greatly tend to the improvement of language and consequent enlargement of ideas, especially among those whose opportunities have not been favorable. I hope, therefore, that the scholar, who is under no necessity of such an help, will not censure me for the pains which I have taken to enable the unlearned to sing with the understanding.

The Psalms are varied in length from four verses to ten, to suit times and circumstances. Where a Psalm is thought to be too long for the occasion, a part may in many cases be omitted, where it does not too much injure the connexion. But as church music is generally performed in quicker time now, than in former ages, it is hoped that in so delightful a part of Christian worship as that of praise to God, eight or ten verses will seldom be thought tedious. What can be said, or sung, in eight or ten verses equal to the honor of his name, "who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood," when eternity itself would be too short to utter all his praise?

I must here record the goodness of the Lord in preserving my life to accomplish this work. I was not sixteen years of age when I formed the resolution that at forty I would begin what is here completed. When the time of life came I without delay set about the work, and by the good hand of my God upon me I have lived to prepare it for the press. It was God, I trust, who first put the thought into mine heart, it is God has preserved my life until I have accomplished the design which I formed in youth, and if in the execution of this work I have done any thing to advance his kingdom in the world, not unto me, not unto me, but unto his name be all the glory. It is, and will continue to be, my rejoicing in old age, that I devoted to God the prime of life. May others receive as much pleasure in singing the praises of God, as I have in putting this new song into their mouths. May thousands, who are now silent in his praise, or whose mouths are full of cursing and bitterness, have their hearts turned, and their voices tuned, to strike the heavenly key and to sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing, and glory, and honor, and power." When the author sleeps in dust, may the name of the Redeemer still be sung by the generations that shall arise to call him blessed. May other bards in future ages, when language shall become more refined and men more pious and enlightened, strike their lyres and vie with angels in celebrating the praises of the incarnate *Word*. O may the name of our God, and of our Redeemer, be praised in every age, in every nation, and in every language, in strains that has never yet been reached by any of his ransomed people on earth. May our mountains and our rivers, our streets and our groves, echo the joyful sound, "Salvation to God and the Lamb;" while our sons and our daughters to the chief singer on the stringed instruments, join the heavenly host and sing, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to man."

ABIJAH DAVIS.

Millville, May 3, 1813.

PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM 1. C. M.

Saints and sinners characterized.

1 BLEST is the man, who fears to sin,
And evil ne'er commits;
The sinner's way he stands not in,
Nor with the scoffer sits.

2 The word of truth directs his way,
The law is his delight,
He reads its precepts thro the day,
And meditates by night.

3 He like a tree when planted near
Where living water flows,
Shall bear in plenty year by year
And prosper as he grows.

4 Fair as a leaf of ever-green
Shall his profession shine;
His fruits of holiness are seen
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the men of impious lives,
What vain designs they form;
But all their hope of glory drives
Like chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 The narrow way that leads above
Is known to Jesus well;
But the broad way that sinners love,
Goes down to death and hell.

PSALM 1. S. M.

The saints happy, the sinners miserable

1 BLEST is the man of God,
Who walks not with his foes;
But treads the way that Jesus trod,
And with the righteous goes.

2 The ways of sin abhor'd
Afford him no delight,
But in the statutes of the Lord
He reads by day and night.

3 He, like a thrifty tree,
Abounds with choicest fruits,
And grace, like rivers, full and free,
The sap of life recruits.

4 The 'ungodly are not so;
But sinners unforgiven,
Are like the chaff that to and fro
Before the wind is driven.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right-hand
In full assembly meet?

6 The Judge of quick and dead
The way of virtue knows,
But sinners and the way they tread
His vengeance overthrows.

PSALM 1. L. M.

The difference between the righteous and wicked.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Avoid the place where sinners meet;
He 'abhors the talk of impious wits,
Nor with the scoffer proudly sits.

The law is his divine delight,
He reads its precepts day and night;

And while his soul on Jesus rests
He well the sacred text digests.

3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Near where some gentle river flows,
The streams of grace, divinely free,
Shall fertilize the growing tree.

4 The 'ungodly are not so—They find
No long continuing peace of mind;
As chaff that 's blown along the skies
So all their hope of glory flies.

5 The 'ungodly, therefore, shall not stand
In judgment, when with stern command
The sovreign Judge, with awful frown,
Shall thus to sorrow doom them down.

6 " My saints the way to glory trod,
The narrow way that leads to God;
In broader paths you lov'd to stray,
Depart, and perish in your way."

PSALM 2. S. M.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 WHY do the heathen rage,
Till Christ their Lord be slain?
Why should the people all engage
To 'attempt a thing so vain?

2 Combin'd to tread him down,
The kings in council say,
" Come, let us trample on his crown,
And cast his laws away."

3 The Lord of glory smil'd
And laugh'd his foes to scorn,
Who rag'd against his holy child,
The mighty Savior born.

4 He spake, and vext them sore,
Who did the Son provoke;

Loud as his awful thunders roar,
The 'almighty Father spoke!

5 " On Zion's heavenly hill
His throne shall ever stand,
He, who disputes his sovreign will,
Shall ne'er possess the land.

6 I 've made a firm decree,
He 's mine anointed one;
This day have I begotten thee,
O my beloved Son.

7 The world from pole to pole
To thee shall look and live;
Ask me, my Son, and take the whole,
For earth is mine to give.

8 Thou shalt the rebels quell,
And rule with iron rod,
Shalt dash the vessels down to hell
That dare to 'oppose their God."

9 Be wise, ye judges, now,
And serve the Lord with fear;
Ye king's, before your sovreign bow,
His word with trembling hear.

10 Accept his offer'd love,
With faith and reverent awe,
Nor think your royal powers above
Submission to his law.

11 But if you disobey,
You perish on the place;
For blest are they, and only they,
Who trust his sovreign grace.

PSALM 2. C. M.

The purpose of sinners frustrated.

1 WHY did the Jewish nation rage
With unrelenting strife?

In council why did kings engage
To slay the Lord of life?

2 This man shall ne'er become our Lord,
His foes rebellious say;
Then slight his grace with one accord
And cast his laws away.

3 The Lord, who sits above the skies,
Beholds what sinners do;
His awful word like lightning flies
And strikes their spirits thro.

4 " Behold the man you dar'd to kill,
Has risen and left the dead;
His throne is fixt on Zion's hill,
The crown is on his head.

5 I will declare the sure decree
And own him for my son;
This day have I begotten thee,
O thou, most Holy One.

6 Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
The utmost heathen lands;
Thy rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel who withstands."

7 Be wise, ye haughty princes, now,
No more with Jesus vie;
Low in his royal presence bow,
For if he frown ye die.

8 Salute the Son with kind embrace;
If once his wrath inflame,
How blest are they, who trust his grace
And own the Savior's name.

PSALM 2. L. M.

Christ reigning over his enemies.

1 WHY did the heathen nations rage?
What had the friend of sinners done?

That Jew and Gentile both engage
To slay the Lord's anointed one.

2 His foes, combin'd in council, say,
" We 'll ne'er submit to Jesus' crown;
Come, let us cast his laws away,
And tread the man of sorrows down."

3 The Lord, who high in glory reigns,
Derides the words with which they speak;
All heaven a bursting laughter feigns,
At rage so strong and power so weak!

4 Now shall he speak and vex them sore,
A word from God, the proud confounds,
Loud as his awful thunders roar,
His voice of indignation sounds.

5 " I will maintain his royal throne,
On Zion's everlasting hill;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns alone,
And bows the nations to his will.

6 Jesus shall reign from pole to pole,
Thro distant circles draw his line;
Ask me, my Son, and take the whole,
The world's remotest parts are thine.

7 Thy foes shall know that Christ is God,
When they shall see thy lightning flash;
For thou shalt break them with thy rod,
And down to hell the wicked dash."

8 Be wise, ye haughty princes, now,
Ye judges, hear his heavenly voice,
Low at the throne of Jesus bow,
And with a trembling fear rejoice.

9 His offer'd grace no more despise,
Salute the son with kind embrace;
If once his wrath the least arise,
Blest are the men who trust his grace.

PSALM 3. C. M.

Temptations overcome.

1 HOW fast, O Lord, my foes increase,
What cruel things they say;
When wilt thou grant my soul release,
And drive them far away?

2 Insidious* troublers with a scoff
Deride thy chast'ning rod;
The Lord, say they, has cast him off,
He has no help in God.

3 When Satan fills my soul with fear—
By fierce temptation driven,
To me my growing sins appear,
Too great to be forgiven.

4 But thou my glory, thou my shield,
The 'uplifter of mine head,
Shalt bring me conquerer from the field
And on the tempter tread.

5 Arise, O Lord, lift up thine arm
And my deliverer stand,
Till all my foes, who seek my harm,
Confess thy powerful hand.

PSALM 3. Part 2. C. M.

The force of prayer.

1 I PRAY'D, and Jesus heard my voice
From Zion's holy hill,
He bid my sorrowing soul rejoice,
And did his word fulfill.

2 I laid me down—for sweet repose
I felt mine eyes incline;
Awhile I slept, and then arose,
Sustain'd by power divine.

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* Insidious, treacherous, diligent to entrap.

3 No more shall terrors make me 'afraid,
Thro grace I can endure;
If God afford his powerful aid,
My faith remains secure.

4 Arise, O Lord, to save the meek,
My soul in anguish cried;
Almighty God, thy grace I seek,
Nor can I be denied.

5 The Lord arose, and with a stroke
Dispers'd the 'ungodly band;
The teeth of wicked men he broke,
And not a foe could stand.

6 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He gives the sufferers rest,
He turns our sorrows into songs
And makes his people blest.

PSALM 4. L. M.

A prayer for audience.

1 O GOD my refuge, God my rest,
Before thy throne of grace I fall;
Thou hast enlarg'd me when distrest,
Have mercy now and hear my call.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain you try
To turn my glorying into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And fools reproach my Savior's name?

3 Know that the Lord has set apart
His saints, who humbly serve him here;
He knows the man of upright heart,
And gives him grace to persevere.

4 Let daring sinners stand in awe,
And such amazing grace adore;
Commune with couscience, read the law,
Believe, repent, and sin no more.

5 When saints have wrought, with willing hands,
Whate'er the law enjoins as just,
Their hope of heaven in Jesus stands,
In God, and not in man, they trust.

6 How many vain immortals say,
Who will bestow us any gift?
'Tis not for earthly things I pray,
But, Lord, thy light upon me lift.

7 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace and favor so divine,
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine.

8 At peace with God, I laid me down
And nature took refreshing rest;
But who can sleep, and bear his frown
Like embers burning in his breast?

PSALM 4. C. M.

Evening devotion.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
To thee my cries I send;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to 'offend.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With mine own heart and thee.

3 This evening sacrifice I bring,
And offer what is just;
But sovreign grace, eternal king,
Is all my hope and trust.

4 I 'll lay me down in peace and sleep,
Nor fear the powers of hell;
Thou, Lord, wilt all my slumbers keep,
With thee I safely dwell.

PSALM 4. S. M.

Conversing with God.

1 ALMIGHTY God, give ear,
Before thy throne I fall;
Oft hast thou brought salvation near,
Again attend my call.

2 How long will sinners dare
To 'offend the God above?
How long attempt my soul to 'ensnare,
And lying seek and love?

3 The Lord has set apart
The godly for his own;
He knows the man of upright heart,
And makes his virtue known.

4 I fear the Lord by day,
And run the christian race,
At night I send my cries away
To seek his pard'ning grace.

5 While men transgress the law,
And tempt destruction down,
My soul is fill'd with conscious awe,
I fear my Father's frown.

6 Now, Lord, thy child compose,
Bestow the gift of sleep;
And when mine eyes in Jesus close,
My softer slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. C. M.

Morning Prayer.

1 GIVE ear, O God; to thee I pray,
Consider my requests,
Nor turn the humble soul away
That on thy promise rests.

2 Before the morning stars grow faint,
And vanish from the skies,

To thee will I direct my plaint,
To thee lift up mine eyes.

3 The Lord in sin has no delight,
He 'abhors the 'ungodly band;
The wicked banish'd from his sight,
Shall ne'er before him stand.

4 Deceitful men shall die abhorr'd,
The sons of lies and blood,
Depart forsaken of the Lord,
Destroy'd as with a flood.

5 But as for me I 'll seek his courts,
I 'll in his house appear;
And while his love my soul transports,
I 'll worship in his fear.

6 O, may his spirit gently sooth,
And guide me thro my race,
Make rugged paths of duty smooth
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

7 On thee, my God, for help I call,
Defend my soul with care;
By their own counsels let them fall,
Who would the just ensnare.

8 O, save me, Friend of sinners, save
From all my faithless foes;
Their throat is open as the grave,
Their tongue by flattery goes.

9 The Lord will crush them in the dust,
And all their plots destroy;
While they, who make his name their trust,
For ever shout for joy.

10 The men who fight with sin and hell,
Shall triumph in the field;
For God defends the righteous well,
With favor as a shield.

PSALM 6. C. M.

Complaint in sickness.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Let all thy strokes be mild;
Nor let a Father's wrath grow hot
Against a feeble child.

2 In sickness hear thy servant speak,
And ease a mind perplext;
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
And all my bones are vext.

3 Father in heaven, remove thy rod,
My soul in mercy save;
For who deceas'd remembers God,
Or thanks him in the grave?

4 All night I make my bed to swim,
And wet my couch with tears;
Mine eyes consume, my sight grows dim,
But not thro length of years.

5 The wicked o'er my pains rejoice;
Depart, ye sons of strife,
For God has heard my weeping voice,
And will prolong my life.

6 O may my foes repentant burn
In sorrow's purest flame;
And, grieving o'er their sins, return,
O'ercome with sudden shame.

PSALM 6. L. M.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

1 CORRECT me, Lord, with gentle rod,
Nor me rebuke in dreadful ire,
For who can bear thy wrath, my God,
Pour'd out in storms of liquid fire.

2 None but the damn'd can understand
The full import of Jesus' frown;

His voice is thunder, and his hand
Swift as the lightning brings it down.

3 Unless his love my life sustain,
I die beneath his slightest peal;
But God can ease my raging pain,
My broken spirit God can heal.

4 Death, and a thousand horrors grim,
Amid the night excite my fears,
I make my bed with tears to swim,
Till the slow morning light appears.

5 If God prolong my vital breath,
I 'll sing his sovreign power to save;
But who remembers God in death,
Or thanks his goodness in the grave?

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
The God who makes his thunders roll,
Will ease my pain and cheer my heart.

7 My foes, O God, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
Shall sink in everlasting woes;
Thine eyes, made red with living flame,
Shall flash destruction on thy foes.

8 But I shall ne'er thy wrath abide,
For Jesus bore the dreadful shock;
The pointed steel that pierc'd his side,
Convey'd thy thunder to my Rock.

PSALM 7. Part 1. C. M.

The appeal to heaven.

1 IN thee, O God, I put my trust,
And thy deliv'rance crave;
From foes perfidious* and unjust,
My soul in mercy save.

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* Perfidious, faithless, false to promise.

2 As hungry lions rend their prey,
So tyrants act the whelp;
But who, my soul, or what are they,
If God arise to help?

3 If first to move the deadly strife
I gave the 'offending blow,
Then let them trample on my life,
And lay mine honor low.

4 Did I within mine heart conceal
Their venom and their gall,
I would not dare to heaven appeal,
Nor on my Savior call.

5 But God beholds their ill intent,
And like a victor* dar'd,
He hath his bow of justice bent,
His arrows are prepar'd.

6 Arise, my God, lift up thine hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PSALM 7. Part 2. C. M.

Persecutors destroyed.

1 THE sovereign Judge appears at length,
The Lord is seen on high,
He 'exalts himself in all his strength,
To bring his judgment nigh.

2 Behold he comes in bright array,
To make his justice known;
Vext with the wicked every day,
He comes to 'avenge his own.

3 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend the 'upright;

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* Victor, a conquerer.

His sharpest arrows God ordains,
Against the sons of spite.
4 Unless by sovreign grace restor'd,
The sinner's heart relent,
The Lord will whet his glittering sword,
His bow is ready bent.
5 The instruments of death are his,
The sword, the bow and spear;
A dreadful foe Jehovah is,
His wrath, ye tyrants, fear.
6 Behold the sinner bent on sin,
How hard he plies the spade,
He digs a pit and falls therein,
Drown'd in the ditch he made.
7 Sing praises, O ye joyful saints,
Sing praises to your King;
For God has heard your long complaints,
And you his praise must sing.

PSALM 8. S. M.

God is glorious in creation.

1 O LORD, our Lord, thy name
On earth is greatly prais'd,
And o'er the heaven's high starry frame,
Thy glory thou hast rais'd.
2 From babes and sucklings weak
Thou, Lord, dost strength ordain,
To still thy foes who 'against thee speak,
The 'avenger to restrain.
3 When I the heavens behold,
A work of power divine,
The fixed stars like sparkling gold
Amid the concave shine.
4 The moon and planets run
A glorious course by night,

And all the day the 'effulgent sun
Emits superior light.

5 But who, my God, can scan
The heavens which thou hast built?
Or what is sinful, dying man,
The heir of pain and guilt?

6 On Adam, when a clod,
Thou reason didst bestow,
On earth the noblest work of God,
He rul'd the world below.

7 The sinful human race
Are rais'd to high command;
To shining angels next in place
The sons of Adam stand.

8 The tamer beasts obey,
And in our service draw;
While savage herds and beasts of prey
Are held in sacred awe.

9 O Lord, our Lord, thy name
On earth is greatly prais'd,
And o'er the heaven's high starry frame,
Thy glory thou hast rais'd.

PSALM 8. C. M.

A view of the heavenly world.

1 GREAT Architect, who built the skies,
Thy wisdom is divine;
From all thy works what wonders rise
And high in glory shine.

2 While some against thy greatness speak,
Or view thy works in vain,
From sucklings and from men as weak
Thou, Lord, dost strength ordain.

3 When to the shining worlds afar
My wond'ring eyes I raise,

The rolling orb, and fixed star,
Unite to give thee praise.

4 These are thy works, almighty God,
How perfect is thy plan;
But what is man, a sinful clod,
That thou shouldst visit man!

5 How has he plung'd himself in guilt,
And yet he wears the crown,
And yet for him the world was built,
For him thy Son came down!

6 On man thou reason didst bestow,
He walks with upright face;
Made lord of all things here below,
To angels next in place.

7 The seas to man allegiance yield,
The skies their tribute bring,
O'er all the beasts, and every field,
He reigns for ever king.

8 Great Architect,* who built the skies,
Thy wisdom is divine;
From all thy works what wonders rise
And high in glory shine.

PSALM 9. Part 1. C. M.

Rejoicing in God.

1 IN thee, my God, will I rejoice,
And praise thy glorious name;
With all mine heart, and all my voice,
Thy wonders I 'll proclaim.

2 I 'll sing thy majesty and love,
My God prepares his throne,
In righteousness he rules above,
Unrival'd and alone.

---

* Architect, a professor of the art of building.

3 The Lord maintain'd my humble right,
And sav'd my soul from hell;
The foe, unequal to the fight,
Before his presence fell.

4 Thou daring foe, be now amaz'd,
Thy turn has come to die;
Think of the cities thou hast raz'd,
That all in ruin lie.

5 Thou hast the sword of death employ'd,
And dar'd the saints to 'offend;
Destroyers now must be destroy'd,
Perpetual is their end.

6 But God for ever shall endure,
Our refuge, and our rest,
His throne in judgment stands secure
To vindicate the 'opprest.

7 The men who know the Lord will make
His name their only trust;
For thou, my God, canst ne'er forsake,
The faithful and the just.

8 Sing praises to the 'almighty King,
To God your voices raise;
Let heaven with alleluas ring,
And earth resound his praise.

PSALM 9. Part 2. C. M.

The supreme tribunal.

1 WHEN God, the Judge supreme and just,
Shall once for blood inquire,
Then shall his saints, who dwell in dust,
No more be doom'd to fire.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Shall his own children raise;
They in his house with cheerful breath,
Shall sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes, who persecute and slay
The men of upright heart,
Shall perish on that awful day,
And hear their doom—" Depart."

4 They have their snares for mischief set,
But they shall on them tread,
And sinners perish in the net,
Their bloody hands have spread.

5 Thus by thy judgments, mighty Lord,
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief die abhorr'd
The snare is oft their own.

6 Attention! O, ye tyrants, hear,
Who dare the church to 'assail,
The Lord will put your hearts in fear,
Your hands shall not prevail.

PSALM 9. Part 3. C. M.

Sinners destroy'd and saints saved.

1 THE wicked must depart to hell,
For God shall turn them down,
Who 'against his sacred laws rebel
And tempt his awful frown.

2 Forgetful nations there must burn,
Their power can nought perform;
Millions who now the Savior spurn,
Must brave the 'eternal storm.

3 Tho saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Yet Christ has their salvation bought
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

4 The hands of men shall not prevail;
Arise, O Lord, arise,
Descend in flaming fire and hail,
The nations now surprise.

5 Put them in fear beneath thy rod,
For then, and not till then,
Will they confess that Christ is God,
And they but sinful men.

PSALM 9. Part 1. L. M.

Babylon is fallen.

1 WITH all mine heart I 'll raise my voice,
And in the 'eternal God rejoice;
I'll praise thy name, O thou Most High,
For thou hast heard the 'oppressed sigh.

2 The Lord in righteousness delights,
The Lord maintains our injur'd rights;
High in the heavens he reigns alone,
And sits in judgment on his throne.

3 When hosts of hell begin the 'attack
He turns the 'infuriate legions back,
Rebukes their rage, and blots their name
For ever from the book of fame.

4 Thou bloody foe, thou faithless friend,
Destruction is thy certain end;
For fields despoil'd,* and cities burn'd,
Thy kingdom must be now o'erturn'd.

5 The 'eternal Judge his throne prepares,
Just is the judgment God declares;
"I 'll be the refuge for the 'opprest,
And give my weary people rest."

6 The men who know the Lord will trust
A Judge and Advocate so just;
For God will ne'er forsake the meek,
Who humbly his salvation seek.

PSALM 9. Part 2. L. M.

Glory and victory.

1 GLORY to God, the 'eternal King,
Let all the saints in triumph sing;

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* Despoil'd, robbed, plundered, ravaged.

Say what the Prince of Peace has done,
And tell the conquest Jesus won.

2 When God, the Judge, shall thus inquire,
"Why did you burn my saints with fire?
I heard my suffering servants cry,
And what to this can you reply?"

3 Silent beneath the 'almighty frown,
To hell the bloody race sink down,
Their feet are taken in the net
Their wicked hands for others set.

4 What wonders has Jehovah shown,
By works of judgment God is known;
The 'assaulting foe is oft ensnar'd,
Destroy'd by works his hands prepar'd.

5 The Lord to hell shall sinners turn,
Forgetful nations there must burn,
Their numbers fail—no royal names
Can save them from eternal flames.

6 The poor are trampled in the dust,
But God will ne'er forget the just,
Nor shall their expectation fail,
Nor shall the power of man prevail.

7 Arise, O Lord, in all thy might,
To judge the heathen in thy sight;
Dismay'd with fear, the nations then
Shall know themselves to be but men.

PSALM 10. C. M.

The complaint.

1 WHY does the Lord so far stand off?
Why hide himself so long?
In times of grief, when traitors scoff
And tyrants do me wrong.

2 The wicked persecutes the meek,
He makes the 'oppressed sigh;

His lofty soul disdains to seek
The God that rules on high.

3 He boasts of all his heart's desire,
He blesses men abhorr'd;
"The Lord, says he, will not require,
And who regards the Lord?"

4 His mouth is full of envious guile,
His heart with pride is blown,
He murders with a treacherous smile,
Nor thinks the 'intention known.

5 As lions roaring from the den,
O'er all the forest prey;
So he devours the sons of men,
Infuriate* more than they.

6 A lie for truth he dares to 'avouch,†
The poor his friend he calls,
Deceiv'd by such an humble crouch,
He by his strong one falls.

7 Arise, O God, at our request,
Forget not our complaints;
Lift up thine hand and save the 'opprest,
Avenge thy suffering saints.

PSALM 10. L. M.

Persecutors mistaken.

1 THE bloody tyrant God defies,
But in his foolish heart replies;
Tho I have doom'd the saints to fire,
Yet God their blood will ne'er require.

2 The Lord beholds the sons of spite,
And will their mischief well requite;
Strong is his hand, his arrow keen,
To 'avenge the wrongs his eyes have seen.

---

* Infuriate, enraged. † To avouch, to affirm.

3 The poor to God their souls commend,
The 'almighty God becomes their friend,
Pursues the foe, and breaks his arm,
Till none are found to seek their harm.

4 The Lord is King for evermore;
Let all the saints his power adore,
O'er earth he reigns, his mighty hand
Expels the heathen from the land.

5 He hears the saints without delay,
His grace prepares their hearts to pray,
And lends an all propitious* ear
To what their souls desire or fear.

6 Eternal justice warms his breast,
To judge and save the poor opprest;
He 'instructs the tyrant by his rod,
No more to 'oppress the saints of God.

PSALM 11. L. M.

Rebellion and treason subdued.

1 MY refuge is the God of love,
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly, like a tim'rous trembl'ing dove,
To distant woods and mountains fly."

2 Behold the wicked bend their bow,
They shoot and pull the deadly string;
To lay the men of virtue low,
The flying arrow takes the wing.

3 If government be first destroy'd,
And faction split the nation thro
Till violence make justice void,
What can the saints of Jesus do?

4 Secure beyond the stormy skies,
Jehovah high in glory sits;

---

* Propitious, favorable, kind.

He sees whate'er is done, and tries
The 'obscurest sin that man commits.

5 On impious rebels God shall rain
Sulphur and snares and fire and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.

6 Tempests that tear the forests up,
Shall floods of vengeance o'er them pour;
This is the portion of their cup,
Who now the saints of God devour.

7 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
His heart approves whate'er is right;
But his almighty hand controls
The sons of infamy and spite.

PSALM 12. L. M.

Infidelity complained of.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy people save,
For vice and vanity prevail,
The godly perish in the grave,
The just depart, the faithful fail.

2 The talk among the 'inferior crowd
Is fill'd with trifles light and vain;
Superior circles jest aloud,
And speak in language more profane.

3 With double hearts and flattering lips,
Some peaceful neighbor is their theme,
Slander the conversation tips,
But some thy dreadful name blaspheme.

4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry,
"Our tongues shall be control'd by none;
Who shall presume to ask us, why,
Or challenge what our hands have done?"

5 Jesus, who sees the poor opprest,
And hears the 'oppressor's impious stile.

Will rise to give the sufferer rest,
And on his saints with pleasure smile.

6 Thy word, O Lord, tho often try'd,
Void of deceit shall yet appear,
Not silver seven times purify'd
From dross and mixture shines so clear.

7 The Lord preserves his chosen race
From men, who dare the church to 'assault,
When sinners, rising high in place,
The vilest men to power exalt.

PSALM 12. C. M.

Corruption of manners.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
But act the flatterer's part,
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How does their anger move,
Are not our lips our own, they cry,
And who shall us reprove?

4 Thus saith the Lord, " now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."

5 Thy word, O God, the test endures,
Not silver seven times try'd,
So much our faith and hope allures,
Or shines so purify'd.

6 Thou shalt preserve and keep the just
Secure and free from fault,

When sinners, rais'd to power and trust,
The vilest men exalt.

PSALM 13. L. M.

Complaint under temptation.

1 HOW long, eternal God of grace,
Wilt thow conceal thy lovely face?
Is not the hour of mercy set,
And will my God my soul forget?

2 How long, O Lord, with sorrowing heart,
Shall I complain and thou depart?
How long shall sin my soul assault,
And every foe his head exalt?

3 Consider, Lord, how Satan tries
To blind mine intellect* with lies;
My soul enlighten, keep my breath,
Lest I should sleep the sleep of death.

4 Almighty God, make no delay,
Why should the boasting tempter say,
" His faith in God begins to fail,
His soul is mov'd, and I prevail."

5 Thy mercy, Lord, is all my trust,
Thy powerful hand upholds the just;
My grateful heart and cheerful voice,
In thy salvation shall rejoice.

6 Jesus, my Savior and my King,
My 'enraptur'd soul shall sweetly sing,
He saves the 'opprest, the sick he heals,
And kindly with the 'afflicted deals.

PSALM 13. C. M.

Prayer and temptation.

1 AM I forgotten, Lord, by thee,
And banish'd from thy face?

* Intellect, the understanding.

Shall I no more thy glory see,
No more enjoy thy grace?

2 How long my wisest counsels fail
To cheer my sorrowing soul;
My fears increase, my foes prevail,
And rage without control.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around mine eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Mine eyes enlighten, lest I yield
To death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
Should I become his prey;
Behold the sons of hell grow proud,
To see thy long delay.

6 At thy rebuke they stand aloof,*
And Satan hides his head;
He knows the power of thy reproof,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Be glad, my soul, rejoice and sing,
In God for ever trust;
Thy bounteous hands, eternal King,
Shall well reward the just.

PSALM 14. Part 1. C. M.

By nature all men are sinners.

1 FOOLS in their heart believe and say,
The hope of heaven is vain;
There is no God, who hears us pray,
Nor hell of endless pain.

---

* Aloof, at a distance.

2 The works their impious hands have done,
Declare their faith untrue;
Virtue and truth are found in none,
But mischief all pursue.

3 God from his high and holy place,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 The 'omniscient Judge and Witness saw
By nature none were good,
By practice all before his law
Condemn'd and guilty stood.

5 The sons of men have gone astray,
And left the path of God,
To wander in the crooked way
The 'apostate angels trod.

6 The seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In every heart are found;
Nor can we hope for heavenly fruit
Till grace subdue the ground.

PSALM 14. Part 2. C. M.

The folly of persecutors.

1 HAVE they no knowledge of their fall,
Nor feel an inward dread,
Who ne'er on God, their Maker, call,
But eat his saints as bread?

2 Yes—tho you wash your bloody hands,
And heroes seem to 'appear;
Yet God among his people stands,
And great must be your fear.

3 To shame the poor, to slay the just,
Has been your long employ;
But God, the Rock in whom we trust,
Will soon his foes destroy.

4 O that salvation, long decreed,
From Zion now might spring,
When church and state, from bondage freed,
Shall triumph in their King.

5 The Lord, who hears the mourner's voice,
Will kindly cheer the sad;
The saints in Jesus shall rejoice,
And all the church be glad.

PSALM 15. C. M.

The character of a citizen of Zion.

1 LORD, who shall in thine house abide,
And there his days fulfil?
Or who, my God, with thee reside
On yon celestial hill?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That on the promise firmly stays,
And follows the commands.

3 He speaks with undissembling heart,
And makes his meaning strong,
Nor will from conscious truth depart,
To do his brother wrong.

4 He keeps his tongue from slanderous lies
Against his neighbor's name,
And when abroad the scandal flies
He ne'er takes up the same.

5 The sinner great and sinner vile
Are in his eyes abhorr'd;
But much he 'approves with generous smile
The men that fear the Lord.

6 The oath profane his lips forbear,
His soul a falsehood loaths;
But if against himself he swear,
He well performs his oaths.

7 He lends the poor for Jesus' sake,
His hand the weak uplifts,
But will no bribes nor usury take
For all his loans and gifts.

8 This is the man, O King of Kings,
Who stands by heaven approv'd,
Thrice happy man who does these things,
His soul shall ne'er be mov'd.

PSALM 15. L. M.

The true christian characterized.

1 WHO shall ascend the heavenly place,
O God, and dwell before thy face?
Who shall the hill of glory see,
And spend eternity with thee?

2 The man of life and heart upright,
Who walks by faith and not by sight,
Who keeps the law with all his heart,
Nor will from gospel truth depart.

3 His hands are pure, his heart is clean,
His lips express the thing they mean;
And if his arm be ne'er so strong,
He 'abhors to do his neighbor wrong.

4 His cautious tongue can ne'er defame,
Nor speak against his neighbor's name;
And when abroad the scandal flies,
He ne'er reports the 'invented lies.

5 The vile are in his eyes abhorr'd,
He honors them that fear the Lord;
He 'esteems the virtuous tho forlorn,
Nor treats the 'industrious poor with scorn.

6 He gives to rich and poor their due,
And ever makes his promise true;
Nor dares to change the oath he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

7 He never deals in bribing gold,
But mourns that justice should be sold,
Nor usury takes, nor higher fees
Than what the law itself decrees.

8 But while he 'observes to do these things,
His soul, by faith, to Jesus clings;
This man, O God, shall stand approv'd,
His stedfast soul shall ne'er be mov'd.

PSALM 16. Part 1. L. M.

Good works profit men, not God.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succor to thy throne I flee;
But have no merit there to plead,
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft has my tongue to thee confest
That sin and guilt pervade* my frame,
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 But to thy saints, my chosen friends,
In whom I place my chief delight,
To those my goodness, Lord, extends,
If I before them walk aright.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM 16. Part 2. L. M.

Christ's allsufficiency.

1 LET sinners to their idols haste,
Till sorrow drowns them like a flood;
Their sacrifice I will not taste,
Nor drink their offerings made of blood.

---

* Pervade, to go thro, to pass thro the whole extension.

2 My God provides an heavenly cup,
More costly than their richest wine,
He for my life has offer'd up,
The blood of Christ, the living vine.

3 Love flows from all his bleeding veins,
By day his counsels guide me right;
I bless his name, who makes my reins,
To 'instruct and chasten me by night.

4 How pleasant is the goodly spot
Where Christ, my Lord, has drawn my lines;
He keeps my life, maintains my lot,
Where truth in all its luster shines.

5 I set the Lord before my face,
Because he 'appears at my right-hand,
Unmov'd I ne'er shall fall from grace,
But in my Savior safely stand.

PSALM 16. Part 3. L. M.

Courage in death.

1 JESUS, my Lord, thy cheerful voice
Can make a dying follower blest;
In thee my glory shall rejoice,
My flesh in hope shall also rest.

2 My soul in hell* thou wilt not leave,
When in the dust I lay mine head,
But at thy word the tombs shall heave,
And earth and sea resign their dead.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and upward rise,
The heavenly worlds with joy survey,
And view thy face with sweet surprise.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,

---

* Hell, the state of the dead.

That saints but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys around the place.

PSALM 16. Part 1. C. M.

No merit in the creature.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, a sinful one,
Thy grace is all my trust,
For all the good that I have done,
Can never make me just.

2 How oft within my soul I speak,
And thus my God address,
" A creature so debas'd and weak,
No merit can possess.

3 To God my goodness ne'er extends,
If I should act aright,
But to his saints, my chosen friends,
In whom I take delight."

4 The goodly heritage is mine,
How pleasant is my place,
I dwell where truth and mercy shine,
Thro my Redeemer's face.

5 God is the portion of my cup,
He will my lot maintain,
Since Christ for me was offer'd up,
My faith shall not be vain.

6 If God my worthless works approve,
'Twill raise my comforts high,
Nor death nor hell my soul shall move,
If Christ my life be nigh.

PSALM 16. Part 2. C. M.

The death and resurrecton of Christ.

1 " BEFORE Jehovah's face I stand,
He has my ways approv'd,
Secure in God my Father's hand,
My soul shall ne'er be mov'd.

2 Mine heart is glad to hear his voice
Pronounce the Savior blest,
And while my glory doth rejoice
My flesh in hope shall rest.

3 Thou wilt not leave his soul in hell
Who dies the world to save,
Nor doom thine only Son to dwell
For ever in the grave.

4 To me thou wilt in kindness show
The path that leads above,
To thy right-hand, where pleasures flow
In streams of purest love."

5 Thus David sang in Jesus' name,
Thus Jesus' blood was spilt,
For at the 'appointed time he came,
To purge away our guilt.

6 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold he lives again.

7 Above this earth and azure* skies,
To realms of brighter day,
Behold the 'ascending Savior flies
To mark his saints the way.

8 Should Jesus bring his comforts nigh,
And tell me that I 'm his,
I 'd give up life without a sigh,
To go where Jesus is.

PSALM 17. C. M.

God the protector of his people.

1 LORD, hear the right, my suit attend,
Vouchsafe† my prayer to hear,

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* Azure, faint blue. † To vouchsafe, to condescend.

From feigned lips I would not send
A word to reach thine ear.

2 Approv'd and honor'd in thy sight,
My sentence comes from thee;
Whate'er is equal, just, and right,
Thy searching eyes shall see.

3 Thy visitations prove mine heart,
And find my soul sincere,
Resolv'd from God to ne'er depart,
Thro grace I persevere.

4 The works of men to sin entice,
And yet their ways I shun,
I keep my feet from paths of vice,
In which destroyers run.

5 O thou who sav'st by thy right-hand,
On thee my soul relies;
Thy power can make the feeble stand,
When foes against them rise.

6 The Lord has shown me wond'rous things,
How watchful is his eye;
I 'm safe beneath his shadowy wings
When danger passes by.

7 Oppressing foes beset me round,
And boast their strength aloud,
With downcast eyes they view the ground,
But talk in language proud.

8 Arise, O God, thine help afford,
Their power and rage control,
From wicked men who wield thy sword,
In mercy save my soul.

PSALM 17. S. M.

The portion of saints aud sinners.

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;

Or use them as thy chastening rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let him walk in pride,
And boast of all his store;
The God of heaven is on my side,
My soul can wish no more.

4 The Lord will help afford,
The proud ungodly band,
As instruments shall wield his sword,
But perish from the land.

5 Death must destroy the vile,
They dread the hastening day;
But Christ in death shall give a smile,
And call my soul away.

6 I shall behold his face,
When God the dead shall raise;
And in his likeness grace for grace,
Awake to sing his praise.

PSALM 17. L. M.

The sinner's portion and the saint's hope.

1 O GOD my Savior, God my friend,
In mercy now my prayer attend,
For notwithstanding all my slips,
I would not pray with feigned lips.

2 Thy sentence is for ever right,
I stand approv'd before thy sight,
Thou know'st the purpose of mine heart,
No more from God will I depart.

3 As lurks the lion where he lies,
And on his victim swiftly flies,

So wait my foes the fatal hour,
Oppressors would my soul devour.

4 The Lord will timely help afford,
And wicked men who wield his sword,
Shall feel his justice, know his hand,
And perish from this goodly land.

5 Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; a part is theirs,
The rest they leave among their heirs.

6 What sinners value I resign,
It is enough if God be mine;
Content am I, to know his grace,
And in my Savior view his face.

7 Heaven is a world of shining bliss,
A brighter, better world than this;
O may that world of endless joy
My time and better thoughts employ.

8 Thrice happy hour when death is nigh,
My willing soul shall rise on high,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

PSALM 18. Part 1. L. M.

Temptations overcome.

1 GOD is my rock, my lofty tower,
I love his name, I trust his power;
Not death nor hell shall drive me hence,
From God my high and sure defence.

2 But, ah! what mortal tongue can tell
The raging storm that on me fell,

When sinful men, like floods, arose,
And gaping waves did o'er me close.

3 Death and the terrors of his train,
Sorrow and sickness, grief and pain,
Their fatal snares around me spread,
And fill'd my quivering soul with dread.

4 Ere I had half disclos'd my grief,
Jehovah flew to my relief,
He left the heaven of his abode,
And on a cherub swiftly rode.

5 Earth with a shivering chill was seiz'd,
To see the God of heaven displeas'd,
The 'affrighted hills for horror shook,
Nor could the mountains bear his look.

6 Up from his nostrils went a smoke,
His voice like awful thunder broke,
Fire from his mouth in lightning came,
And spread abroad the quivering flame.

7 He bow'd the heavens, and as he past
Darkness beneath his feet he cast,
The fixed stars appear'd to fly
He flew so swiftly thro the sky.

8 Again he thunder'd—at his ire
The sea appear'd a blaze of fire,
Hail stones like flaming coals were seen
To cast a redness o'er the green.

9 The channels of the deep disclos'd,
At God's command became compos'd;
He spake and lull'd the winds asleep,
And smooth'd the surface of the deep.

10 While faith endur'd the dreadful shock,
He set my feet on Christ my rock,
The sun again began to shine,
Andcheer'd my soul with light divine.

11 For ever shall my song record
The power and goodness of the Lord;
I'll love his name, and while I live
The glory to my Savior give.

PSALM 18. Part 2. L. M.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love to 'appear,
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since first I knew thy power and grace,
My feet have run the christian race,
And when I stray'd and lost my way,
'Twas not because I lov'd to stray.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest,
What wars and strugglings in my breast;
But thro thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

4 That sin to which I 'm most inclin'd,
That works and strives against my mind,
When shall thy grace, O God, control,
Or drive the 'invader from my soul.

5 The Lord with an unerring hand,
Pours out his judgments on the land,
And tho thick darkness cloud his way,
Yet justice will not long delay.

6 The kind and merciful shall know
The mercy God himself can show;
And they, whose hearts and lives are pure,
Shall find their hopes of heaven secure.

7 But froward souls, that scorn his love,
Shall hear his thunder from above;
And all, who vex him with delight,
Shall do themselves the worst despight.

PSALM 18. Part 3. L. M.

The rewards of virtue.

1 GREAT is thy mercy, sovreign Lord,
And great and ample thy reward;
Thou dost their labors well repay,
Who love and keep thy perfect way.

2 With heart upright I sought thine aid,
And found my seeking well repaid;
My soul enlarg'd and freed from sin,
I felt the joys of heaven within.

3 To men of sympathising heart,
O God of grace, thou gracious art,
The pure, who mercy love to show,
Thy greater mercy, Lord, shall know.

4 But callous* souls, unjust, unkind,
In God nor grace nor mercy find;
With scornful eye he views the vile,
Nor on the proud bestows a smile.

5 Jehovah will the 'oppressed save,
And bring the 'oppressor to the grave,
His stern rebuke, his sovreign frown,
Shall beat the pride of mortals down.

6 God is my lantern, God my lamp,
When hosts of hell around me 'incamp,
He will my dying candle light,
And shine in glory thro the night.

7 My faith and courage shall not droop,
Thro God I oft o'ercome a troop,
I thro his strength leap o'er a wall,
And see my foes beneath me fall.

PSALM 18. Part 4. L. M.

The christian hero.

1 WHATE'ER complaining sinners say,
The Lord is perfect in his way,

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* Callous, hardened, unfeeling.

And saints, that on his word rely,
His word in vain shall never try.

2 God is my rock, and God my shield,
He girds his hero for the field;
Swift as the hind he makes my feet,
The 'advancing foe to fly or meet.

3 My hands expert in warlike arts,
Are taught the mystery God imparts;
I break the 'elastic* bow of steel,
And danger neither fear nor feel.

4 Upheld and rais'd by God's right-hand,
His valor makes the feeble stand;
In spite of all the sons of hate,
His gentleness has made me great.

5 When I the flying host pursued
'Twas God their power and rage subdued;
On necks of impious foes I trod,
And slew the haters of my God.

6 To heaven they cried for power to save,
But God their prayer no hearing gave;
Unanswer'd yet to God they cried,
And God again their suit denied.

7 Then did I beat them small as dust,
As mire I trampled on the 'unjust;
The wicked from my sight I cast,
Dispers'd like chaff before the blast.

8 The restless people strive in vain,
For God his kingdom will maintain;
Strangers shall fade away for fear,
And all opposers disappear.

9 Jehovah, my Redeemer, lives,
The Lord, my Rock, salvation gives;
He does the just to glory raise,
Rejoice, my soul, and sing his praise.

---

* Elastic, springy.

PSALM 18. C. M.

Victory and triumph.

1 GOD is our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our fortress and our shield;
Afraid to 'oppose almighty power,
The foes of Zion yield.

2 Ungodly men against the skies
Lift up their threatening waves,
But God, our Rock, the storm defies,
And yet his people saves.

3 Tho saints awhile in darkness dwell,
And earth and hell annoy;
Yet Christ shall conquer earth and hell,
And all his foes destroy.

4 Behold he comes in bright array,
The heavens before him rend;
What mortal heart can bear the day,
Or who with God contend?

5 Swift as the rapid wind he flies,
And thunders as he goes;
He rushes downward thro the skies,
As lightning on his foes.

6 The 'affrighted earth before him faints,
The battle proves in vain;
Thousands of thousands are his saints,
And millions are the slain.

7 He speaks, and at his stern command
The 'oppressor hides his head,
A touch from God's almighty hand
Would strike all nature dead.

8 Now let the friends of Zion shout,
The victory gain'd by faith;
No more the word of Jesus doubt,
But trust whate'er he saith.

PSALM 18. S. M.

The spiritual conquest.

1 TO God alone we owe
The triumphs of the day;
In all the wars that rage below
He holds decisive sway.

2 Our foes attempt to shock
Our faith in Jesus' blood;
We rest secure, for solid rock
Defies the raging flood.

3 The troops of hell shall fail,
The noise of battles cease,
The praying saints shall yet prevail,
And all the world be peace.

4 Then welcome war and dearth,
Whate'er befals the land
Shall hasten Jesus down to earth,
To take our cause in hand.

5 Ye tyrants, quake for fear,
Who now the church disturb;
Jesus, our King, will soon appear,
And all your madness curb.

6 The King of Salem lives
To make his people blest;
His arm of power the victory gives,
How glorious is his rest.

7 Fight on, ye sons of God,
No more to tyrants yield;
Your sword be prayer, your faith a rod,
To 'equip you for the field.

8 In heaven your souls shall shout,
And songs of joy begin,
To see the reprobate cast out,
And all the saints brought in.

PSALM 19. Part 1. S. M.

Heavenly instruction.

1 THE heavens declare his name,
And show his hand divine,
Who built and arch'd the 'etherial frame,
And caus'd the stars to shine.

2 From day to day their speech
Is heard in every land;
From night to night they knowledge teach
That all must understand.

3 Their lines extend afar,
Around this earthly ball;
The words of each instructive star
Is plainly heard by all.

4 But who by stars can tell
The lost, the 'inquiring mind,
Or which the way to heaven, or hell,
Or where the Lord to find?

5 His statutes and commands
Decide the doubtful strife;
He puts the gospel in our hands,
And bids us run for life.

6 The laws of God are pure,
His truth devoid of guile,
His promise stands for ever sure,
And heaven is in his smile.

7 When I his word unfold,
And some kind promise meet,
'Tis choicer in my view than gold,
No honey tastes so sweet.

8 Lord, make my duty plain,
And when the foe assaults,
Me from presumptuous sins restrain,
Me cleanse from secret faults.

9 While of thy grace I sing,
Or view thy works above,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
And fire my soul with love.

PSALM 19. Part 2. S. M.

God's word most excellent.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
Around the world he seems to run,
To give the nations day.

2 The heavenly racer starts,
His face the world consoles,
And all-enlivening heat imparts
By turns to both the poles.

3 But where the gospel shines
It spreads diviner light,
Restores the dead from hell's confines,
And gives the blind their sight.

4 The sun may set and rise,
And men no wonders see;
The gospel makes the simple wise,
And sets the sinner free.

5 The statutes of the Lord
Rejoice the pious mind;
We search and trust the sure record,
And life eternal find.

6 Our praises are his due,
For all his words are pure;
His fear is clean, his judgments true,
And his rewards are sure.

7 I hear his word with joy,
And more his grace desire
Than gold refin'd from all alloy,
When past the trying fire.

8 I fain would understand
The guilt that is within;
O may his kind assisting hand
Restrain my soul from sin.

9 To thee, my God and King,
My thankful voice I raise,
'Tis all the gift that I can bring,
Accept the song of praise.

PSALM 19. L. M.

The sun eclipsed by the gospel.

1 LORD, when we view the starry frame,
How bright creating glory shines;
But in thy word we see thy name,
And read thy love in stronger lines.

2 The steady sun, the changing moon,
Declare thy praise with silent voice;
The gospel gives a brighter noon
And makes the darken'd world rejoice.

3 The rolling orbs thro boundless space,
Pursue their course and never stand;
So when thy word began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
'Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 How clean and lucid* is thy fear,
Thy word outshines the purest fire,
Not gold so glittering can appear,
Nor half so much excite desire.

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* Lucid, bright, shining.

7 His errors who can understand?
O cleanse me, Lord, from secret faults,
And let thine all assisting hand,
Preserve me when the foe assaults.

8 If pure devotion warm my mind
And draw my song to 'unusual length,
Let every thought acceptance find,
O my Redeemer, God my strength.

PSALM 19. as the 113th.

God glorified in his works, but revealed in his word.

1 THE heavens, O God, thy glory show,
The glittering stars with fervor glow,
The handy work of power divine;
In heaven our wondering eyes behold
A thousand starry gems of gold,
High o'er our heads in glory shine.

2 From day to day, from night to night,
The dawning ray, and dying light,
To men divine instruction teach;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to God, our Maker's praise,
Who licens'd all the stars to preach.

3 Beyond the world's remotest end
The shining orbs their lines extend
And roll along with heavenly speed;
Their words are gone to distant lands,
Their native tongue each understands,
The stars no 'enterpreters can need.

4 What splendors yonder sun adorn,
Thy fairest bridgroom, lovely morn,
Comes from thy chambers gayly drest;
The strong man runs from place to place,
Rejoicing in his daily race,
And ends his journey in the west.

5 Yet bright as sun and stars appear
They cannot make our duty clear,
Not one of all the stars can tell,
What can the guilty sinner ease,
What his offended Sovereign please,
Or which the way to heaven or hell.

6 But God, his mercy be renown'd,
The dazling lights of heaven has drown'd,
In one perpetual gospel noon;
From Christ, our Sun, his glory streams
And shines in more effulgent beams
Than ever came from sun or moon.

7 From God's supreme unerring law,
The perfect rules of life we draw,
And feel our dying hopes revive;
Oft in his holy word we meet
A promise more divinely sweet,
Than honey dropping from the hive.

8 His word our secret sin descries,
And warns us where our danger lies,
His rod corrects the 'offending child;
What wondrous grace the saint pursues,
Converts his soul, his sins subdues,
And shows his Father reconcil'd.

9 My God, forgive my secret faults,
And when the foe of man assaults,
Preserve my soul from wilful wrong;
Let warm devotion fire my mind,
O, my Redeemer, strong and kind,
Inspire and then accept my song

PSALM 20. L. M.

Salvation in the Lord.

1 THE Lord will hear us in the day
When troubles rise and storms appear,

Will send us help without delay,
For Jacob's God is always near.

2 The name of such a powerful King,
The rising nation best defends;
From God our sweetest comforts spring,
'Tis God the great salvation sends.

3 Our offering, God remember'd well,
He gave us all our souls desir'd,
When on the plain our heroes fell,
And in the cause of truth expir'd.

4 Rejoice, ye saints, in God rejoice,
And in his name your banners raise,
For God, who heard our mourning voice,
Deserves our noblest songs of praise.

5 Possess'd of peace, our only trust
Is in Jehovah's strong right-hand,
He hears the cry of feeble dust,
His praying saints protect the land.

6 Some trust in chariots, some in steeds,
And some of navies make their boast;
But God our highest hope exceeds,
His arm defends our peaceful coast.

7 The Lord has brought the lofty down,
Who 'against us once for mischief came;
But rais'd the just to high renown,
And blest the nation in his name.

8 Save us, O Lord, when empires fall,
By war and famine long opprest;
Our King will hear us when we call,
And grant the people their request.

PSALM 21. Part 1. L. M.

A thanksgiving for victory.

1 ETERNAL King, our strength and joy,
Thy praise shall well our songs employ;

We greatly will rejoice in thee
For thou hast made thy people free.

2 Before we seek, the blessings sent
Does oft our numerous wants prevent,
Our heavenly King will ne'er withhold
The choicest gifts of grace or gold.

3 'Twas in a time of arduous* strife,
To God we pray'd to grant us life,
The life we sought was freely giv'n
And all our foes were homeward driv'n.

4 The Lord with strong and mighty hand,
Appear'd to save our injur'd land,
His heart our righteous cause approv'd
And in his strength we stood unmov'd.

5 Fierce as a burning furnace glows
And all its rage and redness shows,
His vengeance on invaders beat,
And flam'd with more destructive heat.

6 Jesus, our sovreign King, abhors
Oppressive laws and bloody wars,
His hand shall soon destroy their seed,
Who triumph in the lawless deed.

7 His bow is drawn, his strings are tight,
His arrows well prepar'd for flight,
With dreadful aim against his face,
Who loves to 'oppress the human race.

8 Almighty Lord, exalt thy name,
With liberty the world inflame;
So shall the church thy glory sing,
And praise thy power, eternal King.

PSALM 21. Part 2. L. M.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;

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* Arduous, difficult.

But Christ, his Son, is born at length,
A King o'er all the human race.

2 Jehovah rais'd his kingdom high,
And gave the world to his command;
The gospel brought his glory nigh
And spread his name o'er every land.

3 High seated on the 'eternal hills,
For saints our Intercessor prays;
The Father grants whate'er he wills,
And crowns his life with endless days.

4 Honor and majesty divine,
In Christ the hosts of heaven behold;
On earth his royal glories shine,
And far surpass the purest gold.

5 Made heir to heaven's eternal crown,
His Father's hand shall find out those,
And in his anger tread them down,
Who dare his royal Son to 'oppose.

6 As burning ovens rage with heat,
Fan'd by the wind, and fed with coals,
So shall his vengeance on them beat,
His wrath devour their guilty souls.

7 The 'unchanging God has thus decreed,
(And who shall make his purpose vain)
To root from earth the serpent's seed,
And bind the dragon in his chain.

8 The dreadful bow of death is bent
With arrows trembling on the string,
To disappoint their curst intent,
Who treason plot against their King.

9 O, Lord, exalt thy wond'rous name,
Thy throne o'er all thy rivals raise,
So shall thy foes be fill'd with shame,
And loyal subjects shout thy praise.

PSALM 22. Part 1. C. M.

The complaint of Christ.

1 MY God, my God, why should I be
An outcast from thy throne,
Why has my God forsaken me
And left me thus alone.

2 I tell thee my complaints by day,
But meet with no relief;
By night to thee for help I pray,
But darkness adds to grief.

3 Our fathers made thy name their trust,
Nor were expos'd to shame;
But I 'm despis'd, and low in dust
The wicked tread my name.

4 With shaking heads they pass me by;
And laugh my soul to scorn;
In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
His hope has prov'd forlorn.

5 O, God, who first inspired my breath,
And caus'd my lungs to heave,
Behold me now condem'd to death,
And ne'er thy servant leave.

6 Beset with rav'ning beasts around
I feel my strength relax,
I 'm pour'd like water on the ground,
Mine heart dissolves like wax.

7 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
My foes their victim bind,
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And vex my sorrowing mind.

8 With cruel spear they touch mine heart,
The soldiers spare me not,
Among them, they my garments part,
My vesture take by lot.

9 O, Lord, my strength, thine help afford,
From dogs thy darling save,
My soul deliver from the sword,
Or raise me from the grave.

10 If it consist with thy decree,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign myself to thee
And drink the sorrows up.

PSALM 22. Part 2. C. M.

Public thanksgiving.

1 I WILL declare my Father's name,
Among my kindred race,
Amid the church will I proclaim
The wonders of his grace.

2 Come ye, who fear my God, and say
How gracious is our Lord,
He never turn'd the poor away
Nor once his prayer abhor'd.

3 The meek shall eat. With plenty fed
The praise to God they give;
And all who seek the living bread,
In Christ shall ever live.

5 The race of man from distant parts
Shall call his grace to mind,
Shall turn to God with willing hearts
And peace and pardon find.

5 The kingdom now to Christ belongs,
He rules by God's decree;
Ye nations, hail him in your songs,
Ye princes, bow the knee.

7 A numerous offspring must arise
From one victorious deed,
They shall be precious in his eyes
And counted for his seed.

7 The saints his righteousness shall show
And worship God the Son;
A people yet unborn shall know
The wonders God has done.

PSALM 22. L. M.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When on the cross his soul complain'd
And blood his sacred temples stain'd.

2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn,
" He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.

3 This is the man did once pretend,
God was his father, God his friend;
If in this sufferer God delight,
Why has he cast him from his sight?"

4 O, savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
'Till streams of blood each other meet,
And ridicule the dying pangs
In which the loving Savior hangs.

6 With careful hands, but cruel hearts,
His garments they divide in parts,
And sporting on the mournful spot
His seamless vesture take by lot.

7 But God, his Father, heard his cry,
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
As King the nations hail him now,
And in his presence princes bow.

PSALM 23. Part 1. L. M.

God our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord, my Shepherd, knows his sheep,
And will for all their wants provide;
He doth my soul in safety keep,
And is mine everlasting guide.

2 In verdent* fields my pasture grows,
Beneath the cooling shade I rest,
There living water gently flows,
And all my nourishment is blest.

3 When Satan by some bold attack,
Has turn'd mine erring feet astray,
He brings the helpless wand'rer back,
And guides me lest I lose the way.

4 Yea, should I walk the gloomy vale,
If Christ, my Lord, my life, appear,
Not death with horrors grim and pale
Can fill my joyful soul with fear.

5 I know his voice; his gentle look
Bespeaks the kind forgiving God,
He guides me safe, his friendly crook
Directs my way beneath his rod.

6 My table God has richly spread,
Before my foes I daily sup,
His joyful oil anoints mine head,
His generous wine o'erflows my cup.

7 Jesus, who snatch'd me first from hell,
Shall me from grace to glory raise;
I shall with God for ever dwell,
And in his temple sing his praise.

PSALM 23. Part 2. L. M.

Christ the good Shepherd.

1 THE Lord of heaven my Shepherd is,
I shall not want, if I be his,

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* Verdent, green.

He will my soul in safety keep,
Among the thousands of his sheep.
2 He brings me where his flock is seen,
To feed on pastures fresh and green;
He leads me near the water side,
Where living streams in silence glide.
3 If once my feet mistake his way
(And sheep, alas! are prone to stray,)
His cheering staff, his chastening rod,
Restore and bring me back to God.
4 Yea, should I death's dark valley tread,
Nor death nor danger would I dread,
I'd take my comfort from above,
And die rejoicing in his love.
5 My murmuring foes with envy fret,
For God has well my table set;
With oil he makes my face to shine,
My cup o'erflows with generous wine.
6 I'm sure, from sweet experience past,
That God will own my soul at last;
Within his house I hope to 'abide
And like a child at home reside.

PSALM 23. C. M.

The Lord will provide.

1 MY Shepherd is the Lord most high,
In whom the sheep confide;
I shall not want; for Christ is nigh,
My Guardian and my Guide.
2 In pastures green, o'er flowery meads,
Beside the purling* brook,
Me, like a sheep, my Shepherd leads
With heaven's mysterious crook.
3 When I his holy way mistake
He doth my soul restore,

---

* Purling, flowing with a gentle noise

And leads me for his mercy's sake
That I may stray no more.

4 Yea, should I walk through shades of death,
His presence is my stay;
A word of God's supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

5 Before my murmuring foes I sup,
My board is richly spread,
His generous wine o'erflows my cup,
His oil anoints mine head.

6 His goodness shall my days attend,
His mercy guard me well;
Within his house and near my friend
I would for ever dwell.

7 There would I find a settled rest
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM 23. S. M.

The bounty of Providence.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
If God vouchsafe* to call me his,
No good shall be denied.

3 Where heavenly pastures grow
He makes his sheep to lie,
There living streams in silence flow,
Sweet streams that never die.

3 If e'er I turn astray
He doth my soul reclaim,
And leads me, lest I lose the way,
For his most holy name.

---

* To vouchsafe, to condescend.

4 If God afford his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Not death shall make my soul afraid,
If Christ, my life, appear.

5 Invidious* foes repine,
To see my table spread;
My cup o'erflows with generous wine,
His oil anoints mine head.

6 Redeem'd from death and hell,
His love shall me pursue,
I shall with God for ever dwell,
For all his words are true.

PSALM 24. C. M.

Dwelling with God.

1 THIS earth, and all this earth contains,
Belongs, O God, to thee;
And while the 'establish'd world remains,
It rests on thy decree.

2 Thou hast on earth a dwelling found
For tribes of different blood;
Here hast thou fixt the solid ground,
And there the swelling flood.

3 But who, my God, shall see thy face
On yon celestial hill?
The man who humbly trusts thy grace,
But works thy righteous will.

4 His hands are clean, his heart is pure,
Inspir'd with heavenly love;
This man shall find the blessing sure
And dwell with God above.

5 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Your pearly leaves unfold;

---

* Invidious, envious.

The King of glory, lo! he waits!
Let all his saints behold.

6 The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might!
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

PSALM 24. L. M.

The residence of the saints.

1 THIS earth, O God, is thine, with all
Who dwell on this terrestrial ball;
Thy right to rule us is divine,
The fullness of the world is thine.

2 The world, O God, by thee was made,
The building on the sea was laid,
And given to men, a chosen race,
To be their transient dwelling place.

3 But who, my God, with Christ shall rise
To fairer worlds in yonder skies?
Who shall perform thy sovreign will,
And dwell for ever on thine hill?

4 The man whom pride can ne'er allure,
Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
Who ne'er has sworn by God in vain,
This man shall heaven at last attain.

5 These are the blest of human kind,
Who seek thy face, and favor find;
They shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

6 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The Lord omnipotent is he.

7 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Savior, way,

Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

8 Rais'd from the dead, a door of hope
For Adam's ruin'd race flew ope,*
The saints, who their Redeemer love,
Shall dwell with Christ in worlds above.

PSALM 25. Part 1. S. M.

Waiting for pardon and direction,

1 ON thee, my God, I wait,
And lift to thee my soul;
Be thou my friend in every strait,
Do thou my foes control.

2 Let those, who vex the just,
Be plung'd in endless shame;
But those, who make the Lord their trust,
Let envy ne'er defame.

3 To me thy mercy show,
And raise my thoughts above;
I would the great salvation know,
In God my Father's love.

4 Teach me thine holy ways,
And lead me, Lord, in truth;
Remit† the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
His grace rewards the meek;
He helps inquiring souls to find
The blessedness they seek.

6 The Lord is slow to wrath;
The way that Jesus trod
Is mark'd with blood; the heav [illegible]
Conducts the saints to God.

---

* Ope, or open.

† To remit, to release, not to exact.

7 For his own mercy's sake,
He ransoms from the grave;
My sins are great; Lord, undertake
My guilty soul to save.

PSALM 25. Part 2. S. M.

Divine instruction.

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
Who fears to 'offend his God,
Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
2 His soul shall dwell at rest,
And heaven at last attain;
His seed in God the Savior blest,
Shall long on earth remain.
3 The Lord shall make him know,
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.
4 The dealings of his hands
Are merciful and just,
With such as follow his commands
And make his grace their trust.
5 He sees the saints sincere,
His heart approves them all,
He gives them strength to persevere,
That such may never fall.
6 But men at heart deprav'd,
Like withering fruit decay,
And only seeking to be sav'd,
Are sure to fall away.

PSALM 25. Part 3. S. M.

Distress of soul.

1 ON God mine eyes are set,
He makes my soul his care,

Preserves my feet from Satan's net
And breaks the fowler's snare.

2 To thee would I return,
And from the tempter flee,
Let not thy wrath against me burn,
Return, O God, to me.

3 The troubles of mine heart
Require some cooling balm,
The blood of Jesus heals the smart,
And makes my conscience calm.

4 Involv'd in guilt and pain,
My sorrow new begins;
I look by faith to God again,
To pardon all my sins.

5 One soul reviving look,
Does all my fears control,
My name is written in his book,
My Savior loves my soul.

6 Behold my foes increase,
Preserve me, Lord, from shame;
O, keep my soul in perfect peace,
My trust is in thy name.

7 On thee I daily wait,
And heavenly comfort find;
I feel thy grace in every strait,
Support my sorrowing mind.

8 The saints awhile may seem
Forsaken and opprest;
But God will Israel soon redeem,
And give his people rest.

PSALM 26. L. M.

Self examination.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, with searching eyes,
Does all my ways and works behold,

He knows mine heart, my reins he tries,
As artists touch and test their gold.
2 His crucible,* my Savior's cross,
Shall all my sins with fire destroy;
Afflictions separate gold from dross,
And purge my soul from all alloy.
3 The Lord approves the virtuous mind,
His eye regards the man of truth;
His grace in Christ divinely kind,
Improves our age, and tries our youth.
4 I will not sit, I will not walk
With persons vicious, vile, and vain;
I hate the sly dissembler's talk,
His flattery fills my soul with pain.
5 I would obey each just command,
As if I sought salvation thence;
But when before my God I stand,
The blood of Christ is my defence.
6 With sinners gather not my life,
Preserve me from the bloody tribes,
Who spend their golden years in strife,
And their right hands are full of bribes.
7 Redeem'd from hell by wonderous grace,
I hope to walk each heavenly street,
To see my Savior's blissful face,
And all his friends in glory meet.

PSALM 27. Part 1. C. M.

The church is our delight and safety.

1 THE Lord, my Savior, is my light,
He brings his glory near;
God is my strength; and in his might,
My soul can nothing fear.

* Crucible, the refiner's melting pot.

2 The wicked in a tumult rose,
And thought my flesh to eat;
But Jesus frown'd, and all my foes
Lay prostrate at his feet.

3 Should Satan marshal* all his host,
Should sinners take the field,
Unaw'd I 'd boldly stand my post,
If Jesus be my shield.

4 One thing, O God, I would desire,
O, grant me that request,
Within thy house thy will to 'inquire,
And there to dwell at rest.

5 There would I spend my happy days,
And there thy beauty see;
While Christ, in heaven's mysterious ways,
Reveals thy love to me.

6 When troubles rise with swelling tide,
I fearless stand the shock,
In thy pavilion, Lord, I hide,
My Savior is my Rock.

7 Now shall mine head be lifted high
O'er all my foes around,
The conquerer's song shall rend the sky,
And heaven and earth resound.

PSALM 27. Part 2. C. M.

Prayer and hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
" Ye children seek my grace,"
My soul replied without delay,
" I 'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

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* To marshal, to rank in order.

3 When friends and parents me forsake,
From kindred far exil'd,
The Lord on me will pity take,
And bless his helpless child.

4 Direct me, Lord, to thine abode
O, make thy footsteps plain;
Because my foes beset the road,
And would my feet detain.

5 Preserve my soul from those who swear,
To 'assault and take my life,
Their perjur'd lips false witness bear,
They breathe out death and strife.

6 My fainting flesh had died of grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was mine hope deceiv'd.

7 Wait on the Lord, O trembling saint,
Come trust his power to save;
He 'upholds the weak, inspires the faint,
And well rewards the brave.

PSALM 28. L. M.

God the refuge of the oppressed.

1 TO God, my Rock, for help I cry,
Make haste my soul to hear and save.
If God in silence pass me by,
I sink, and perish in the grave.

2 When toward his holy hill I raise
My suppliant hands and weeping voice,
The Lord will turn my prayer to praise,
And bid my mourning soul rejoice.

3 Dissemblers, Lord, despise thy law,
They speak of peace, but war intend,
My soul with theirs thou wilt not draw,
Nor bring me to their dreadful en .

4 The Lord shall recompense their way,
He sees what impious sinners do,
And tho his justice long delay,
Yet death at last shall strike them thro.

5 Because they disregard his grace,
And all his works of power disdain,
The Lord shall drive them from his face,
And plunge them deep in endless pain.

6 The Lord, my Refuge and my Rest,
Shall be for ever lov'd and fear'd;
He saw my weeping soul opprest
And God, my Savior, soon appear'd.

7 My strength is in the Lord my shield,
The conquering power to God belongs,
He brings me shouting from the field,
To praise my Savior in my songs.

8 O God, our everlasting Rock,
The saving strength of all the just,
Now bless thy people, feed thy flock,
And raise thy children from the dust.

PSALM 29. Part 1. L. M.

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord the praise and power,
Give to the Lord the chief renown,
His voice commands the gathering shower,
And sends his blazing lightnings down.

2 The Lord, how dreadful is his name,
When his majestic thunder roars,
The heavens appear a quivering flame,
And trembling earth his power adores.

3 High seated on the 'electric cloud,
Across the fields and floods he flies;
The foaming ocean roars aloud,
And darkness overspreads the skies.

4 Who dares the God of heaven to 'assault?
Ah! who can stand before his ire,
When downward thro the 'etherial vault,
He darts his living streams of fire?

5 Where'er the raging tempest goes
His whirlwinds rush with fearful haste;
The forests skip like frighted roes,
The desart seems a dreary waste.

6 To Lebanon with crashing noise,
The Lord almighty comes apace,
The mountains fall from off their poise,
And earth stands trembling on its base.

7 The nimble hart, and frighted hind,
Leap off, and scarcely touch the ground;
But in his temple saints shall find
The Lord can use a gentler sound.

8 Jehovah rules the swelling flood,
He sits enthron'd the 'eternal King,
The saints, redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
Shall in his church his glory sing.

PSALM 29. Part 2. L. M.

The voice of the Lord.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord his dreadful name;
Give to the Lord, the just and true,
Give to the Lord the glory due.

2 The voice of God is heard aloud,
Behold he comes in yonder cloud,
O'er wat'ry regions, lo, he rides,
His hand the forked lightning guides!

3 The voice of God is full of power,
The heavens grow black, the tempests lower;
How swift and awful is his gait,
A thousand whirlwinds round him wait.

4 The voice of God the cedar rends,
All Lebanon before him bends;
Proud Sirion skips with shattered horn,
Like a young calf, or unicorn.*

5 The voice of God divides a way
To give his nimble lightnings play;
Corusant† heaven with luster gleams,
And down the God of thunder streams.

6 The voice of God, the desart moves,
All nature shakes when God reproves,
His word with terror Kadesh knows
And trembles when his spirit blows.

7 The voice of God, with fearful sound,
Does the parturient‡ roe confound,
He speaks thro heaven's tremendous valve,
And makes the 'affrighted hind to calve.

8 Yet when in Zion God appears,
A gentler sound the sinner hears;
He speaks, and whispers fill his voice,
That make repenting souls rejoice.

9 The 'almighty Lord, who rules the flood,
Is King o'er men of every blood,
This God his people will increase,
And bless his saints with endless peace.

PSALM 30. Part 1. L. M.

The convalescent.

THY name, Almighty God, be prais'd,
1 Who me from death's dark border rais'd,
Nor o'er me let the foe rejoice,
When thus to heaven I rais'd my voice.

---

* Unicorn, a beast with one horn.

† Corusant, glitering by flashes.

‡ Parturient, about to bring forth young.

2 " On thee, my God, I humbly call,
Before the hand of death I fall;
Thy stronger arm to me reveal,
And show thy sovreign power to heal.

3 When death prévails and few survive,
Who, but the Lord, can keep alive?
What, but almighty power, can save
A dying sinner from the grave?"

4 The Lord reviv'd my fainting breath,
And snatch'd me back from yawning death:
I did my soul to God commit,
And God redeem'd me from the pit.

5 Sing to the Lord, ye suffering saints,
Give thanks and tell him your complaints,
Remember all his works of grace,
And all your faith in Jesus place.

6 His anger but a moment stays,
His love is life and length of days;
If grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. Part 2. L. M.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

1 FIRM was mine health, my days were bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night,
I fondly said within mine heart,
" Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 'Twas favor made my mountain stand,
But I forgot the Favorer's hand:
Because my nerves were firm and strong,
I thought I could my life prolong.

3 The Lord my rashness soon reprov'd
With sleepless nights and health remov'd,
He turn'd from me his blissful face,
And, lo, my, troubles came apace.

4 " On thee, my gracious God, I call,
What canst thou profit by my fall?
Shall silence songs of glory raise?
Or shall the dust declare thy praise?

5 O, hear me, Lord of mercy, hear,
And be my Savior strong and near,
Rebuke my fever, ease my pain,
Restore me, Lord, to health again."

6 Thus did my soul awhile bemoan,
And sooth'd her sorrows with a groan;
The 'Almighty heard my praying breath
And snatch'd me from the jaws of death.

7 No more the raging fever burns,
My mourning God to dancing turns;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

8 'Tis to this end, eternal King,
My glory shall thy goodness sing,
And I 'll the sovreign hand adore,
That did my life to health restore.

PSALM 31. Part 1. C. M.

Deliverance from death.

1 IN thee, my God, I put my trust,
Nor am I brought to shame;
When fainting life draws near the dust,
I triumph in thy name.

3 O, God my Fortress, God my Rock,
My soul in safety keep;
O lead me, Shepherd of the flock,
Among thy chosen sheep.

4 To thee my spirit I commit,
Eternal God of truth,
Oft hast thou sav'd me from the pit,
And oft renew'd my youth.

4 In trouble thou hast known my soul,
When bordering on the grave;
Now let thine hand my pains control,
My life in kindness save.

5 My days are spent in silent grief,
Mine eyes consume with pain;
And will the Lord afford relief?
Or must I seek in vain?

6 Reproach and slander wound mine ears,
The sons of blood and strife
On either side excite my fears,
And think to take my life.

7 My times, O God, are in thine hand,
Thou dost my foes survey;
And must their bold devices stand?
Must I become their prey?

8 Away this dark desponding gloom,
That does my mind surcharge;*
The Lord will sure reverse my doom,
And set my feet at large.

9 Command, O God, thy face to shine,
And heaven within me make,
O, cheer my soul with light divine,
For God, my Savior's sake.

PSALM 31. Part 2. C. M.

Deliverance from slander.

1 MY soul rejoices in thy name,
My God, mine heavenly trust,
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honor from the dust.

2 " My life is spent with grief, I cried,
My songs are turn'd to groans,

---

* To surcharge, to overburden.

My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name
A proverb vile was grown,
While to my neighbors I became
Forgotten or unknown.

4 On either side reproach and fear
Beset my soul around,
I to the throne of grace drew near,
And speedy rescue found.

5 How great the wonders God has wrought,
How great his grace in store;
The lying tongue to shame is brought,
And made to speak no more.

6 The saints shall in his presence hide,
In vain their foes assail,
The strife of tongues, the lips of pride,
Shall ne'er by lies prevail.

7 I said, but ah! I spake in haste,
I 'm banish'd from my King,
My soul shall ne'er his mercy taste,
Nor I his glory sing.

8 O, love the Lord, all ye his saints,
Who heard my weeping voice;
He 'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And make your hearts rejoice.

PSALM 32. S. M.

Forgiveness on confession.

1 BLEST are the godly seed,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely blest the men indeed,
Who God offend no more.

2 The Lord imputes no sin
To whom he grace imparts,

Nor guilt nor guile is found within
Their unsuspicious hearts.

3 When I proud silence kept,
Nor would my sins unfold,
My guilty eyes for anguish wept,
And all my bones grew old.

4 The Lord's almighty hand
Opprest me night and day;
My moisture, like a parched land
In summer, dri'd away.

5 Then I confest my guilt,
When I could scarce endure,
The blood of Christ for sinners spilt,
I found a speedy cure.

6 Come, sinners, lay your crimes
Before the Savior's throne;
Our help, in dark distressing times,
Is found in God alone.

7 Redeem'd and sav'd by grace,
My faith in Christ is strong;
Immanuel is my dwelling place,
My Savior is my song.

PSALM 32. C. M.

The pardoned sinner.

1 HOW happy must the sinner be,
Whose guilt is cover'd o'er;
For ever blest indeed is he,
Who God offends no more.

2 He flies the 'enticing ways of sin,
And acts a faithful part,
Nor guilt nor guile is found within
His unsuspicious heart.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
He makes the Lord his fear;

Amid a tempting world he tries
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I mine inward guilt supprest,
I could no comfort find;
Thy wrath, O God, disturb'd my rest,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I besought thy power to save,
To thee my sins reveal'd;
My pard'ning God my sins forgave,
His blood my pardon seal'd.

6 For this shall all the godly pray,
While mercy may be found;
And sinners haste without delay,
To hear the gospel sound.

7 When sorrows like a foaming flood,
O'er guilty nations roll,
I 'll haste to Jesus, plead his blood,
And thus secure my soul.

PSALM 32. Part 1. L. M.

Christ our righteousness.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilty soul is cover'd o'er,
And in his Savior's raiment drest,
The stain of sin appears no more.

2 Blest is the man, whom God forgives,
And will no more impute his sin,
For ever blest in God he lives,
The joys of heaven on earth begin.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble faith, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his love sincere.

4 He keeps his garments white and clean,
Or if a spot of guilt remain,

No blemish in his soul is seen,
For Christ, his robe, conceals the stain.

5 While sinners, drest in proud array,
Have in their works salvation sought,
He throws his righteousness away,
And wears the robe that Jesus wrought.

6 How wondrous is his righteousness,
It far outshines yon golden globe,
He glories in his heavenly dress,
A Savior's pure and spotless robe.

PSALM 32. Part 2. L. M.

The true penitent.

1 WHEN I from God my sins conceal'd,
And in his presence silence kept;
My broken bones but slowly heal'd,
While I for pain and anguish wept.

2 By day and night I felt his hand,
His wrath within my bosom burn'd,
My moisture, like a desart land,
Was into drouth of summer turn'd.

3 Then I before my Savior spread,
My secret sins, that inward sore,
He bid me raise my drooping head,
" Depart, he said, and sin no more."

4 For this let every humble soul
Make swift advances toward his seat;
When floods of strong temptation roll,
There sinners find a blest retreat.

5 Instructed in my Savior's way,
His eye directs my feet to move;
And when I turn the least astray
I hear his gentle voice reprove.

6 But sinners, like the blinded horse,
Rush on regardless of the curb;

While conscience gives but slight remorse,
Nor does the law their peace disturb.

7 Their sorrows must awake betimes,
Nor can that awful day be far,
When God shall rise to punish crimes,
And call the sinners to his bar.

PSALM 33. Part 1. C. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
To you this work belongs:
Exalt his name with sweet accord,
In symphony* of songs.

2 Let vocal notes with trump and harp,
In solemn sound be mixt;
Your song be new, your key be sharp,
And all your thoughts be fixt.

3 The laws of God are just and right,
Our praises are his due;
He much in mercy takes delight,
His word and works are true.

4 'Twas by his power the worlds were made,
And stars began to shine;
The rolling orbs that space pervade,
Were form'd by skill divine.

5 He taught the swelling waves to flow,
To their appointed deep;
The raging seas their limits know,
And yet his orders keep.

6 Come bow before the 'Eternal One,
And own, his power is vast;
He spake, and lo! the thing was done,
And all his work stood fast.

7 With filial fear and trembling mirth,
Ye saints before him fall;

* Symphony, harmony of mingled sounds.

To God all creatures owe their birth,
His hand supports them all.
8 The Lord aspiring mortals sees,
And brings their shemes to nought;
But none can frustrate his decrees;
Nor make him change a thought.
9 Whate'er the sons of men devise,
His counsels they perform;
In vain, like swelling floods, they rise,
For God o'errules the storm.

PSALM 33. Part 2. C. M.

Freedom and equality.

1 THRICE happy people, favor'd land,
Where God his word makes known,
He saves them with a powerful hand,
And calls their sons his own.
2 God from his high and holy place,
Shall on their children look,
New mould the young and rising race,
And teach them from his book.
3 His eye with infinite survey,
Does all the world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
4 " Thus saith the Lord, since no remorse,
The 'unfeeling tyrant stings,
The hero mounted on his horse,
Shall plead my cause with kings.
5 The time has come so long decreed,
Horses and hosts are vain,
Valor and strength and skill and speed
The victory ne'er shall gain.
6 In vain the tyrants pray to God,
In vain on saints they call;

Mine is the battle, at my nod
Shall empires rise and fall.

7 Let Israel make my name their trust,
When wars and famines spread;
My watchful eye secures the just
Amid ten thousand dead.

8 My Son is King, proclaim aloud
The conquest of his crown;
His feet shall triumph o'er the proud,
And tread oppressors down."

PSALM 33. As the 113. Part. 1.
God our Creator and Preserver.

1 YE holy saints, in God rejoice,
To him attune the human voice,
To you the pleasing work belongs;
His glory well becomes your aim
Let every tongue his love proclaim,
And flowing numbers grace the songs.

2 The Lord in mercy takes delight,
His word is true, his works are right,
His love is most divinely free;
Beyond this earth's remotest ends,
His goodness flows, his truth extends,
(This earth, O God, is full of thee.)

3 'Twas by his word the heavens were made,
The rolling orbs that space pervade,
Were form'd by his unerring skill;
The Lord in heaven has fixt his throne,
Above the stars he reigns alone,
And whirls the planets 'round at will.

4 He rules the wat'ry world, with ease
His gathering hand collects the seas
In the vast store-house of the deep;
In vain the billows lash the shore,

The flood can drown the world no more,
But must his binding orders keep.

5 Let earth adore the 'Eternal One,
He spake, and lo! the work was done,
At his command the world stands sure;
He calls for famine, fire, and dearth,
And while his judgments ravage earth,
His watchful eyes the just secure.

6 Ye mortals, with an holy fear,
Before this dreadful God appear,
Nor let your hearts against him rise;
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
Unchang'd by schemes that men devise.

PSALM 33. As the 113. Part 2.

The happy nation.

1 THE nation is for ever blest,
Where Israel's God vouchsafes to rest,
And take the people for his own;
High on a throne of bliss he reigns;
But in his wondrous goodness, deigns
To make his laws and statutes known.

2 God from his high and holy place,
Looks down to bless the rising race,
And teach them in his perfect way;
Give equal laws, and equal rights,
In this the God of heaven delights,
Who form'd us all of equal clay.

3 The proud to raise a mortal name,
Delight in war, and blow the flame,
Or dig from hell the raging fire;
Their eyes behold with eager gaze
The glittering spear and smoking blaze,
Then smile to see the poor expire.

4 The 'oppressor glories in his strength,
But, O, his time must come at length,
For God himself has fixt the hour!
In vain he trusts his flying steed,
For when his turn has come to bleed,
The fowls of heaven his flesh devour.

5 Amid the din of clashing swords,
The Lord our best defence affords,
The saints before him safely stand;
His watchful eyes preserve the just,
Who make his name their fear and trust,
When war and famine waste the land.

6 The Lord our helper, God our shield,
Will lead our armies to the field,
And aid our cause in every strait;
Our hopes, O God, are plac'd in thee,
For thou hast set the nation free,
Our souls for thy salvation wait!

PSALM 34. Part 1. L. M.

The exiled patriot.

1 FAR from my native land exil'd,
My soul in God, my Savior, boasts;
He, like a father, owns his child,
When tyrants drive me from their coasts.

2 From friends, but not from Jesus, driven,
I yet behold his smiling face;
'Tis heaven to know my sins forgiven,
And in a desart taste his grace.

3 Ye fellow exiles, join with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the 'eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my soul to shame.

4 I told him all my secret grief,
Mine inward groanings reach'd his ears;

He gave my raging pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

5 To God the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine,
A beam of mercy from the skies,
Fills them with light and love divine.

6 His holy angels pitch their tents,
Around the men, who serve the Lord;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
Nor tongue can tell, nor pen record.

7 The hungry lion roars for pain,
To him no food an angel brings;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of needful things.

PSALM 34. Part 2. L. M.

Children admonished.

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parent's hope, your parent's joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
Or wish to 'enjoy contented life,
Restrain your feet from impious ways
And shun the devious* paths of strife.

3 Watch o'er the tongue, inspect the heart,
Be honest, faithful, just and true;
Do good, from every sin depart,
Seek peace, and only peace pursue.

4 Jesus, your Savior, when a child,
Did well improve his heavenly mind,
His words were soft, his temper mild,
And all his actions just and kind.

* Devious, wandering, out of the right way.

5 From such a blest example learn,
What thoughts become the human breast;
Like Jesus, let your bowels yearn
Whene'er you see the poor opprest.

6 Then shall your tender bosoms know,
What pleasures spring from filial love;
'Tis heaven, begun on earth below,
Made perfect in the worlds above.

PSALM 34. Part 1. C. M.

The saints happy in banishment.

1 EXIL'D and banish'd far away,
I found my Savior near;
My lips had scarce begun to pray,
When God began to hear.

2 My soul his name for ever bless,
And make his strength thy boast;
For when my foes did most oppress,
He show'd me favor most.

3 Ye humble souls, come join with me,
Exult* in grateful verse,
I sought the 'eternal God, and he
Did all my fears disperse.

4 Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor sufferer cri'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deni'd.

5 He saw his servant prest with grief,
But while the saint was sad,
He came in haste to my relief,
And bid my soul be glad.

6 My Savior is a friend indeed,
Let saints in anguish know,

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* To exult, to triumph.

Jehovah will supply their need,
And be their God below.

PSALM 34. Part 2. C. M.

Sinners invited.

1 IN welcome, sinners, come and taste
The sweets of heavenly love;
Haste, to the friend of sinners haste,
While Jesus pleads above.

2 Come, enter each a willing guest,
(For God invites us all)
The sinner is divinely blest,
Who hears the gospel call.

3 Expos'd to death and every snare,
Your hope in Jesus place,
O, try his mercy, trust his care,
And venture on his grace.

4 He bids his angels pitch their tents
'Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
No mortal tongue can tell.

5 O, love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just!
How richly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust.

6 The hungry lion vents his cries,
And roams o'er all the wood;
But God his holy poor supplies,
With every needful good.

PSALM 34. Part 3. C. M.

The duty of Children.

1 COME, children, your instructor hear,
Attend with one accord;
God, your Creator, love and fear,
Remember Christ your Lord.

2 In virtue's heavenly cause engage,
From sinful ways depart;
Religion best adorns your age,
The best improves the heart.

3 The 'omniscient* God regards the just,
He hears his servants cry;
And while his children dwell in dust,
He trains them for the sky.

4 What if afflictions press them down,
And saints complain awhile,
'Tis but a father's gentle frown,
Before the 'eternal smile.

5 Let evil smite the sons of pride,
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation, like a flood,
Comes rolling o'er the proud,
The saints redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
Shall sing his praise aloud.

PSALM 35. Part 1. C. M.

Persecutors imprecated.

1 PLEAD thou my cause, O Lord of light,
My righteous soul defend;
Against the men, who 'against me fight,
O God of power, contend.

2 Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"Behold thy Savior God."

3 Against my life oppressors rise,
How is their wrath inflam'd;

---

* Omniscient, infinitely wise.

Confound the mischief they devise,
And turn them back asham'd.

4 As flies the chaff, so let the base
Nor rest nor comfort find,
Let death begin the dreadful chase,
And follow hard behind.

5 How dark and slippery is their path,
And yet they love it well;
The flaming minister of wrath,
Pursues them swift to hell.

6 Destruction with an awful crash,
Shall overwhelm the 'accurst,
It comes as quick as lightnings flash,
And loud as thunders burst.

7 Yet save, O God, thy chosen few,
Among that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I 'll rejoice,
And bless thee for mine own.

PSALM 35. Part 2. C. M.

Love to enemies.

1 FROM holy David saints should learn,
To feel another's woes;
His tender bowels us'd to yearn,
O'er his afflicted foes.

2 When they were sick his soul complain'd
And seem'd to feel the smart;
A kind forgiving spirit reign'd
Within his pious heart.

3 As for a friend with sackcloth clad,
He did their pains condole;

And yet their abject hearts were glad,
When sorrow touch'd his soul.

4 They curse the monarch on his bed,
His life the murd'rer seeks;
While tears of pity freely shed,
Run down his royal cheeks.

5 Dissemblers mock'd him at their feasts
And sporting with his pangs,
With gnashing teeth, like raging beasts,
They held him in their fangs.*

6 False witnesses around him stood,
To facts unknown they swore,
They render'd evil for his good,
And yet the saint forbore!

7 O, glorious type of heavenly grace,
Thus Christ the Lord appears,
While sinners curse him face to face,
He pities them with tears.

8 Tho cruel foes his death devise,
And nail him to the tree,
Yet love breaks out from Jesus' eyes,
And runs divinely free!

9 Let such examples fire the mind,
And raise our thoughts above,
Was Jesus so divinely kind,
Then let his followers love.

PSALM 36. L. M.

The perfections of God.

1 ALMIGHTY God, what tongue can tell,
The dread perfections of thy name,
In heaven thy brightest glories dwell,
Thyself the pure eternal flame.

---

* Fangs, the tusks, or long teeth of a boar.

2 Deep as the sea thy purpose lies,
Thy view extends thro boundless space,
And tho thy power transcends the skies,
Yet condescending is thy grace.

3 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep,
Wise are the wonders of thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

4 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

5 My God, how excellent and free,
The grace from whence salvation springs,
The guilty sinner flies to thee,
And hides beneath thy sheltering wings.

6 Well pleas'd with what thy love bestows,
The saints within thine house abide,
There mercy, like a river flows,
And heavenly pleasures swell the tide.

7 Life, like a fountain from its source,
Does from the throne of Jesus run,
Thy light preserves its constant course,
And shines more glorious than the sun.

8 The saints at last shall rule the land,
And drink the rivers of delight,
The foot of pride, the tyrant's hand,
Shall ne'er remove them from thy sight.

PSALM 36. Part 1. C. M.

Practical Atheism.

1 WHEN daring men grow bold in sin,
Mine heart within me saith,
No fear of God exists within,
Their lives belie their faith.

2 Self flattery fills their souls with pride,
Their lips with lies abound;
But while their tongues the saints deride,
Their sins are hateful found.

3 They with their mouths delight to scoff,
Their souls the word despise;
Wisdom they hate and leave it off,
Yet think the scorner wise.

4 Their impious ways provoke the Lord,
To mischief only bent,
No sin is by their souls abhorr'd,
That gives their passions vent.

5 Thy mercy, Lord, transcends the skies,
For while they boast aloud,
No flaming bolt of lightning flies,
From heaven, to strike the proud.

6 Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
For tho thy wrath delay,
Yet justice cannot always sleep,
But must their works repay.

PSALM 36. Part 2. C. M.

The goodness and mercy of God.

1 ABOVE the heaven's created rounds
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

2 We live and move at thy command,
Thy goodness is our feast;
Great God, thine all-protecting hand
Preserves both man and beast.

3 How excellent appears the grace,
From whence salvation springs,
How blest the sons of Adam's race,
Who seek thy sheltering wings.

4 Within thine house the saints abide,
'Tis heaven's immortal brink,
There pleasure lifts her rapturous tide,
There all that will may drink.

5 From thee, when creaturé streams run low,
When earthly cisterns fail,
Perpetual springs of health shall flow,
And endless life prevail.

6 Should all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

PSALM 36. Part 1. S. M.

The daring sinner warned.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
Mine heart within me saith,
He has no fear of God within,
His life belies his faith.

2 He walks a while conceal'd,
His flattery hides his shame,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal'
Expose his hateful name.

3 To daring sins inclin'd,
His lips with lies abound,
Wisdom is banish'd from his mind,
No goodness there is found.

4 In bed a plan he lays,
Unwary souls to 'entice,
He sets himself in sinful ways,
His soul abhors no vice.

5 Thy mercy, Lord, is high,
Thy judgments are a deep;
But ah, his doom is drawing nigh,
For justice cannot sleep!

6 There is an awful hour,
Let daring sinners know,
When God, made dreadful to devour,
Shall burn the world below.

PSALM 36. Part 2. S. M.

The attributes of God.

1 HIGH o'er the loftiest cloud,
The Lord his throne maintains,
His praise thro heaven resounds aloud,
In sweet angelic strains.

2 We sing Jehovah's* name,
That sounds so high above,
Elohim† is the 'eternal flame,
Of uncreated love.

3 His mercies soar afar
And high as heaven ascend,
Above each cloud, and every star,
His grace and truth extend.

4 As mountains great and steep,
His righteousness is found;
His judgments are a mighty deep,
That man can never sound.

5 'Tis by his power we stand,
His gooodness is our feast,
And 'tis his all-protecting hand
Preserves both man and beast.

6 His nature pure as gold,
No sully can attaint;
For while his hands the world uphold,
His heart approves the saint.

7 How excellent the grace,
From whence salvation springs;

* Jehovah, the one nature in Elohim.
† Elohim, the three persons in Jehovah

How blest the sons of Adam's race,
Who trust his shadowy wings.

8 At rivers full and free,
They drink the living streams;
And in his light the saints shall see,
His soul reviving beams.

PSALM 37. Part 1. C. M.

The cure of envy.

1 FRET not thyself, O sorrowing soul,
No more thy God displease,
To see the sons of pleasure roll
On downy beds of ease.

2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before 'tis evening fades;
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

3 Go, feed the poor with liberal hand,
Nor want nor famine dread;
So shall thy seed possess the land,
And God provide thee bread.

4 In God let all the church delight,
His saints are truly blest,
He keeps his servants near his sight,
He grants what they request.

5 Commit to God your doubtful way,
And he 'll your path adorn,
Fair as the light that makes our day,
And beauteous as the morn.

6 Rest in the Lord, and patient wait,
Nor at the 'oppressor fret,
For God is near in every strait,
Nor can his saints forget.

7 What if the sinner laugh a while
And sin unpunish'd goes?

'Tis but a feint and transient* smile
Before eternal woes.

8 How dreadful is his hastening doom,
In vain his place you seek,
Cut off to make the righteous room,
Destroy'd before the meek.

9 The sword, the pestilence and dearth,
Shall do their work and cease,
Then shall the saints possess the earth,
And find abundant peace.

PSALM 37. Part 2. C. M.

The purpose of the wicked frustrated.

1 THE wicked plot against the just;
How impious is the plan,
To tread the virtuous in the dust,
To slay the godly man.

2 In vain they pass their bold decrees,
To put the saints in fear;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
The day of vengeance near.

3 The silver sword, the bow of steel,
Against the poor they draw,
To make the sons of sorrow feel
The force of tyrant law.

4 My God shall break their bows and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

5 When wars and famines round us spread
Their desolating train,
The saints, suppli'd with daily bread,
Shall live amid the slain.

---

* Transient, short, momentary.

6 But tyrants, who my God provoke,
Shall perish in that day;
As fat of lambs comsume in smoke,
So shall they melt away.

PSALM 37. Part 3. C. M.

The happiness of the liberal.

1 LET sinners make the world their trust,
And grow profanely bold,
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels their purest gold.
2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay,
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
3 His alms, with liberal heart, he gives,
Among the sons of need;
His memory long in glory lives,
And blessed is his seed.
4 Once I was young, but now I draw
In haste to join the dead;
In all my life I never saw,
The righteous begging bread.
5 The God of judgment loves the meek,
They dwell before his face;
But they, who dare their harm to seek,
Shall perish from the place.
6 Blest is the man of upright heart,
His feet shall never slide,
Nor would he from the law depart,
To seek an erring guide.
7 When sinners fall the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And God their heaven prepare.

PSALM 37. Part 4. C. M.

The perseverance of the saints.

1 THE saints, O Lord, shall persevere,
Their steps are ordered well;
Thy mighty hand upholds them here,
Against the powers of hell.

2 Their hearts approve the heavenly way,
They keep the beaten track;
Or if they turn the least astray,
Thy spirit brings them back.

3 Tho satan plot their final fall,
And earth and hell assault;
Yet Jesus hears the softest call,
And overlooks a fault.

4 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
With God their peace is made,
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
To crowns that never fade.

5 The heirs of heaven can ne'er be lost,
But must their crowns obtain;
'Twas Jesus paid the mighty cost,
Nor was the purchase vain.

6 Wait on the Lord, ye feeble band,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
You shall possess the promis'd land,
When justice cuts them down.

PSALM 37. Part 5. C. M.

The different end of the wicked and righteous.

1 THE haughty sinner have I seen
Display'd in all his pride,
Like a tall bay tree fair and green,
With branches spreading wide.

2 Awhile he gloried in his shade,
And far his terror spread,

He dar'd the rights of man to 'invade,
And fill'd the world with dread.

3 Above the clouds he seem'd to shoot,
He call'd the world his own;
But death lay working at his root,
To mortal view unknown.

4 And lo, he perish'd from the ground,
In death his glory sunk,
Nor bud, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
To 'adorn his lifeless trunk.

5 But mark the men of hearts sincere,
How blest is their decease!
They spend their days in quiet here,
Then leave the world in peace.

6 The Lord their Savior knows their straits,
And arms them with his strength,
Death like a faithful servant waits,
And brings them home at length.

PSALM 38. C. M.

The remembrancer.

1 IN thy fierce wrath rebuke me not,
My Father and my God;
Or if afflictions prove my lot,
Employ thy gent'lest rod.

2 Thine hand my flesh has sorely prest,
Thine arrows stick within,
Mine aching bones forbid my rest,
Because of all my sin.

3 High o'er mine head a burden hangs,
Like some tremendous* stone,
My sins deserve eternal pangs,
No tears for sins atone.

* Tremendous, dreadful

4 My soul is fill'd with sore dismay,
My sorrows cast me down,
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 My friends and neighbors stand aloof,*
My foes deride my pain;
But in my mouth is no reproof,
In silence I remain.

6 Lord, I'm afflicted, low and weak,
My fever burns like fire;
But tho my tongue no more could speak,
Yet thou canst hear desire.

7 To thee will I confess my guilt,
I thus will plead with thee,
" Was not the blood of Jesus spilt,
To set the sinner free?"

8 The Lord will not my soul forsake,
But will my sins forgive,
If Christ for me should undertake
I shall not die, but live.

PSALM 39. L. M.

Prudence and zeal.

1 I SAID, and thus my thoughts revolv'd,
" Now will I keep my tongue from wrong,"
Then for my mouth a curb resolv'd,
And made the bridle firm and strong.

2 Constrain'd against my will to stay
With men of lips and lives profane,
I kept a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk, like theirs, be vain.

3 My lips an holy silence kept,
I held my peace at daring sin;

---

* Aloof, at a distance.

But while o'er sinners thus I wept
A thousand sorrows stir'd within.

4 Mine heart grew hot, and hot my muse,
I felt a fire within me burn;
How long, said I, will fools refuse,
And Christ, the great salvation, spurn?

5 I spake, and did repentance preach,
(For who could longer hold his breath)
Far as my feeble voice could reach,
I warn'd them all to fly from death.

6 Oh! if my voice could pierce the cloud,
And reach creation's utmost bound,
I 'd call on all the world aloud,
To hear the gospel's heavenly sound.

PSALM 39. Part 1. C. M.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1 INSTRUCT me, Lord, in wisdom's ways
My fleeting life to spend;
I would survey my wasting days
And measure well their end.

2 The line of life is but a span,
An inch of narrow time;
Then what, alas, is dying man,
In all his flower and prime!

3 As move the shadows o'er the plain,
So time before us moves,
The best estate of man is vain,
His life a vapor proves.

4 Some walk in honors vain disguise,
Some dig for golden ore,
To thankless heirs their wealth demise,*
And straight are seen no more.

---

* To demise, to grant by will.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
In vain we pray to dying men,
Or make the world our trust.

6 Now I reprove this heart of mine,
My vain desires recall,
I seek a portion more divine
And make my God mine *all*.

PSALM 39. Part 2. C. M.

Sick bed devotion.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
From heaven's eternal hill;
In silent grief I feel thy frown,
Nor would dispute thy will.

2 Diseases thine attendants stand,
A long and dismal train,
Death is thy servant at command,
Nor hears thy word in vain.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
And thus thy name invoke,
"My flesh consumes, my spirit dies,
Avert thy heaviest stroke."

4 If once the God of heaven grow wroth,
And lift his awful rod,
The nations are but feeble moth,
Before the 'eternal God.

5 Behold, O Lord, my flowing tears,
My life in mercy spare;
But if thine hand cut short my years,
My soul for heaven prepare.

6 I 'm but a stranger here below,
Like Abraham I sojourn,
I would the God of Abraham know,
And home at last return.

7 Yet, Lord, shouldst thou my life restore,
And bring me from the grave,
'Till I go hence and be no more,
I 'll sing thy power to save.

PSALM 40. Part 1. C. M.

A song of deliverance.

1 LONG did my soul with patience wait,
'Till God his ear inclin'd;
He heard my cries, and in my strait
Reliev'd my troubled mind.

2 He rais'd me from an horrid pit
Of deep and miry clay;
To God I did my way commit,
And God confirm'd my way.

3 On Christ, the Rock, behold I stand,
And join the ransom'd throng,
To praise the wonders of his hand,
And make the Rock my song.

4 I 'll bless the Rock, I 'll bless the rod,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God,
Their only hope and fear.

5 Blest is the man, who trusts the Lord,
And God my refuge tries;
The proud are in his view abhorr'd,
He hates the man of lies.

6 In vain, O God, I try to speak
The wonders thou has wrought;
My language fails, my words too weak,
But half convey the thought.

7 Unnumber'd are thy works of love,
What God for us prepares,
Nor flaming saint that sings above,
Nor angel's tongue declares.

8 When I 'm afflicted, poor and low,
And find my passage rough,
Let me my God, my Savior, know,
And faith replies, "enough."

PSALM 40. Part 2. C. M.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

1 "THUS saith the Lord, your work is vain,
Give your burnt offerings o'er,
In dying goats and bullocks slain
My soul delights no more."

2 "Behold I come, said Christ, the Lamb,
To take the sinner's place,
I for the world an offering am,
To save a ruined race.

3 Behold I come, my will is free,
O God, to do thy will,
I must confirm the great decree,
I must thy word fulfill.

4 Thy law is ever in my sight,
I keep it near mine heart,
Mine ears are open'd with delight,
To what thy lips impart."

5 And see, the blest Redeemer came,
To make the promise good,
And much he preach'd his Father's name,
Where great assemblies stood.

6 Commission'd from the court above,
He left his heavenly crown,
Reveal'd his Father's wond'rous love,
And brought salvation down.

7 His Father's honor fill'd his mind,
He pitied sinners loss,
To prove his soul divinely kind,
He bore the shameful cross.

8 Thus as the Father had decreed,
The Son receiv'd the stroke;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed,
The serpent's head he broke.

PSALM 40. Part 1. L. M.

Christ our sacrifice.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I begin the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
In Christ alone shall sinners find
The blood that purifies the mind.

3 " Behold I come, the Savior cries,
In vain the brutal victim* dies,
I come to do my Father's will,
And all his words of truth fulfill.

4 Behold I come, the Son is born,
To save the race of man forlorn,
I come to achieve† the wond'rous plan,
To be the sacrifice for man.

5 'Tis written in thy great decree,
Tis in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfil a Savior's part,
And, lo! thy law is in mine heart.

6 I'll magnify thine holy law,
And rebel men to duty draw;
When on my cross I'm lifted high,
My blood shall bring the sinner nigh.

7 The great assembly, Lord, shall know,
The joys of heaven begun below,

---

* Victim, a sacrifice.

† To achieve, to perform as a conqúeror.

The wond'ring world shall feel thy grace,
And see thy glory thro my face."

PSALM 40. Part 2. L. M.

The true penitent.

1 THY grace, O God, to me restore,
Withhold thy tender love no more,
Now prove thine heart divinely kind,
And let thy truth preserve my mind.

2 When my repenting soul begins,
To search and grieve for all my sins,
No good within mine heart is found,
But countless evils press me round.

3 My soul within herself despairs,
My sins, O God, exceed mine hairs,
Such guilt within my breast I see,
Mine eyes can scarce look up to thee.

4 O Lord, in sovreign mercy please,
To grant a sorrowing sinner ease,
Make haste to help, and undertake
To save my soul for Jesus' sake.

5 My foes would fain my soul destroy,
Their wiles are artful to decoy;
O, may my sins be now forgiven.
And all my foes be backward driven.

6 They say with words of impious scorn,
His hope in Jesus proves forlorn;
But while their tongues the saints upbraid,
Their guilty souls are sore afraid.

7 The saints, who make the Lord their choice,
In his salvation shall rejoice;
They trust a Rock approv'd and tri'd,
And say " the Lord be magnifi'd."

8 My soul, O God, is prest with grief,
Think of the means of my relief,

Haste to remove thy chastening rod,
And make no tarrying, O my God.

PSALM 41. Part 1. L. M.

Charity to the poor rewarded.

1 BLEST is the man whose tender breast,
Has for the suffering mourner felt,
And while his hand relieves the 'opprest,
He feels his soul with pity melt.

2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than thousands could perform,
This man in times of general grief,
Shall find a shelter from the storm.

3 The Lord shall keep his soul alive,
Long shall he live the blest of earth,
And like a plant celestial thrive,
Amid the pestilence and dearth*.

4 When sick, the Lord shall stir his bed,
And make the hard affliction soft,
Shall raise and cheer his drooping head,
Or bear his willing soul aloft.

PSALM 41. Part 2. L. M.

Prayer and faith in affliction,

1 IN mercy, Lord, thy love reveal,
For I have sinn'd against thy grace,
But thou my broken heart canst heal,
And cheer me with thy smiling face.

2 My foes behold me low and weak
And gathering round my death devise;
They whisper'd, but I heard them speak,
"He has lain down no more to rise."

---

* Dearth, scarcity, bordering on famine.

3 On vanity they love to dwell,
To ridicule a suffering saint,
And when they walk abroad they tell
"The man must die of this complaint."

4 Yes, the familiar of my life,
That ate my bread, is far remov'd,
He lifts his heel with impious strife,
And spurns the friend whom once he prov'd.

5 But Jesus will my sins forgive,
And bless to me his chastening rod,
My soul shall thro my Savior live,
And stand before the 'eternal God.

6 O God, my friend, by this I know,
Because thou dost my foes control,
Thou wilt to me thy favor show,
And speak in mercy to my soul.

7 Israel, thy God is ever blest,
From everlasting he 's the same,
On him my soul thall ever rest,
Amen: let Israel bless his name.

PSALM 42. C. M.

Desertion and hope.

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
To thee, my God, I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face,
Mine heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
"And where 's your God at last."

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now,
I think of former days,
When thousands kept the public vow,
And throng'd the holy ways.

5 How blest was I when numbers went,
To taste the joys sublime,
In praise we gave our pleasures vent,
And kept the holy time.

6 But why should grief my soul consume,
The Lord his church can raise,
His glory yet shall earth illume*,
And millions shout his praise.

7 I'll hope in God, whose mighty hand,
Restrains the raging seas,
He can reform the guilty land,
And build his church with ease.

PSALM 42. Part 1. L. M.

Longing after God·

1 AS pants the hunted hart to find
The cooling shade or wat'ry brink;
So pants my weary longing mind
The 'immortal streams of life to drink.

2 'Tis for the living God I thirst,
When shall I see his glory near?
When shall I find my Savior first,
And in his blissful sight appear?

3 My tears have been my meat by day,
I weep at night till life is faint,
While foes triumphant round me say,
Where is thy God, thou suffering saint?

4 On mournful scenes my thoughts revolve,
And o'er my troubles thus I pore,

---

* To illume, to enlighten.

"Now let my soul with grief dissolve,
For I shall see my God no more.
5 Once with the multitude I went,
To praise my God was sweet employ,
The sacred day was gladly spent,
With voice of mirth and songs of joy.
6 My soul is deep in sorrow cast,
And grief my throbbing bosom fills,
To think of days for ever past,
Gone down behind the western hills."
7 But why, my soul, art thou deprest?*
Thy weeping voice to transport raise,
Hope in the Lord, on Jesus rest,
For I shall yet declare his praise.

PSALM 42. Part 2. L. M.

Melancholy cured.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I 'll recall thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When oft I prov'd my Savior kind.
2 Afflictions with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a flood and round me spread,
The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremendous o'er mine head.
3 My soul is fill'd with gloomy doubts,
Loud as the waves my sorrows roll;
Deep answers deep, thy water spouts
Have overwhelm'd my sinking soul.
4 Eternal God, should I come short,
Or faint beneath thy chastening rod,
How would the foe of man retort,†
And ask insulting, "where is God?"

* Deprest, cast down, dejected.

† To retort, to throw back a temptation after strong exercises of faith.

5 I 'll say of God, "behold my Rock,
In vain the billows round me rave,
Fearless I stand the dreadful shock,
And trust almighty power to save."

6 The Lord will sovereign grace display,
For mercy sure is God's delight;
He hears my mourning all the day,
And gives me songs of joy by night.

7 Then why, my soul, this heavy gloom?
What means this inward anxious strife?
Revive as in thy youthful bloom,
And hope in God, who gave thee life.

8 Let songs of praise my lips employ,
Ye murmuring thoughts for ever cease,
God is my most exceeding joy,
My life, my comfort and my peace.

PSALM 43. C. M.

Safety in divine protection.

1 ETERNAL Judge, my cause maintain,
The 'ungodly world control,
Against the false, the proud and vain,
Defend my righteous soul.

2 O God, my strength amid the way,
Why dost thou cast us off?
Must I go mourning all the day,
To hear the 'oppressor scoff!

3 Send thy victorious light afar,
Now let the gospel run,
Arise and shine bright morning star,
Break forth eternal sun.

4 Let truth its steady course fulfill
And like a polar guide,
Direct my feet to yonder hill
Where Christ and saints reside.

5 I would frequent thine altar, Lord,
My most exceeding joy;
To praise thy name with sweet accord,
Shall well my tongue employ.

6 Then why, my soul, art thou deprest,
Beneath the tyrant's rod?
Jehovah yet shall give thee rest,
And I shall praise my God.

PSALM 44. Part 1. C. M.

National prosperity and degeneracy.

1 OUR ears, O God, have heard of old,
Thy sovreign works and ways,
When to their sons the fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 Their eyes this happy land beheld,
A large and liberal grant;
The heathen far from hence expel'd,
Thou here dids't Israel plant.

3 'Twas not our own victorious sword,
That drove the natives hence;
'Twas thy right hand did help afford,
Thine arm was our defence.

4 Our fathers saw the church arise,
Like fire the gospel ran,
And glory beaming from the skies,
Its endless course began.

5 When overrun by savage foes,
To darkness fast we verg'd;*
At thy command the nation rose,
From night our sun emerg'd,†

6 We saw thy wond'rous power to save,
When in thy dreadful name,

---

* To verge, to tend downward, to approach.

† To emerge, to arise from obscurity,

A feeble band invaders drave,
And turn'd them back with shame.

7 In God we boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

PAUSE.

8 But now, alas! we change our theme,
And strike the plaintive* chord,
To hear the tongues of men blaspheme,
And fools reproach the Lord.

9 Our King no more before us goes;
As sheep to slaughter given,
So we retreat before our foes,
To shameful dungeons driven.

10 Lord, must our land be sunk in vice?
Hast thou thy people sold?
O, who can profit by the price,
Exchanging grace for gold?

11 Tho dark and gloomy be the night,
And mournful our complaints;
Yet God is our eternal light,
His presence cheers his saints.

PSALM 44. Part 2. C. M.

Persecution complained of.

1 LORD, we thy gracious aid implore,
O'erwhelm'd in shades of death,
The dragon's voice is heard once more
With loud destructive breath.

2 Should saints their hands to idols raise,
And thus from God depart,

---

* Plaintive, complaining.

Jehovah, jealous of his praise,
Would search and know the heart.

3 O Lord, thy saints are doom'd to die,
As martyrs for thy name,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.

4 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wanted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

5 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And long neglect our cries?
Shall envious foes for ever scoff,
And triumph in their lies?

6 Down to the dust our souls are bow'd,
Beneath the 'oppressor's rod;
How long shall fools be thus allow'd
To vex the sons of God?

7 Awake, almighty God, awake,
Our helper strong and near;
Redeem us for thy mercy's sake,
That all the world may fear.

PSALM 45. S. M.

The success of the gospel.

1 MY cheerful heart indites,
A song to please my King;
Jesus, thou fairest of delights,
I would thy glories sing.

2 Dear friend of dying men,
To thee my voice I raise;
Awake, my soul, begin my pen,
To celebrate his praise.

3 Thy lips are full of grace,
Thine eyes for beauty shine;

Now show the world thy lovely face,
Now prove thy power divine.
4 Exalt thy royal head,
Lift thy victorious hand,
And come in majesty to spread
Thy conquests thro the land.
5 Thy sword about thee gird,
Ride prosperous from above,
With kindest mercy gently stir'd,
Achieve the feats of love.
6 Strike thro the sons of steel,
And touch their stubborn hearts;
O, may repenting sinners feel
The keenness of thy darts.
7 How glorious, yet how meek,
The King of saints appears!
This is the man whom sinners seek,
The God whom satan fears!

PAUSE.

8 Jesus, thy throne shall stand,
Should heaven and earth remove;
A peaceful scepter in thine hand,
Thy word of grace shall prove.
9 Because thou hatest strife,
Thy God has on thine head,
Above thy fellows, grace and life,
Like oil of gladness shed.
10 Thy garments smell of myrrh,
In royal vestments clad;
We feel our hearts within us stir,
Thy presence makes us glad.
11 Near to thy bleeding side,
The Gentile church is seen,
Array'd in grace a beauteous bride,
And Princes guard the Queen.

12 Fair bride, his offer take,
Renounce his rivals now,
For him thy father's house forsake,
And keep the marriage vow.

13 O. let thy God and King,
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honor sing,
And tell the world their joy.

PSALM 45. Part 1. C. M.

The personal glories of Christ.

1 SWEET is the song mine heart indites,
My Savior is the theme,
Jesus, thou fairest of delights,
Thy glories are supreme.

2 Thy face excells the sons of men,
And all the forms above,
Nor fluent tongue, nor ready pen,
Can half express thy love.

3 Sweet is thy speech, thy lips with grace
Diffuse a thousand charms;
Now show the splendors of thy face,
And shine the God of arms.

4 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride on with bow and crown;
Thy word is powerful to convince,
Or cast the mighty down.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
The kingdom is thy due,
Thy word, the scepter in thine hands,
Is righteous, just, and true.

6 Thou lovest peace, and hatest strife,
And God has on thine head,

Above thy fellows, grace and life,
Like oil of gladness shed.

PSALM 45. Part 2. C. M.

A song of loves.

1 JESUS, thy garments smell of myrrh,
In royal vestments clad;
We feel our hearts within us stir,
Thy presence makes us glad.

2 At thy right hand appears thy Queen,
A fair and beauteous bride;
The church adorn'd with grace is seen,
Triumphing near thy side.

3 Illustrious Queen, immortal Spouse!
Forget thy kindred race,
Incline thine ear, from sleep arouse,
And Christ thy Lord embrace.

4 Thine eyes are like celestial fires,
That ne'er with age grow dim;
The King thy beauty much desires,
And thou must worship him.

5 The Gentile nations court thy smiles,
Thy love with gifts they woo;
The Tyrians rich among the isles,
Intreat thy favor too.

6 Thy robes are most divinely wrought,
And glorious to behold;
Before the King in beauty brought,
Thy raiment shines in gold.

7 A virgin train for gladness sing,
Attendant at thy feet;
In heaven the palace of thy King,
The blest companions meet.

8 Thy fathers number'd with the dead,
No more the church adorn;

Thy children rising in their stead,
Appear like princes born.
9 Thy name on earth shall long remain,
The Lord his church shall raise,
And all thy sons, a heaven born train,
For ever shout his praise.

PSALM 45. Part 1. L. M.
The kingdom of Christ.

1 NOW be my soul inspir'd to sing.
The glories of my Savior King,
How fair his form, how heavenly bright,
The King in whom the saints delight!
2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with far superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
His eye with sparkling beauty glows.
3 Victorious Prince, by heaven ador'd,
Complete in arms, gird on thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.
4 Thine anger like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word the scepter in thine hands,
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.
6 God, thine own God, has richly shed,
His oil of gladness on thine head;
And with his sacred spirit blest
His first born son above the rest.

PSALM 45. Part 2. L. M.

The mystical marriage.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold,
The Queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

3 Immortal Queen, his offer take,
For him thy father's house forsake,
And let thy faithful heart withstand
His rivals in thy native land.

4 Thine eyes are like celestial fires,
The King thy beauty much desires;
And since he deigns thy love to woo,
He must be lov'd and worship'd too.

5 O, happy hour, when thou shalt rise,
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head,
Let every age his glory spread;
And saints in cheerful songs rehearse,
His sounding praise in flowing verse.

PSALM 46. Part 1. L. M.

The assurance of hope.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of wrath the nations rend,
Ere we can offer our complaints.
Behold him present to defend.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep with crashing noise,

Convulsions shake this solid world,
And every planet lose its poise.

3 Loud let the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream of gentle flow,
That springs from heaven's eternal source,
And wat'ring well the church below,
Around the world preserves its course.

5 Thy word, that stream, is richly stor'd,
And well supplies the fainting flock;
Sweet peace the promises afford,
And flow like water from a rock.

6 The Lord will for his church engage,
And prove a refuge strong and sure,
Tho kings combine and nations rage,
Yet shall his temple stand secure.

PSALM 46. Part 2. L. M.

God fights for his Church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
When tyrants rage and kingdoms rise,
He speaks, and at his mighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is yet our aid;
Come, see the wonders God has wrought,
Come, sing his foes in ruin laid.

3 The Lord of hosts our refuge is,
He for his church his power employs;
He knows his saints, he calls them his,
But earth's destroyers God destroys.

4 From sea to sea along the shores,
He makes the noise of war to cease;

When from on high his thunder roars,
He frowns the trembling world to peace.
5 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
The chariot burns with heavenly flame,
Let earth in silent wonder hear,
And tremble at his dreadful name.
6 " Thus saith the Lord, let tyrants know
My power can set the nations free,
My name shall be renown'd below,
And earth shall my salvation see."
7 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure and sing,
Nor fear the powers of earth and hell.

PSALM 46. As the 113.

The Lord our refuge.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press,
In him undaunted we'll confide,
Should earth be from its center tost
And mountains in the sea be lost,
Torn piece-meal by the rolling tide.
2 Let troubled ocean roar aloud,
And thunder burst from every cloud,
While blazing comets fill the sky;
Tho signs in heaven and earth appear,
Yet faith shall never yield to fear,
For God your Savior reigns on high.
3 There is a stream of gentle flow,
That waters well the church below,
Meand'ring* thro these desart lands,
It rises near the throne of God,
But struck by Moses' lifted rod,
It ran along the 'Arabian sands.

---

* Meandering, flowing in different courses as a river.

4 Thy word, that stream, is richly stor'd,
And does to fainting souls afford
A cooling draft to quench the thirst;
While marching on for Jordan's brink,
We haste to Christ, our Rock, and drink,
And in his promise taste him first.

5 In vain the powers of earth engage,
And dare against the church to rage,
The church shall stand when empire falls;
In vain his strength the champion boasts,
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts,
O Zion, who can raze thy walls?

6 Be still, adoring earth, be still,
Submissive to the 'Eternal will,
Let war and all its horrors cease;
If once the 'Almighty bend his bow,
He 'll lay the thrones of tyrants low,
And reign himself the Prince of Peaçe.

PSALM 47. L. M.

Ascension.

1 LET all the people clap their hands,
And shout to God with lofty voice,
Jesus is King o'er all the lands,
In him let all the lands rejoice.

2 His name most dreadful sounds on high,
Angelic hosts their King avow,
Behold he brings his glory nigh,
And sinners in his presence bow.

3 He shall our rebel race subdue,
What power and grace in Jesus meet,
The world shall know his word is true,
And nations worship at his feet.

4 Of old, Jehovah lov'd the Jews,
And chose the place where they should dwell;

But sent the Greeks the gospel news,
And made the Gentile church to 'excell.

5 Behold him rising from the ground,
See him ascending in the cloud,
God has gone up with trumpet's sound,
And angels shout his praise aloud.

6 Mortals, to him your voices raise,
Let earth assist the heavenly throng,
Let pure devotion sing his praise,
And understanding guide the song.

7 Exalt his name in lofty strains,
The God of Abraham wears the shield,
O'er all the world the Savior reigns,
To Christ the hearts of rebels yield.

PSALM 47. C. M.

Spiritual worship.

1 O, FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sovreign King;
Let every land its tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around,
Attend him rising thro the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels sing the Savior's praise,
Let mortals learn their strains,
Let earth in songs his honor raise,
O'er earth and heaven he reigns.,

4 Sing praise to God, ye saints above,
Sing praise, ye saints below,
With understanding shout his love,
With joy his wonders show.

5 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
To God the praise belongs,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
In uninstructed songs.

6 His ancient throne in Israel stood,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he makes his promise good,
And heathens taste his grace.

7 Now let the Jewish princes meet,
And wisely thus consult,
" To lay their robes at Jesus' feet,
And in his name to 'exult."

PSALM 48. L. M.

Mount Zion.

1 GREAT is the Lord, his power has rais'd
An holy church in happy lands;
And be his name for ever prais'd,
O'er all the nation where it stands.

2 Mount Zion, blissful seat of rest,
The joyful earth with splendor fills;
And stretching far from east to west,
Reclines her sides on northern hills.

3 The Lord, her refuge, seeks her good,
And long her glory shall remain
Assembled kings against her stood,
But pass'd her by, or fought in vain.

4 They saw, and wonder'd at the sight,
An awful panic seiz'd the mind,
Fear went before them in their flight,
And throes parturient came behind.

5 At first a song was in their lips,
The kings with threat'ning language spoke;
But eastern winds destroy'd their ships,
And tempests their proud navies broke.

6 As once our friends and fathers told,
How God appear'd to set us free,
So now again our eyes behold,
And on our side the Savior see.

7 The praise alone to God belongs,
Him let his ransom'd people bless,
Hail him in loud triumphant songs,
His hand is full of righteousness.

8 Go round the mount, invading powers,
Go round the mount, in which we dwell,
Mark ye the bulwarks, count the towers,
And every place of refuge tell.

9 The living God is our defence,
Ye tyrants, hold your threat'ning breath,
In vain you think to drive us hence,
The Lord our guide is ours till death.

PSALM 48. Part 1. S. M.

The church is the honor and safety of a nation.

1 GREAT is the Lord above,
His throne in heaven is rais'd,
And in the mountain of his love
His name is greatly prais'd.

2 The church with glory fills
The nation where it stands,
And from the sides of northern hills
Adorns surrounding lands.

3 A refuge for the 'opprest,
Our God and Savior is,
Elohim* is our *Rock* and *Rest*,
He calls our people his.

4 When impious kings combin'd
To lay his people waste,

---

* Elohim, the three persons in Jehovah.

In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with fearful haste.

5 When navies tall and proud,
Attempt to spill our blood,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the flood.

6 Our fathers oft have told
The wonders of his name;
And yet our wond'ring eyes behold
His power and grace the same.

7 When darkness clouds our skies,
We 'll to his house repair,
And pray to God, with suppliant cries,
Till heaven again grow fair.

PSALM 48. Part 2. S. M.

The beauty of gospel worship.

1 FAR as the Father's name
Is by the Son made known,
So far the greatness of his fame,
O'er every land is shown.

2 With joy his people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
To show the wonders of his hand,
And counsels of his will.

3 Go, stranger, walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The stranger reverent bows,
And well observes our court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows.
And thus he makes report.

5 " The church array'd in light,
Is glorious to behold!

Beyond the pomp that charms the sight,
Or rites adorn'd with gold.

6 How sacred is the pile*,
Where lives the holy dove,
Where God the Father deigns to smile,
Where Jesus shows his love!

7 The God whom saints revere,
Will guide us till we die;
God is our God while strangers here,
And ours above the sky."

PSALM 49. Part 1. C. M.

Equality in death.

1 ATTENTIVE to the word give ear,
Ye men of every grade,
The hour of death is drawing near,
When all are equal made.

2 Then why should men of riches grow
And swell with affluent pride,
To see their wealth and honors flow
With every rising tide?

3 Why should they treat the poor with scorn,
Of death coequal heirs,
Or boast as if their flesh was born,
Of better dust than theirs?

4 The rich are held in high esteem,
And yet how vain is wealth!
Not one his brother can redeem,
Nor give the dying health.

5 Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.

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* Pile, a building or edifice.

6 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

7 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"Mine house shall ever stand,
And that my name may long abide,
I'll give it to my land."

8 But, O! how soon his glory fades,
How like a beast he dies,
Lost in oblivion and the shades,
His house in ruin lies!

PAUSE.

9 Vain are the sons of high renown,
For death the proud assaults,
And like a giant hurls them down
To darkness and the vaults.

10 Great is the folly of their way!
And yet their sons as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

11 Awhile on pamper'd flesh they feast,
And slaughter flock and brood,
Then die forgotten as a beast,
And serve the worms for food.

12 As sheep in graves promiscuous* laid,
So sinners sleep in dust,
No more to make the saints afraid,
No more to vex the just.

13 Vain man to proud distinction born,
Must bow his lofty head;
But rise neglected in the morn
When God shall raise the dead.

---

* Promiscuous, mixed without distinction.

PSALM 49. Part 2. C. M.

Death and the resurrection.

1 YE sons of pride, who hate the just,
And humble souls despise,
When death has brought you down to dust
Your pomp no more shall rise.

2 The last great day shall change the scene,
The happy time draws near,
A few more years shall intervene,
And Jesus shall appear.

3 In vain you slight that hastening day,
And put the thought afar,
For God shall call your souls away
To stand before his bar.

4 At death your pride and greatness end,
The immortal spirit fled,
No marks of glory shall descend,
To signalize your bed.

5 But God my soul shall yet redeem,
And raise me from the grave,
The bursting tombs with life shall teem,
When God comes down to save.

6 Ye wheels of time, perform your rounds,
To bring salvation nigh,
And while the judgment trumpet sounds,
Ye saints, ascend on high.

7 Heaven is our everlasting dome,*
How firm our house abides,
Strangers on earth, we hasten home,
Where Christ our friend resides.

PSALM 49. L. M.

The death of the rich and resurrection of the just.

1 WHY do the proud their equals scorn
And treat a fellow as a slave?

* Dome, a house, or building.

Are we not all to sorrows born,
And doom'd alike to know the grave?

2 The 'ungodly rich can ne'er relieve
A friend, who labors hard for breath,
A brother's soul they can't reprieve,
Nor bring him from the gates of death.

3 Deep in the dark and dismal shades,
No servants shall their state attend,
Their pomp departs, their glory fades,
Nor with them does their wealth descend.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
O'erwhelm'd with everlasting gloom;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And hear the 'oppressor's awful doom.

5 Sepultur'd* deep in silent dust,
His face is cover'd with his shroud,
That glorious day shall raise the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 When all the tombs with life shall teem,
And earth and sea their dead restore;
Then shall my God my soul redeem,
And flesh and spirit part no more.

PSALM 50. Part 1. C. M.

The last day.

1 THE 'Almighty speaks, and from his mouth
His word the nations hear,
From east to west, from north to south,
Assembled all appear.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin,"
No more abuse his long delay,
To ridicule and sin.

---

* Sepultyred, buried, interred.

3 Behold the hour, the dreadful hour,
He comes with trumpet's sound,
Before him wasting flames devour,
And tempest's roar around.

4 On him attendant angels wait,
He calls on heaven aloud,
Swift as the lightning is his gait,
His chariot is a cloud.

5 What wonders shall his power perform,
Creation feels his frown,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
From heaven come rushing down.

6 Hark! the last trumpet's jarring noise
The fixed stars misplace,
Each planet thrown from off its poise,
Recedes* before his face.

7 But gather all my saints (he cries),
Who trust in grace alone,
Guard them, ye cherubs, thro the skies,
And seat them near my throne.

8 With me the covenant first they seal'd,
And in my footsteps trod,
In heaven their works shall be reveal'd,
And they shall dwell with God.

PSALM 50. Part 2. C. M.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

1 LET Israel hear the 'eternal claim,
O'er all the world made known,
" Jehovah is my sovreign name;
And earth is all mine own.

2 Mine are the beasts, the fowls are mine,
And mountains where they throng;

---

* To recede, to fall back, to retreat.

The bleating flocks, the lowing kine,
To God alone belong.

3 If I were hungry, yet mine hand
Could well supply my need,
I would no sheep of thee demand,
Nor on thy cattle feed.

4 Give me no bullock from the stall,
Let the quadrupeds* live;
'Twas God who first created all
Then what can sinners give!

5 Approach my throne with sacred awe,
And in my presence bow;
With thankful hearts observe my law,
And keep the solemn vow.

6 This be thy daily sacrifice,
Thy God to love and fear,
Invoke his name when troubles rise,
And God shall soon appear.

7 The men who love to praise and pray
The best perform my will;
And they, who tread mine holy way,
Shall reach mine heavenly hill."

PSALM 50. Part 3. C. M.

The judgment of hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
With myriads round his throne,
He calls the nations all to 'attend,
And makes his sentence known.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain,
Your souls I now require,
Altars and rites and forms are vain,
Without celestial fire.

---

* Quadruped, a four footed beast.

3 And what have hypocrites to do,
To bring their sacrifice,
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.

4 How could you think to shun my sight,
And sin without control?
But I shall bring your crimes to light,
With anguish in the soul."

5 Sinners, repent while God forbears,
His grace no more despise;
When once his wrath the guilty tears,
No helper dares to rise.

PSALM 50. Part 1. L. M.

The day of judgment.

1 THE trump of Jesus sounds afar,
The rising dead his mandates* hear,
And all the world before his bar,
In solemn process soon appear.

2 The nations, rank'd in two grand files,
Around the Judge in order stand;
On one he frowns, on one he smiles,
And reads their doom on either hand.

3 He speaks—and with the voice of love
Invites his saints to heavenly rest,
They take their seats on thrones above,
And reign with Christ for ever blest.

4 Then with a stern and dreadful look,
He penetrates the sinner's heart,
And opening heaven's unerring book,
He reads his awful doom—"depart!"

5 Consider, ye who slight his grace,
And make the great salvation sure,

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* Mandates, commands, orders.

If once he drive you from his face,
What sinner can his wrath endure?

6 Dear Savior, ere that day draw nigh,
Pronounce my numerous sins forgiven;
Prepare me for a seat on high,
Nor let me from thy face be driven.

PSALM 50. Part 2. L. M.

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, with warning voice,
Reproves the men in heart unjust,
Who make not faith and love their choice,
But in their formal worship trust.

2 Dissemblers dare to 'invoke his name,
With hearts surcharg'd with guilt and guile;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter sinners vile.

3 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
Yet dare to 'approach Jehovah's face,
And while Immanuel is their song,
They trample on his offer'd grace.

4 To heaven they lift their impious hands,
And seek his blessing on their knees,
Then rise and break his just commands,
Nor think that God their Maker sees.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They slumber on the 'eternal brink,
Suppose he sleeps as well as they,
And scarce of death or judgment think.

6 O! dreadful day! tremendous hour!
When God to judge the world draws near,
How will his wrath their souls devour,
And no deliverer dare to 'appear.

PSALM 50. To a new tune.

The day of judgment.

1 THE trumpet sounds, and from the 'archangel's mouth,
The dreadful blast pervades the north and south;
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Thro distant worlds and regions of the dead;
No more shall atheists mock his long delay,
His vengeance sleeps no more, behold the day!

2 The Judge descends: the winds their rage let fly,
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky;
His throne is fixt; heaven, earth and hell draw near,
To hear his justice, and their doom to hear;
But gather first my saints, the Judge commands,
Go, bring them, angels, from their distant lands.

3 True to my will, the grace at first reveal'd,
Was with the blood of its testator seal'd,
And sign'd with all their names, the Greek and Jew,
Who paid the former worship or the new,
There 's no distinction, all are heirs above,
All are my sons, and all shall share my love.

4 Behold your King; Immanuel is my name,
Behold the Judge, ye heavens aloud proclaim;
Sinners draw near, who first on earth revil'd
The man of sorrows and the virgin's child;
Depart—accurst, ye hypocrites, retire,
And go with Satan down to 'eternal fire.

5 Not for the want of goats and bullocks slain,
I now condemn you, bulls and goats are vain;
Without the fire of love, in vain the store
Of brutal offerings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, yet my powerful hand
Could a supply without your aid command;
Can I be flatter'd by your cringing bows,
Your solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
Charms it mine eyes your vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems and gaily wrought in gold?
7 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a spirit, with such toys as these?
In words thou didst my righteous law applaud,
But life belied thee and expos'd the fraud,
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.
8 Long did I wait, I felt my pity move,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now! my thunders roll,
And thine own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

EPIPHONEMA.

9 Sinners, awake betimes, ye fools be wise,
Awake before this dreadful morning rise,
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your friend;
Awhile the *Lamb* in patience may forbear,
But *Judah's Lion* must the guilty tear.

PSALM 50. To the old proper tune.
The day of judgment.

1 THE trumpet sounds, and from the 'archangel's mouth,
The dreadful blast pervades the north and south;
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Thro distant worlds and regions of the dead,
The Judge appears, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 With awful power the winds their sage let fly,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky,
Escorting angels shout his name aloud,
And men astonish'd view the flying cloud.
Behold he comes, his banners wide displaying,
"Fall on us, mountains" hear the guilty praying.

3 His throne is fixt; heaven, earth and hell draw near,
To hear his justice and their doom to hear;
"But gather first my saints, the Judge commands,
Go, bring them, angels, from their distant lands,
Let none be left of all that happy number,
Who live on earth, or dead in Jesus slumber."

4 True to my *will*, the grace at first reveal'd,
Was with the blood of its testator seal'd,
And sign'd with all their names, the Greek and Jew,
Who paid the former worship or the new;
There's no distinction here, for thro my merit
Shall all the heirs of heaven a crown inherit.

5 My sons and daughters now shall heir my love,
Mansions of bliss await the saints above,
Once for their sakes did I their Savior bleed,
I bore their sins and bought them for my seed.
Ye blest, redeem'd from everlasting burning,
Rejoice and sing, your Savior is returning.

PAUSE FIRST.

6 Behold your King: Immanuel is my name,
Behold the Judge, ye heavens aloud proclaim!
Come, ye who nail'd me to the shameful tree,
Draw near and your rejected Savior see:
Exalted now what sinner will deride me,
Or find in heaven or earth a God beside me.

7 In human form I was on earth revil'd,
The man of sorrows and the virgin's child,
Behold the man who wears the immortal scar,
The God behold and tremble at my bar!
'Twas you, who pierc'd me and defi'd my thunder,
But now my wrath shall tear your souls asunder.
8 Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer and profane,
Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain,
Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire,
Depart, accurst, to dwell with endless fire.
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
9 " Not for the want of goats and bullocks slain,
I now condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain;
Without the fire of love, in vain the store
Of brutal offerings that were mine before.
Mine is the world; all nature shall adore me,
While sinners tremble saints rejoice before me.
10 If I were hungry, yet my powerful hand
Could a supply without thine aid command;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds and fields and forests where they feed;
All is the Lord's, I rule the wide creation,
Give sinners vengeance and the saints salvation.
11 Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
Charms it mine eyes thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems and gaily wrought in gold?
God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises,
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rise .

PAUSE SECOND.

12 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a spirit, with such toys as these?

In words thou didst my righteous law applaud,
But life belied thee and expos'd the fraud;
I know thy works, thy sins appear most hateful,
Unjust to man and to thy God ungrateful.
13 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Theives and adulterers are thy chosen friends,
While the proud flatterer at mine altar waits,
His harden'd soul divine instruction hates.
God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.
14 " Long did I wait, I felt my pity move,
But didst thou think that I would ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
But God is just, and just the dreadful sentence,
That dooms the soul to hell without repentance.
15 Behold my terrors now, my thunders roll,
And thine own crimes affright thy guilty soul,
Awhile the *Lamb* in patience may forbear,
But *Judah's Lion* must the sinner tear"—
Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices,

EPIPHONEMA.

16 Sinners, awake betimes, ye fools, be wise,
Awake before this dreadful morning rise,
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your friend;
Cease to revile him, O ye daring scoffers,
Accept salvation while Immanuel offers.

PSALM 51. Part 1. L. M.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O, Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:

Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
2 My crimes are great, but let me find,
The God of grace as greatly kind,
And as thy nature has no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
3 My crimes are great, impute them not,
But wash my soul from every spot,
I would to thee confess my sin,
And own the plague that works within.
4 With flowing tears, and bursting groans,
My sorrowing soul her state bemoans,
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
5 How have I sin'd against the light,
And done this evil in thy sight,
Lord, should thy law its own demand,
Before thy bar I could not stand.
6 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul was sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
7 Yet, Lord, the blood of Christ was spilt,
To cleanse the sons of men from guilt;
On him my guilty soul I cast,
And hope in Jesus to the last.
8 O, may his blood on me remain,
Like hysop sprinkled o'er a stain,
And let his spirit on me blow,
To make my soul as white as snow.

PSALM 51. Part 2. L. M.

Original and actual sins confessed.

1 BEHOLD me, Lord, a guilty child,
Conceiv'd in sin and born defil'd,

Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But I 'm defil'd in every part.

3 Great God, create mine heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true,
O, make me wise betimes to see,
That all my strength is found in thee.

4 Behold I fall before thy face,
Mine only refuge is thy grace;
No costly forms can purge from sin,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hysop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor rolling main,
Can wash away the dismal stain.

6 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone,
Did once for sins of men atone,
Wash'd in thy blood, no Jewish rite,
Can cleanse and make my soul so white.

7 When sin and guilt my peace destroy,
I hear thy word with heavenly joy:
Thy smiling face, thy pardoning voice,
Shall make my mourning soul rejoice.

PSALM 51. Part 3. L. M.

The backslider restored.

1 TO thee, my God, I tell my sins,
And thus my mournful soul begins,
" Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;

Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from mine heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more."

4 So shall thy name be long ador'd
For sins forgiven, and saints restor'd,
The world shall thy salvation see,
And humble converts turn to thee.

5 I 'll say to man's apostate race,
Come learn to trust the God of grace;
The humble seeker put to loss,
I'll lead to God my Savior's cross.

6 At the returning sinner's hands,
No sacrifice the Lord demands;
If God requir'd, I 'd freely give
An offering that my soul might live.

7 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

8 O, may thy love my soul inspire,
And set my sacrifice on fire;
My warmest thoughts to thee return,
And like the sacred incense burn.

9 In thy good pleasure Zion build,
Thy church with grace and beauty guild,
Whate'er the guilty world befalls,
Let glory rest on Zion's walls.

PSALM 51. Part 1. C. M.

Original and actual sin lamented.

1 IN mercy, Lord, behold my case,
Nor frown my soul afar,

Behold a sinner vile and base,
Stands trembling at thy bar.
2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust;
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
3 I from the stock of Adam rose,
A wild and vicious shoot,
Soon as the buds their leaves disclose,
They show a poisonous root.
4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion* with my breath;
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.
5 Yet, Lord, the great Redeemer bled,
To save the world below,
His blood for sinners freely shed,
Can wash me white as snow.
6 Let not thy spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.
7 Then will I make thy mercy known,
Before the 'assembled throng:
Thy love in Christ to thousands shown,
Shall be my daily song.

PSALM 51. Part 2. C. M.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O, GOD of mercy, hear my call,
And answer from above,
Remove my guilt, that like a wall
Secludes† me from thy love.

---

* Contagion, infectious disease.
† To seclude, to shut up apart.

2 Why should this wall so long divide
Between my God and me?
O may the blood from Jesus' side
My great atonement be.

3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall long remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 O, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
Reveal thy smiling face,
Then shall my thankful tongue rejoice,
And tell the world thy grace.

5 Thy grace, O God, is free as air,
Inhal'd* with every breath;
No more, ye sons of men, despair,
But fly the second death.

6 A soul with conscious guilt opprest,
In Jesus finds relief;
He gives the weary sinner rest,
And joy succeeds to grief.

PSALM 52. C. M.

The informer characterized.

1 WHY boasts the vile insidious man?
His baseness who can tell?
In mischief, lo, he lays his plan
Deep as the gulf of hell.

2 His tongue a razor sharp and keen,
Delights to wound the heart,
He works in darkness, but unseen
Performs the 'accuser's part.

3 Behold, he fills his mouth with lies,
Or falsely tells the truth,

---

* Inhaled, drawn in, breath taken in.

While o'er the world the scandal flies
To ruin virtuous youth.

4 Deceit his conversation tips,
He gives his tongue no rest;
Devouring words hang on his lips,
And malice fires his breast.

5 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive him from his face;
No more shall he the church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

6 This is the man, the saints shall say,
Who made not God his strength,
And God has chas'd him far away,
His end has come at length.

7 The church, like some green olive tree,
Shall flourish long in bloom;
Her sons the 'oppressor's end shall see,
And triumph in his doom.

8 Now let the saints in danger sing,
And make the Lord their tower,
The 'Almighty reigns, exalt your King,
And tell the world his power.

PSALM 52. L. M.

The tyrant destroyed.

1 WHY should the haughty tyrant boast,
And dare to 'invade the peaceful coast,
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And desolation wastes the land?

2 The captive's groan he joys to hear,
Tis music to his harden'd ear,
The widow's loss, the sufferer's sigh,
Do but advance his pleasures high.

3 Triumphant in the deeds of wrong
He thinks to make his kingdom strong,

With pride his awful power proclaims,
And at Jehovah's scepter aims.

4 Ye chosen angels, keep your charge,
Defend the saints, the church enlarge,
Pour out your vials, O ye seven,
Charg'd with the liquid fire of heaven.

5 God shall destroy the bloody race,
And root the tyrant from his place,
The righteous freed their hopes recall,
And hail the proud oppressor's fall.

6 Swift from the height of glory thrown,
He falls promiscuous and unknown,
Or signaliz'd by brutal crimes
His name descends to future times.

7 "There lies the man, the church shall sing,
Who dar'd to fight with Christ our King,
And vainly deem'd with envious joy,
His arm almighty to destroy."

8 The church redeem'd, the nations free,
Shall flourish like an olive tree;
The saints who saw our mournful days,
Shall tune their songs and join our lays.

PSALM 53. Part 1. C. M.

The folly of sinners.

1 THE fool within himself replies,
And whispers to his soul,
"There is no God above the skies,
And who shall me control?"

2 God from his heavenly throne look'd down,
To view the world below,
To find the man who fear'd his frown,
And did his justice know.

3 He saw that men had turn'd aside,
And lov'd the way to hell,

While envy, malive, power, and pride,
Within their bosoms swell.

4 How void of heavenly grace are they,
Who saints beneath them tread,
Who make the saints of Christ their prey,
And eat his poor like bread!

5 My God shall on their glory stamp,
And send a dread reverse,
Shall fill with shame their guilty camp,
And all their hosts disperse.

6 Afraid to see the judge appear,
In vain to heaven they cry,
And trembling where there is no fear,
From their own shadows fly.

7 Jesus, reveal thy glorious name,
And all thy foes destroy;
Fill every guilty soul with shame,
And every saint with joy.

8 O for salvation from our King,
For nations long opprest;
Now make the hearts of captives sing,
Now give thy people rest.

PSALM 53. Part 2. C. M.

Deliverance from persecution.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus destroy her saints?
Do they not know her Savior rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise,
For God's avenging arm,
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;

When God has once despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O, for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all the tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 54. C. M.

God our deliverer.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, expos'd to harm,
And hear our cries at length,
Save us by thine almighty arm,
And judge us by thy strength.

2 Strangers and foes beset us round,
Oppressive, proud, and strong,
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And triumph in the wrong.

3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And on thy strength rely;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thine ear attend our cry.

4 The mighty God our helper is,
In vain oppressors scoff;
He treats our enemies as his,
In truth he cuts them off.

5 Thy glory, Lord, shall be mine aim,
My tongue shall freely sing;
Thy name is good, and I 'll proclaim
The honors of my King.

6 Let all our souls to God aspire,
Who sav'd us from our woes;
Our eyes have seen our hearts' desire,
When God destroy'd our foes.

PSALM 55. Part 1. C. M.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

1 O GOD, my Refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my death devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Malicious foes attempt my life,
Their numbers much increase;
Loud is their noise, and fierce their strife,
Who daily vex my peace.

3 Deep in my breast I feel the pain,
Nor can my fears control;
Death, and the terrors of his train,
Have overwhelm'd my soul,

4 O, were I like a feather'd dove,
How would I stretch my wings,
Traverse* the peaceful realms above,
And quit these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desart roam,
And find a safe retreat,
Where floods of malice never foam,
Nor storms of envy beat.

6 Vain hopes and vain inventions all,
To 'escape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PSALM 55. Part 2. C. M.

Oppression and treason complained of.

1 OPPRESSORS with imperious sway,
In mischief take delight;
They practice bloody crimes by day,
And plan their wars by night.

2 Confound them, Lord, their tongues divide,
As language once thou didst,

---

* To traverse, to wander over.

For, lo! the world abounds with pride,
And guile is in the midst!

3 'Twas not a foe of foreign land,
Who sought the deadly blow,
I then could long have borne his hand,
Could well have blest my foe.

4 'Twere you, my friends, how smooth you talk'd,
Your words were soft as oil;
While to the house of God we walk'd
Your hearts were set on spoil.

5 Come seize them death, come take them grave,
And bear them far from hence;
In vain they call on God to save,
For God is our defence.

6 But if no change disturb their ease,
Nor man nor God they dread,
But much the 'eternal power displease,
And on the virtuous tread.

7 My God, in his mysterious ways,
Shall drown them with a flood;
Scarce shall they live out half their days,
Who take delight in hlood.

PSALM 55. S. M.

Trusting in Christ.

1 DEATH shall the proud destroy,
And send them quick to hell;
For death has been their lov'd employ,
And they deserve it well.

2 But as for me, my voice
Shall call on God aloud;
In his salvation I 'll rejoice,
When judgments smite the proud.

3 At evening, noon, and morn,
I 'll to my Savior pray;

Nor will he leave my soul forlorn,
Nor will he long delay.
4 God will my foes control,
And all his truth perform,
In perfect peace he keeps my soul,
Amid the raging storm.
5 How potent and how wise,
Is mine eternal God!
The trembling nations with surprise,
Submit and own his rod.
6 But while they live at ease,
And no sad changes dread,
They much the living God displease,
And on his people tread.
7 My soul with all her cares,
Shall lean on Jesus' breast,
Secure amid a thousand snares,
My Savior is my rest.
8 On God my soul I cast,
And faith allays my fears;
So when the stormy night is past,
How fair the sun appears.
9 My God shall well sustain
The children of his love,
He 'll bear them thro this world of pain,
To blissful realms above.

PSALM 56. Part 1. C. M.

Confidence in God.

1 IN mercy, Lord, appear and save,
Cut short the trying hour,
Or men more cruel than the grave,
Will soon my life devour.
2 My foes increase on either side,
Their ways are in the dark,

---

* Potent, strong, full of power.

In secret places, lo! they hide,
And set me for their mark.

3 My words and actions much they wrest,
But justice is mine aim,
Oft when my thoughts intend the best,
My foes the most exclaim.

4 What time I feel my soul afraid,
I 'll to my God draw nigh,
I 'll praise his word, I'll seek his aid,
And trust my Rock on high.

5 My God will bear me safely thro,
He knows my cause is just,
Nor will I fear what men can do,
The children of the dust.

6 Shall they persist without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O, cast aspiring sinners down,
Let tyrants know thine hand.

PSALM 56. Part 2. C. M.

Recovering grace.

1 HOW great the grace of God appears,
He loves his suffering saints,
He sees their foes, he knows their fears,
And answers their complaints.

2 He did his wandering creature stop,
When I his way forsook,
His bottle held each sorrowing drop,
My tears were in his book.

3 When to his throne I send my cry,
Victorious on my knees,
I call for succor from the sky,
And Satan fears and flees.

4 If God afford his powerful aid
To drive the tempter back,

Safe in the Lord I 'm not afraid,
If earth and hell attack.

5 To heaven my cheerful song I raise,
And pay my solemn vow,
To thee, my God, I give the praise,
And in thy presence bow.

6 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from hell,
In answer to my call;
The hand that rais'd me when I fell,
Can sure prevent my fall.

7 Rais'd from the dark confines of death,
Thou set'st thy prisoner free;
My flesh and spirit, life and breath,
I now devote to thee.

8 I keep the way my Savior trod,
His spirit guides me right;
My faith shall trust the living God,
And triumph in his light.

PSALM 57. L. M.

Protection and salvation.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 My soul amid the lion's den,
He rais'd above destructive fears,
And freed me from the sons of men,
Whose tongues are sharp as pointed spears.

4 Ye saints, exalt the God of love,
High o'er the heavens where angels dwell,

Praise ye the Lord; let all above
And all below his wonders tell.

5 Mine heart is fixt, my song shall raise
Immortal honors to his name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the wonder of my frame.

6 High o'er the heavens Jehovah reigns,
His truth pervades unmeasur'd space,
On rebel men his mercy deigns
To shower the riches of his grace.

7 Exalt thy kingdom, Prince of Peace,
O'er all above and all below,
Now let thy church on earth increase,
To sinners thy salvation show.

PSALM 58. As the 113.

The remonstrance.

1 YE nations hear, ye tyrants pause,
No longer spurn the righteous cause,
Lest judgments overwhelm the lands;
Will you the poor and weak revile,
Or view oppressors with a smile,
And weigh their cause with partial hands?

2 Do you despise the God on high,
Who hears the captive's humble sigh,
And his unfeeling master sees?
Will you the rights of man invade,
And not forbid the shameful trade,*
Made lawful by your bold decrees?

3 The God of justice knows your way,
As soon as born the wicked stray,
And turn aside to theft and lies;
Lord, shall the men by power made strong,
For ever triumph in the wrong,
Yet 'scape thy lightning as it flies?

---

* This Psalm was composed before the year 1810

4 A secret poison works within,
The serpent makes the venom thin,
And tyrants drive the world to arms;
So the deaf adder stops her ears,
Nor counsel nor instruction hears,
But disregards the power of charms!

5 Break out their teeth, almighty King,
Destroy the monster's deadly sting,
And save the victim from his jaws;
Let justice swift descend below,
To make the bold oppressors know
That Jesus gives the nations laws.

6 Jehovah from the flying cloud,
Declares his dreadful name aloud,
He comes to punish daring crimes;
In every land his power is felt,
Like hills of snow the nations melt,
And dread the strange reverse of times.

7 Thus shall the Savior's conquering sword,
Safety and peace to saints afford,
And all who love his name shall say,
"Sure there's a God above the sky,
A God, who hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

PSALM 59. S. M.

Liars in wait dispersed.

1 FROM foes that round us rise,
O, God of heaven, defend,
For men of blood the just despise,
And with the saints contend.

2 By vain ambition fir'd,
Our foes begin the strife;
Not for our sins have they conspir'd,
To hunt the precious life.

3 Beneath the silent shade,
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful land by night invade,
And waste our fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit secure an impious race,
To fill the world with slain?

5 The Lord derides their rage,
He knows their cause is wrong;
Jehovah lives from age to age,
And our defence is strong.

6 But while our God delays,
How daring are our foes!
Each like an angry mastiff bays.
And 'round the city goes.

7 Lift up thy dreadful rod,
And drive them from our land;
But lest the saints forget their God,
Destroy not all their band.

8 They speak with flattering mouth,
Their lips the saints decoy;
Disperse them, Lord, from north to south,
From east to west destroy.

9 Then shall our morning voice,
The great salvation sing,
Nations around us shall rejoice,
And make the Lord their King.

PSALM 60. C. M.

Distress of nations.

1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off,
And must we die abhorr'd?
Must we become the 'eternal scoff
Of those who hate the Lord?

2 Hard things has God his people shown,
The wine of fear we sup;
And will the Lord his saints disown,
Will Jesus give them up?

3 Our foes the trembling land invade,
And earth astonish'd quakes;
O, heal the wounds their hands have made,
Confirm the mind that shakes.

4 Display thy banner in the field,
Take the supreme command,
O, God our strength, our heavenly shield,
Save us by thy right-hand.

5 Thus saith the Lord, "I know their pride,
I will my foes destroy,
And while their substance I divide,
The saints shall sing for joy,

6 The church is mine, for ever mine,
My word of grace is true,
My foes shall know my power divine,
When I their rage subdue."

7 Triumphing o'er triumphant foes
The Lord his word performs,
Swift as the wind behold he goes,
And dreadful as the storms.

8 Where is the foe will dare to meet,
Or war with God to wage,
He throws his shoes from off his feet,
And scorns the tyrant's rage.

9 Jesus our Savior, Christ our King,
Shall lead us to his tower,
Shall all his saints to glory bring,
By his resistless power.

10 Great is the help his arm affords,
When earthly helpers fail;

The church oppos'd by spears and swords,
Shall in his strength prevail.

PSALM 61. S. M.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
Mine heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I send my cries.

2 God of almighty power,
I 'll in thine house abide;
Be thou my refuge, thou my tower,
My soul in safety hide.

3 O, lead me to the rock
That's high above mine head,
And be my shelter from the shock,
That fills the world with dread.

4 Beneath thy spreading wings,
I most securely trust,
God is the 'eternal King of kings,
And all my foes are dust.

5 The Lord, who heard my vow,
My lot in mercy cast;
And they, who love and serve him now,
Shall reign with God at last.

6 I join with sweet accord
The saints, who love his name;
If they have life from Christ my Lord,
I shall enjoy the same.

PSALM 62. Part 1. L. M.

Trusting in God.

1 THE God from whom salvation flows,
Is all the Rock my spirit knows;
And while my Rock a refuge proves,
No fear my dauntless spirit moves.

2 Should envious foes against me rise,
And earth and hell my death devise,
The Lord my Rock is my defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall drive me thence.

3 How long, ye sons of men, how long,
Will you delight to do me wrong?
And seek in vain to cast me down,
From God my glory, God my crown?

4 The wicked like a bending wall,
Shall in promiscuous ruin fall,
Like tottering fence, they shall not stand,
When God lifts up his dreadful hand.

5 They bless the saints, but with a smile,
Their hearts disdain them all the while;
And while the tongue its trust belies,
Each some abhorr'd invention tries.

6 My soul by faith to Jesus clings,
I drink my love from purest springs,
In vain the sons of Satan mock,
Jehovah is my living Rock.

PSALM 62. Part 2. L. M.

No trust in the creatures.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone,
My Rock and Refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Ye saints, invoke the God of grace,
Come spread your wants before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 Vain are the men of high renown,
The baser sort are light as down;
Laid in the balance both would seem
Too light to turn the trembling beam.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you chuse delusive snares,
And not believe what God declares?

5 Once has he sworn to punish vice,
I heard his oath confirm it twice;
To God this dreadful power belongs,
To 'avenge his saints, and judge their wrongs.

6 He does offending sinners woo,
God is our Judge and Savior too,
And will his power, or mercy show,
As men perform his will below,

PSALM 63. Part 1. C. M.

Longing after God,

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 As pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 So thirsts my soul, O God, for thee,
To find a Savior's blood,
To taste thy love divinely free,
And drink the living flood.

4 I long to feel thy word with power,
And know the grace divine;
My God, send down a plenteous shower.
To cheer this soul of mine.

5 No marrow so delights my mind,
Nor flesh nor fat of beast,
As when some heavenly word I find,
And on the promise feast.

6 Not life itself is half so sweet,
As thy forgiving love;
'Tis heaven on earth thy saints to meet,
And join the songs above.
7 I think of Jesus on my bed,
And thus mine eyes I close;
His shadowy wings are o'er me spread,
He watches my repose.
8 Thus till my last expiring day,
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift mine hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. Part 2. C. M.
Midnight devotion.

1 AMID the darkest hours of night,
My God in mind I keep;
His love affords supreme delight,
And sweetens all my sleep.
2 The slumbering world around me lies,
But while my sun is fled,
Diviner light illumes my skies,
If Christ be near my bed.
3 Christ is the way, I follow hard
To keep the heavenly road;
And while my sins my steps retard*
I groan beneath their load.
4 Secure beneath his shadowy wings,
My soul on God is staid;
My joyful tongue at midnight sings
His all protecting aid.
5 The men, who seek mine overthrow,
His dreadful sword shall slay,
Send down to dwell in depths below,
Devour'd by beasts of prey.

* To retard, to hinder, to obstruct.

6 But while his wrath the wicked tears,
And stops his perjur'd voice,
The man, who by his glory swears,
Shall in his truth rejoice.

PSALM 63. L. M.

The love of God better than life.

1 FOR thee, my God, I long and thirst,
As in a desart waste and dry,
I seek the living fountain first,
And drink a deep and large supply.

2 With heart and eyes and lifted hands
For thy salvation, Lord, I look,
No pilgrims scorch'd on burning sands
So much desire the cooling brook.

3 With early feet I love to 'appear,
Among the saints to seek thy face;
There have I found my Savior near,
And felt the power of sovreign grace.

4 No marrow so delights my mind,
Nor flesh nor fat of pamper'd beast,
As when some heavenly word I find,
And on the promise sweetly feast.

5 But should the Lord my life remove,
And not a glimpse of heaven afford,
Life would a tedious burden prove,
'Till God his light to me restor'd.

6 The sun to distant regions fled,
Can hardly make the darkness night,
If Christ, my Lord, be near my bed,
My soul enjoys an heavenly light.

7 I 'll praise his name with cheerful voice,
From God my sweetest comfort springs,
And while in Jesus I rejoice
I 'm safe beneath his shadowy wings.

PSALM 63. S. M.

Seeking God.

1 MY Savior is my God,
What'er my fears suggest;
And in the way that Jesus trod,
I hope to find his rest.

2 As in a thirsty land
To God for drink I go;
No pilgrims on the burning sand,
Can pant for water so.

3 I long to see his face,
As oft mine eyes have seen,
And in his house behold his grace,
Without a cloud between.

4 His house is richly stor'd
With all that cheers the heart;
But what can earth, or heaven afford,
If God, my life, depart.

5 Let others please the taste,
And drink the choicest wine;
I 'll to his richer banquet haste,
To taste his love divine.

6 We call the creatures sweet,
And yet how soon they cloy;
But while I sit at Jesus' feet,
I feel diviner joy.

7 My soul partakes the bliss,
Conferr'd on saints above,
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To sing redeeming love.

8 Tho yonder sun was fled,
And sunk in endless night,
Yet if my Lord stood near my bed,
'Twould make the darkness light.

9 Beneath his shadowy wings,
My thankful voice I raise;
From Christ my sweetest comfort springs,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 64. L. M.

Deliverance from traitors.

1 GREAT God, attend to my complaint,
O, hear thy long afflicted saint;
From inward fear, and outward strife,
In mercy, Lord, preserve my life.
2 Insurgents* rise on either side,
Me from their secret counsels hide;
And while they spread the fatal snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.
3 Their hearts are savage, wild, and fierce,
Their sharpen'd tongues were form'd to pierce,
Their words resemble poison'd darts,
Dip'd in the venom of their hearts.
4 With tedious search they find a lie,
Then let the nimble mischief fly;
And while they take the fatal aim,
" What eye beholds us?" all exclaim.
5 The Lord, who well their mischief knows,
Shall break their hell-invented bows,
His arrows sent with dreadful twangs,
Shall fill their souls with inward pangs
6 This shall rejoicing patriots see,
And from the vile insurgents flee;
The saints shall own his judgments just,
And in his name repose their trust.

PSALM 65. Part 1. L. M.

Public prayer and praise.

1 IN Zion, Lord, the praying throng,
Before thy presence humbly bow,

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* Insurgents, rebels against lawful government.

There shall they raise the joyful song,
And there perform the solemn vow.

2 Enthron'd above the great concave,
God loves to hear his people pray;
All flesh shall know his power to save,
And haste to Christ without delay.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain,
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom God approves,
Within his house he finds a place;
From thence, at death, his soul removes,
To dwell for ever near his face.

PSALM 65. Part 2. L. M.

God terrible in his judgments.

1 BY dreadful things in righteousness,
The Lord comes down in sovreign ways,
Commotions rise, and sore distress
The guilty world with fear dismay!

2 While mountains feel the whelming blast,
And monarchs fail, and nations faint,
He girds the mount of Zion fast,
And calms the fear of every saint.

3 To him his sons address their cries,
He hears their all-prevailing pleas,
He speaks, and clears the stormy skies,
His word subdues the raging seas.

4 Tumultuous nations, like a flood,
Lift up their waves with noisy swell,
He makes the oppressor drunk with blood,
And sends the tyrant down to hell.

5 He gives his suffering churches rest,
His hand o'errules the bursting storm,

Whate'er his praying saints request,
His power stands ready to perform.
6 To God shall trembling mortals flock,
When dreadful signs in heaven appear;
Should nature feel a general shock,
His saints are arm'd against the fear.

PSALM 65. Part 3. L. M.

Civil commotions.

1 THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mixt with tears;
Behold, he comes with power divine,
Amid the way his terrors shine.
2 The Lord to judge the world comes down,
The guilty nations fear his frown,
The lightnings fly, the comets blaze,
And fill the world with sore amaze.
3 When tyrants rouse the sleeping flood,
And turn the waters into blood;
The Lord beholds the storm they raise,
And makes their fury work his praise.
4 He bids the noisy tempests cease,
He calms the raging croud to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the wind, and loud as waves.
5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

PSALM 65. Part 4. L. M.

God orders the seasons.

1 AT God's command the dawning ray
Illumes the morn and makes our day;
Or darkness overspreads the west,
And calls the slumb'ring world to rest.

2 Obsequious* seasons know his voice,
Evening, and noon, and morn rejoice,
The seeds and fruits of every clime
Are ripen'd at the appointed time.

3 The streams of God enrich the land,
The rain descends at his command;
His paths abundant fatness drop,
His hand prepares the growing crop.

4 High on the clouds he walks aloft,
And makes the harden'd furrows soft,
His word the springing year renews,
And earth is moisten'd with his dews.

5 On flow'ry meads and pastures green,
The frisking flocks and herds are seen,
The shepherds sing, the lambkins bleat,
And echoing hills their joys repeat.

6 In every field, in every flower,
We read his name, and view his power;
In every month his gifts appear,
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. Part 1. C. M.

A prayer hearing God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
'Tis there our vows are paid,
'Tis there the saints with suppliant knee
Implore thy powerful aid.

2 The Lord, who loves to hear us pray,
Will grant the thing we crave,
All flesh shall come without delay
And learn his power to save.

3 My sins prevail against my will,
The war with flesh begins;
But God will grant me power and skill,
To conquer all my sins.

---

* Obsequious, obedient, compliant.

4 The man whom God approves is blest
O'er all the sinful race;
In God he finds eternal rest,
And in his house a place.

PAUSE.

5 In answering prayers incessant pleas,
The Lord subdues the proud,
When restless as the noisy seas,
Their fury roars aloud.

6 In righteousness by sovreign ways,
His wrath confounds their pride;
And while his power the storm allays,
The saints in God confide.

7 By this shall wond'ring nations know,
The Lord is good and just,
To him shall distant islands flow,
And in his mercy trust.

8 The heathens gaze with fearful look,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall read the holy book,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65. Part 2. C. M.

God upholds and orders all things.

1 'TIS God, who girds the mountains fast,
To heaven their summits soar,
With inward groans, and outward blast,
The burning mountains roar.

2 His sovreign word subdues the noise,
When ocean foams aloud,
He holds the storms in equipoise,*
And quells the raving croud.

3 He speaks, and, lo! the storms arise,
The fretful nations foam,

---

* Equipoise, exact balance.

And thro' the heavens with dread surprise,
The wandering comets roam.

4 A visit from the 'eternal King,
Adorns the fields with flowers;
The winter dies, and new-born spring
Receives the falling showers.

5 The rain descends in copious streams,
O God, thy rivers flow;
The sun breaks out with genial beams,
And makes the pastures grow.

6 The fields are drest in cheerful green,
The yellow crops appear,
In every month thy power is seen,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. Part 3. C. M.

Returning spring.

1 KIND is the Lord our heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Who visits nature every spring,
And does our corn prepare.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd aloft,
Give rain at his command,
To make the harden'd furrow soft,
And fertilize the land.

3 The little hills on either side,
Rejoice at falling showers,
The meadows drest in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

4 Thy paths, O God, with fatness drop,
With grass the mountains grow,
And fields of corn, a plenteous crop,
O'erspread the vales below.

5 The plants, as from the dead revive,
And drink the morning dews,

All nature seems again alive,
And spring the world renews.
6 The grazing flocks spread o'er the lawns,
And well their time employ,
The joyful lambs, and frisking fawns,
Excite the shepherd's joy.
7 The changing seasons, Lord, are thine,
Thy goodness crowns them all,
And yonder sun comes o'er the line,
Obsequious at thy call.

PSALM 66. Part. 1. C. M.

Praise to God for miraculous deliverance.

1 YE sons of men, lift up your hands,
To God your voices raise,
Resound his name, ye distant lands,
And glorious make his praise,
2 Say to the God who form'd the sky,
" How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy footstool bow."
3 Nations shall worship at his throne,
And triumph in his name;
Elohim is the Lord alone,
From endless years the same.
4 Come, see the wond'rous works of God,
Perform'd in ancient days,
When Egypt felt his awful rod,
When Israel saw his ways.
5 He did the flowing seas divide.
And sav'd the church at length,
Israel on foot pass'd thro' the tide,
Rejoicing in his strength.
6 Then did the saints in lofty strains,
The great Redeemer sing;

And yet the Lord his throne maintains,
Elohim is our King.
7 He breaks a nation at a stroke,
Will monarchs then rebel?
The King of kings in war provoke,
And coalesce* with hell?
8 O, bless our God, ye saints rejoice,
Your knees, ye people, bend,
Exalt his name with joyful voice,
And let his praise ascend.
9 He will our souls in safety hold,
Nor shall our feet be mov'd,
His suffering saints like purest gold,
Come forth at last approv'd.

PSALM 66. Part 2. C. M.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

1 MY God, accept the worship now
That in thine house is paid,
I would perform the solemn vow
My soul in anguish made.
2 No merit of mine own I bring
To save my soul from hell,
Thy free salvation, Lord, I sing,
And all thy wonders tell.
3 Come ye, who my Redeemer fear,
Come bless the sacred one;
I will rehearse, and you shall hear,
What Christ for me has done.
4 Expos'd to death and burning flame,
I near destruction seem'd;
But I besought my Savior's name,
And he my soul redeem'd.
5 If in my soul I sin regard,
And hide the foe within,

---

* To coalesce, to unite, to join.

The Lord will all my prayers discard,*
Till I forsake my sin.
6 But God, who knows mine inmost mind,
Has heard his servant pray;
A gracious ear the Lord inclin'd,
Nor turn'd my prayer away.

PSALM 67. C. M.

The year of jubilee.

1 ALMIGHTY God, reveal thy face,
On us in mercy shine,
Let Zion feel thy quick'ning grace,
And know thy power divine.
2 O may thy word on earth be known,
And spread from east to west;
Thy saving health thro Jesus shown,
Shall make the nations blest.
3 Around thy throne with sacred joy,
Thy ransom'd people sing;
We would our sweetest songs employ
To praise the 'eternal King.
4 We 'll sing the wonders of thine hand,
Thou dost the poor release;
And earth made rich, at thy command
Affords a full increase.
5 Their Sovreign let the people know,
He sits enthron'd above,
And governs well the worlds below,
In righteousness and love.
6 Let nature's everlasting frame,
His growing honors raise,
Jehovah Jesus is his name,
Eternal be his praise.

---

* To discard, to reject or disown.

PSALM 68. Part 1. L. M.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
To death and swift destruction given,
Before him let their hosts be driven.

2 As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies;
So let the proud be blown away,
Before that great and dreadful day.

3 He comes array'd in burning flames,
Justice and vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.

4 Be glad, ye saints, and sing for joy,
The Lord will all your foes destroy;
Lift up your songs, for, lo! he goes
Swift as the wind against your foes.

5 Jehovah lets his lightnings fly,
He rides and thunders thro the sky:
The just rejoice in God, and, ah!
The proud shall know his name is *Jah!*

6 The Lord our heavenly Guardian is,
The poor and fatherless are his,
In God the helpless widows find
An husband just, a father kind.

7 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But they, who 'gainst their God rebell,
Shall long in chains and darkness dwell.

PSALM 68. Part 2. L. M.

The descending God.

1 WHEN Israel's King began his march,
He bow'd the heaven's tremendous arch,

Down to the world he cast a look,
And universal nature shook.

2 The lofty hills begin to move,
Mount Sinai feels the Lord reprove,
The heavens grow black around her top
And at his awful presence drop.

3 Armies and kings before his face
Give up the war and flee apace,
The timid shrink, the brave recoil,
And froward Israel take the spoil.

4 Israel, his church, was then his care,
O God, thou didst their food prepare,
Confirm'd by thee with plenteous rain,
Thou didst the weary tribes sustain.

5 Great was thy word, thy promise stood,
The God of Israel made it good;
Great was the host that prais'd thy name,
And publish'd all thy deeds of fame,

6 The God of Zion ever lives,
Nor violates the word he gives;
Tho kings against his saints unite,
Yet they shall walk with Christ in white.

7 Come out, ye saints, from earthly things,
As flies the dove with silvery wings
And feathers tipt with yellow gold,
So let the world your flight behold.

PSALM 68. Part 3. L. M.

The ascending Savior.

1 JESUS, the Lord of life and love,
Ascends and takes his seat above;
Behold his chariots rolling down,
To bear the monarch to his crown.

2 Thousands of angels near his side,
In twenty thousand chariots ride,

The Lord among them shows his face,
As once at Sinai's holy place.

3 To heaven he goes in awful state,
His guards obedient round him wait;
Attendant angels at his nod,
Drive on with their ascending God.

4 He leaves the world, he mounts the sky,
Then passing yonder planets by,
Rides on in his triumphal car,
Above the most exalted star.

5 The heavens their pearly gates unfold,
Adoring throngs of saints behold;
He bids the flaming cherubs stand,
And takes his seat at God's right hand.

6 How bright the triumph who can tell,
When Jesus conquer'd death and hell?
The vanquish'd troops of Satan fled,
And capturing foes were captive led.

7 Exalted near his Father's side,
He spread his gospel far and wide,
And sent his spirit down to those
Who dar'd the Prince of Peace to 'oppose.

8 Ride on, ride on, victorious Prince,
And let thy word the world convince;
On rebel men thy gifts bestow,
That God may dwell on earth below.

PSALM 68. Part 4. L. M.

Common and special mercies.

1 BLEST be the Lord, for ever blest,
Who gives his children food and rest,
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends his sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground,

His wat'ry clouds with plenteous rain,
On earth their heavenly moisture drain.

3 To God we mortals owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak and guards the strong.

4 He makes the world of man his care,
And all his common blessings share;
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joys, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, who bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand shall raise the just
From the deep seas or silent dust,
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 68. Part 5. L. M.

The Conqueror.

1 HEROIC verse becomes our King,
His deeds of fame, ye virgins, sing,
Let music lend its sweetest charms,
To magnify the God of arms.

2 When Jesus from his temple goes,
He strews the way with slaughter'd foes,
The strong retreats, the victor faints,
Before this mighty King of saints.

3 Rerreating hosts the Lord pursues,
The Lord in blood his feet imbrues,
His robes receive a crimson stain,
Dipp'd in the blood of millions slain.

4 The Lord confirms the feeble band,
But drives invaders from the land;

He brings their deepest schemes to nought,
But strengthens what his hands have wrought.

5 Let every tongue, let every tribe,
Salvation to the Lord ascribe;
He speaks in thunder roaring loud,
And shows his strength is in the cloud.

6 Ye princes, bring your offerings now,
Before the King of Zion bow;
He rides on high, he rules the storms,
And wonders for his church performs.

7 The Lord rebukes and fills with fear
His foes, who hold the glittering spear,
And scatters in his boundless might
The men, who much in war delight.

8 How glorious from his holy place,
The God of Israel shows his face;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And be the God of Israel blest.

PSALM 69. Part 1. C. M.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

1 THY son, O God, in mercy save,
For mighty waters roll,
With dreadful power the surging wave
Comes dashing on my soul.

2 I sink in trouble's wat'ry deep,
How painful is the strait;
My longing eyes for anguish weep,
While for my God I wait.

3 More than mine hairs my foes increase,
They watch to do me wrong;
The men, who would destroy my peace,
Have made their party strong.

4 Without a cause they me surround
With insults loud and gross,

They take me sweating from the ground,
And nail me to the cross.

5 'Twas then I paid to justice more
Than guilty men could pay;
And did to penal law restore
What sinners took away.

PAUSE.

6 Now for my sake, O God of grace,
Accept and save the meek;
Nor drive the sinners from thy face,
Who thy salvation seek.

7 'Twas for their sakes I bore their grief,
And suffer'd on the tree;
They from my cross shall find relief,
And know my blood is free.

8 Yet when I stood in sinner's stead,
How causeless was their strife,
They pour'd their slanders on mine head,
And slew the Prince of life.

9 The rebel Jews outrag'd their King,
And on my scepter trod;
But I sustain'd their rage to bring
The Gentiles near to God.

10 They look'd to see me come in state,
But scorn'd the virgin's child,
I sat neglected at the gate,
And drunkards me revil'd.

11 I saw the world a guilty globe,
I felt for man's distress,
I put on saccloth like a robe,
And grief became my dress.

12 The 'eternal Father heard me weep,
And sent salvation down;
He drew me from the dreadful deep
And rais'd me to my crown.

13 The trying hour of my complaint
Has prov'd my Father kind;
And in my name shall every saint
A sure acceptance find.

PSALM 69. Part 2. C. M.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let us sing the sacred flood,
And near the cross begin,
When Jesus pour'd out all his blood,
To save a world from sin.

2 Behold he sinks beneath our guilt
As in a wat'ry grave;
The Rock on which the church is built,
Receives the whelming wave.

3 " O, save me, Lord, Immanuel cries,
O, hear my voice to day,
For lo, the friend of sinners dies,
And groans his life away!

4 I look for pity, but in vain,
My kindred are my grief,
Deriding foes insult my pain,
But grant me no relief.

5 He doth, say some, Elias call,
But we shall answer first,
Then mingling vinegar with gall,
They mock my raging thirst.

6 The Lord beheld my dying woes,
And made my soul his care,
His wrath, like fire, consum'd his foes,
Their table prov'd a snare.

7 Rais'd by his power above their aim,
My frown unchurch'd the Jews;
At my command the twelve proclaim,
To Gentiles glorious news."

PSALM 69. Part 3. C. M.

The obedience and death of Christ.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
I bless my Savior's name,
Who bought salvation for our race,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
He groan'd beneath thy rod,
To bring a world of rebels nigh,
And make them friends with God.

3 His dying groans, his bleeding wounds,
Shall please the Father more
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sounds,
Or offerings made before.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest,
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let heaven and all the hosts above,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas adore his love,
And join to sing his praise.

6 Zion is thine, almighty King,
Thy seed shall croud her gates,
Thy spirit new additions bring,
For thine own Israel waits.

PSALM 69. Part 1. L. M.

Christ's passion, and sinner's salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To drown in death his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell and sons of death,

Conspire with rage and power malign,*
To murder with a curst design.
3 Yet, gracious God, while Jesus bleeds,
A blessing from the curse proceeds;
He meekly bears thy dreadful rod,
To reconcile the world to God.
4 What Jesus never took away,
He gave thy righteous law that day,
His sufferings made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
5 O, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69. Part 2. L. M.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

1 ETERNAL God, 'twas for our sake,
Thou didst thy son an offering make,
How was the heart of Jesus pain'd,
What loads of guilt thy son sustain'd.
3 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abuse the man, who checks their sin;
While in their gates he sits forlorn,
They deem him as an alien born.
3 Zeal for his Father's injur'd name,
Consum'd him like an eating flame;
Reproaches at his Father thrown,
The Son endur'd as if his own.
4 My Father's house, said he, was made
A place for worship, not for trade;
But avarice tempts the sons of men
To make his house a robber's den!
5 Alone he stands at Pilate's bar,
His following friends have fled afar;

* Malign, malicious, ill disposed.

And while his foes by lies grow strong,
The timid judge maintains the wrong.

6 They smite him with a stubborn reed,
And make his sacred temples bleed,
A purple robe in haste they bring,
And with a smile proclaim him King.

7 Now they condemn the man they hate,
And lead him forth without the gate;
Anon they nail him to the tree,
There hangs the man who dies for me!

8 Lo! from the tomb the conquerer goes,
Triumphing o'er his vanquish'd foes;
The power that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall far his glorious kingdom spread.

PSALM 70. C. M.

Calumny deprecated.

1 IN haste, O God, attend my call,
And hear when I complain;
O, let thy speed prevent my fall,
Thy strength my soul sustain.

2 When ſoes insidious wound my name,
Or dare my life to attack,
Then let thine hand with lasting shame,
Turn the pursuers back.

3 " Come on, say they, for we 'll pursue,
And ne'er give up the chase;"
Almighty God, their power subdue,
And all their pride abase.

4 Then shall the saints in cheerful throngs,
Rejoice with one accord;
I 'll join with them in lofty songs,
To magnify the Lord.

5 How much I need thine heavenly aid,
Be thou my strength and stay;

And when my soul is most afraid,
O Lord, make no delay.

PSALM 70. L. M.

The traduced Christian.

1 MAKE haste, O God, make haste to save,
Behold my foes around me rave,
While each with keen invention tries
To blast my name with artful lies.

2 "Come on, we'll have revenge, they say,
We 'll take his character away,
And while with lies we him pursue,
We 'll make the world believe them true."

3 O, turn them backward, Lord, with shame,
Who thus asperse* mine injur'd name,
I well deserve thine angry stroke,
But never did their rage provoke.

4 Insulting foes in vain revile,
For God and conscience sweetly smile;
And while they curse without a cause,
The virtuous give me their applause.

5 The joyful saints around the throne,
Shall magnify the Lord alone;
For God who knows their inmost thought
Has all my foes to nothing brought.

6 How much, O God, I need thine aid,
My soul is on thy mercy staid;
Make hast to help thy feeble saint,
And make no tarrying lest I faint.

PSALM 71. Part 1. C. M.

The aged christian.

1 IN thee, my God, I put my trust,
I plead thy power to save;

---

* To asperse, to slander, to vilify.

Behold I bow to meet the dust,
Prepare me for the grave.

2 Be thou my refuge, strong and sure,
When hosts of hell assail;
Thy words of truth must long endure,
Thy promise cannot fail.

3 I long have known thy holy ways,
And serv'd thee from my youth,
O God, my life from infant days,
Mine hope is in thy truth.

4 Existence from Jehovah springs,
In God creation lives;
Successive course to dying things,
Our heavenly Father gives.

5 He did mine embryo* life uphold,
Till pulse and thought began;
And took me safe from nature's mold,
The miniature† of man.

6 'Twas by thy power, O God of life,
My lungs began to heave;
And while my lungs maintain their strife,
My cares with God I leave.

7 Cast me not off when hoary hairs
Are seen in every lock;
Life must decline, but faith repairs,
To God my living Rock.

8 The joyful saints their songs shall raise,
If God my life prolong;
But death shall fill my soul with praise,
And yield a nobler song.

* Embryo life, existence before pulsation.
† Miniature, representation in a small compass

PSALM 71. Part 2. C. M.

Christ our strength and righteousness

1 MY Savior, mine almighty Friend,
Thy goodness I 'll adore,
I 'll on thy sovreign grace depend,
And try to praise thee more.

2 In God I place my living hope,
And since I knew thy love,
My faith has oft enlarg'd her scope,
And wing'd my soul above.

3 I from my youth have known thy name,
And thou hast blest my days;
But oft my soul with inward shame,
Reviews my devious* ways.

4 I 'll march a pilgrim all the length
To thy divine abode,
I 'll trust thy wisdom, grace, and strength,
And try to keep the road.

5 But should my feet thy ways decline,
I 'll on thy promise rest,
Thy righteousness, and only thine,
Can make a sinner blest.

6 How will my lips rejoice to tell,
The victories of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

7 I 'll sing the conquest Jesus won,
And tell the world his grace;
What wonders has Immanuel done;
To save our sinful race!

8 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song,

---

* *Devious, wand'ring, erring.*

I 'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

PSALM 71. Part 1. L. M.

The aged christain's prayer and song.

1 ALMIGHTY God, eternal King,
Again thy dreadful name I sing;
Oft have I prais'd my God before,
But now have cause to praise him more.

2 It was thine hand that form'd my frame,
From thee, my God, my spirit came;
Thou didst my young existence save,
And thou shalt guide me to the grave.

3 Thou wilt regard my silvery hairs,
Thy strength my tottering frame repairs;
As plants revive to feel the dew,
So does thy grace mine age renew.

4 O, may thy love my life attend,
To cheer my soul, to bless mine end;
I could not live one gloomy year
Should God my glory disappear.

5 I would declare thy power and truth,
Thy love proclaim to listening youth,
And well instruct the rising age,
Before I quit this mortal stage.

6 When all mine earthly joys are fled,
And death comes hovering 'round my bed,
May Jesus all his grace display,
And angels bear my soul away.

PSALM 71. Part 2. L. M.

Organic life, old age, and death.

1 ALMIGHTY God, what power can scan
Thy wondrous ways with dying man?
How searchless are thy mighty deeds,
Thy glory far my praise exceeds.

2 When first I lay in nature's mold,
Thou didst the germ of life behold,
And at the sure appointed term,
The world receiv'd the finish'd germ.*

3 Born helpless midst a world of strife
Thou didst sustain mine infant life,
When dandling on my mother's knee,
The stranger found a friend in thee.

4 But since I first thy grace have known,
Thou hast unceasing kindness shown;
The hand that sav'd my soul from hell,
Has oft restor'd me when I fell.

5 Forsake me not, O God, when grey,
But to my soul thy love convey,
Encrease my faith, enflame my zeal,
And brighter views of heaven reveal.

6 While time and thought my temples bleach,
I would to youth thy goodness teach,
And leave the counsels of my pen,
To guide the younger sons of men.

7 Now let the lamp of life expire,
My soul enjoys a warmer fire;
Thy love, dear Jesus, cheers mine heart,
For thou my life and comfort art.

8 Exulting in thy power to save
My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
At thy command I 'll yield my breath,
More than a conquerer over death.

9 Let death and darkness haunt the ground,
Where awful silence reigns around,
I trust in Christ my living head,
His power can raise me from the dead.

---

* Germ, a sprout, a shoot.

PSALM 72. Part 1. L. M.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
The kingdom now to Jesus give,
In Christ let all the nations live.

2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands,
And all, who dwell on earth below,
Shall Christ and his salvation know.

3 In righteousness he reigns alone,
Judgment and truth support his throne;
To him the great their homage bring,
And all the poor proclaim him King.

4 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the 'oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

5 As grass receives the falling shower,
So shall his word descend with power;
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

6 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And desarts blossom at the sight.

7 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Long as the moon emits* her rays;
His kingdom o'er the world extend
From sea to sea, and never end.

8 No more diseases, war, and dearth
Shall spread destruction o'er this earth;
But peace and plenty, health and love,
Descend like rivers from above.

---

* To emit, to send forth.

PSALM 72. Part 2. L. M.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 His light excells the sun at noon,
His grace outlasts the silver moon;
And while his beams the world illume,*
His praise shall rise like sweet perfume.

3 To him shall monarchs tribute bring,
And all the nations crown him King;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

4 Persia the proud shall bow the knee,
And India his salvation see;
The savage tribes that roam the wood
Shall taste and find the promise good.

5 To him the poor their voices lift,
His grace accepts the humble gift;
And men of wealth, who in affluence flow,
Their gold and precious gifts bestow.

6 For him shall endless prayer be made,
His gospel shall the world prevade;†
And men of every clime and coast,
Shall make his righteousness their boast.

7 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

8 His power the rage of man controls,
His grace is freedom in our souls;

---

* To illume, to enlighten.

† To pervade, to pass through.

The 'oppressed earth and subject isles,
Rejoice for ever in his smiles.

9 Where'er he does himself reveal,
He speaks and shows his power to heal,
'Tis in his blood that sinners find
A balsam for the bleeding mind.

10 Blest be the 'eternal King of kings,
His arm alone does wond'rous things;
His glorious name o'er earth is rais'd,
Amen, and let his name be prais'd.

PSALM 73. Part 1. C. M.

The posperity of the wicked.

1 MY soul, the Lord in truth is good
To men of hearts upright;
His ways when rightly understood,
Afford his saints delight.

2 But as for me, my steps declin'd,
(How numerous are my slips)
Against the Lord my soul repin'd,
I said with murmuring lips:

3 " Behold the vain and worldly wise,
How blest on earth they dwell,
With easy steps to wealth they rise
Nor dread the thoughts of hell.

4 In vain I lift mine hands to pray
And cleanse mine heart in vain,
For I 'm afflicted all the day,
The night renews my pain."

5 But cease, my soul, this murmuring frame
The righteous must offend;
Then to the house of God I came,
To learn the sinners' end.

6 I saw them climb the slippery steep,
That high above them soars,

Impending o'er the burning deep,
That loud beneath them roars.

7 Alas, their joys are all a dream,
Their greatness dying breath!
For vengeance like a fiery stream,
Pursues them swift to death.

8 No more my suffering soul shall grieve,
The Lord my portion is,
He will at death the just receive,
For all the saints are his.

PSALM 73. Part 2. C. M.

God our portion here and hereafter.

1 NOW I believe the Lord is good,
He has my fears dispel'd;
When trembling near despair I stood,
His grace my soul upheld.

2 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and dismal gloom,
I sought his holy place;
'Twas there I learn'd the sinner's doom,
And sung restoring grace.

3 O, may his counsels guide my feet,
Thro life's uneven way,
At death conduct me near his seat,
To dwell in endless day.

4 There 's none, my soul, in heaven above,
Nor on this earthly ball,
So great, so worthy of thy love,
As God mine all in all.

5 Should nature feel a general shock,
And flesh and spirit faint,
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.

6 The sinner, who from Jesus flies,
Pursues the world in vain,

No idol-god can hear his cries,
Nor ease his raging pain.
7 Then draw me closer, Lord, to thee,
O, keep me near thy throne,
I would thy great salvation see,
And trust in Christ alone.

PSALM 73. L. M.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 MY foolish heart no more shall sigh,
And at thy ways, O God, repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine.
2 Their dreadful end is near at hand,
Thy temple, Lord, inform'd me so,
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
3 In vain they boast how tall they rise,
I 'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
'Till deep they plunge in endless pain.
4 Their fancied joys ascend aloft,
As light as flying dreams ascend;
Their songs of harmony are soft,
A pleasing prelude to their end.
5 Now I their mirth and wine esteem
Too dear to purchase with their fall,
My Savior did my soul redeem,
And he 's my portion, he mine *all.*

PSALM 73. S. M.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 WHAT tho the virtuous sigh,
And scoffers boast aloud,
Yet there 's a righteous God on high,
Who will adjudge the proud.

2 Behold the sons of ease,
How daintily they fare,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.
3 Their impious tongues blaspheme,
The power that rules above,
They make the word of life their theme,
And scoff at dying love.
4 Their plenteous cup o'erflows,
And far from want or dearth;
They smiling ask how Jesus knows,
What men have done on earth!
5 Their jaws the poor devour,
They tread the needy down;
But put far off a dying hour,
Nor fear Jehovah's frown.
6 Is this thy way, O God?
My soul in anguish cried,
Must saints endure thy chastening rod,
While sinners walk in pride?
7 But lest the murmuring thought,
The righteous should offend,
Thine house with anxious steps I sought
To learn the sinners' end.
8 How dreadful was the shock,
That chill'd my vital blood,
I saw them stand as on a rock
High o'er a burning flood!
9 On what a slippery steep,
The thoughtless wretches go!
And O, that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!
10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine,
I chuse thee for my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

PSALM 74. Part 1. C. M.

The sanctuary desolate.

1 O GOD, why hast thou cast us off;
Why doth thine anger burn?
Shall infidels for ever scoff,
Will Jesus ne'er return?

2 Is not the church thy ransom'd fold?
Are not the saints thy sheep?
Remember, Lord, thy flock of old,
And long their pastures keep.

3 Thy people are thy budding rod,
O, let thy pity melt,
And think of Zion, mighty God,
Where long thy glory dwelt.

4 Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

5 Where once thy people pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely rage,
Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.

6 How have they laid thy temples low,
And torn the buildings down,
The man, who deals the heaviest blow,
Procures the chief renown.

7 Their tongues in secret thus exclaim,
"Come let us fix the hour,
Come let us take one fatal aim,
And saints at once devour."

8 No prophet speaks with words benign,
To mitigate* our woes;
The church has lost the countersign†
Amid triumphant foes.

---

* To mitigate, to soften, to moderate.
† Countersign, watch-word.

PSALM 74. Part 2. C. M.

Moving God to help.

1 HOW long, eternal God, how long,
Shall fools blaspheme thy name,
Must saints become their endless song,
And bear immortal shame.

2 Why does the Lord withhold his hand,
As in his bosom laid,
O, work salvation for our land,
And grant us needful aid.

3 What strange deliverance hast thou wrought,
When by thy name, I AM,
The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And slew the sons of Ham.

4 Thou didst the raging sea divide
To give the feeble flight,
And plung'd the dragons in the tide,
By thy resistless might.

5 Is not the world of nature thine.
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not cause the stars to shine,
And mark the sun his way?

6 Behold this vast unwieldy ball,
Obeys thy sovreign will,
Obsequious seasons at thy call
Their changing rounds fulfil.

7 Forbid it, Lord, that feeble dust,
Should dare to slight thy crown,
Should proudly trample on the just,
And tread the needy down.

8 Think of the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy trembling dove.

9 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our lives a jest,
O, plunge the dragons in the flood,
And give thy people rest.

PSALM 75. L. M.

Liberty gained and peace restored.

1 TO God our cheerful songs we raise,
With joy the news of peace we hear,
His wondrous works demand our praise,
His works declare that God is near.
2 Invading foes with lofty look,
Did all our sons to slavery doom,
The state dissolv'd, its pillars shook,
And every mind was sunk in gloom.
3 The Lord beheld our hope forlorn,
And spake in language firm and cool;
" Let not the foe lift up the horn,
Let not the tyrant play the fool."
4 The victory never comes by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
Tis God that lays another low.
5 His hand extends the dreadful cup,
And well fulfills his just decrees,
To make the wicked drink it up,
Wring out and taste the bitter lees.
6 The Lord will vindicate the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their honor in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.

PSALM 76. C. M.

God's majesty in the church.

1 IN Judah God of old was known,
He made the ark his rest,

What wonders has Jehovah shown
To Zion when opprest.

2 Eeternal power is yet the same,
The saints to God belong;
His truth has pledg'd his dreadful name,
To 'avenge the deeds of wrong.

3 When armies take the bloody field,
If God in anger speak,
He breaks the bow, the sword, the shield,
And makes the battle weak.

4 In vain the men of power and prey,
Invade our native soil,
The Lord is glorious more than they,
More excellent in spoil.

5 'Twas Zion's King, who with a breath,
Destroy'd triumphant bands;
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
The blazing heavens grow red with light,
And earth adores and fears.

8 When God in his own sovreign ways,
Comes down to save the 'opprest,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he 'll restrain the rest.

9 Vow to the Lord and tribute bring,
Ye princes fear his frown,
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.

10 What can the power of princes do,
When earth begins to shake?
Jehovah strikes their spirits thro,
And hearts of monarchs quake.

PSALM 77. Part 1. C. M.

Melancholy assaulting and hope prevailing.

1 I DID to God my mind disclose,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad hour when troubles rose,
And fill'd mine heart with fear.

2 By day and night opprest with pain
My soul refus'd relief,
I thought of God, and thought again,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Long I complain'd and long opprest,
I bid farewell to sleep,
Afflicting pain prevented rest,
And caus'd mine eyes to weep.

4 Mine overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld his face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes,
That might withhold his grace.

6 Will God for ever mark my sin?
And must his promise fail?
Has he his tender love shut in?
Shall anger long prevail?

7 Forbid, forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark desponding frame,
Think, O my soul, what God has wrought,
His power is yet the same.

8 Begone from me, ye gloomy fears,
Be silent every sigh,
My faith looks back to former years,
The years of God most high.

9 Great God, confirm my wavering hope,
And set thy prisoner free,
So shall my faith enlarge her scope,
And wing my soul to thee.

PSALM 77. Part 2. C. M.

Comfort derived from ancient Providences.

1 HOW glorious is the God of grace,
The years of his right hand,
The wonders wrought for Israel's race,
Remembrance yet demand.

2 I 'll meditate his works of old,
His doings I 'll record;
I 'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust the Lord.

3 He saw the house of Jacob lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest,
But long delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 Long time the sons of Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes,
At length his powerful arm redeem'd
His servants whom he chose.

5 Thy ways, O God, thy children see,
And in thy grace confide;
There is no God in heaven but thee,
On earth there 's none beside.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee nigh,
They felt the power that mov'd thy rod,
And rais'd themselves on high.

7 Thy way lay thro the liquid deep,
Nor turn'd thy foot from thence;
Thy saints went in like frighted sheep,
The waves were their defence.

8 Pursuing foes with sore dismay,
Were troubled at thy frown.
Terrors attend the glorious way,
That brings salvation down.

9 Thy voice with terror in the sound,
Thro clouds and darkness broke,
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth was wrapp'd in smoke.

10 Thy glittering arrows thro the skies,
Their rapid courses took,
The world was seiz'd with dread surprise,
And trembling nature shook.

11 Israel emerging* from the wave,
To God their voices raise,
They sing his mighty power to save,
And God accepts the praise.

12 He gave them water from the rock,
And safe by Moses hand,
Thro barren desarts led his flock,
To Canaan's promis'd land.

PSALM 77. L. M.

Deliverance from captivity.

1 AWAKE, mine active powers of thought,
Recall to mind what God has wrought,
His wonders of redeeming grace,
Made known to Jacob's chosen race.

2 Opprest in Egypt's cruel land,
Recall the years of God's right hand,
Think how he hear'd his captives sigh,
And prov'd himself the Lord most high.

---

* Emerging, coming out of.

3 Where is a God so great as ours,
Who vengeance on the heathen pours!
Behold he triumphs in his strength,
And Jacob's sons redeems at length!
4 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thy lifted rod!
Afraid of thee, what could they do,
But part to let thy people thro?
5 Thy voice of thunder from the cloud,
Proclaim'd thine awful power aloud,
The blazing skies sent out a sound,
And horror shook the trembling ground.
6 Jehovah lives, let earth adore,
Nor dare to vex his people more;
His justice, like an arrow goes,
Swift to the hearts of stubborn foes.
7 The Lord, whose way is in the sea,
Regards the captive's humble plea,
Great is his power, his work is strange,
And saints made free adore the change.
8 If God to save the 'opprest intend,
How soon a Moses he can send;
An Aaron too his hand can raise,
And fill the poor with songs of praise.

EPIPHOMENA.

9 O think of this, ye great and wise,
Who now in heart your slaves despise,
And break the captive's galling chain,
Lest God should hear his soul complain.

PSALM 78. Part 1. C. M.

The law and gospel.

1 "ATTEND, my people, to my law,
Let Israel now give ear,
Around this burning mountain draw,
My dreadful voice to hear."

2 Thus spake the Lord, and, lo! his cloud,
On Sinai's top appear'd,
His thunder roar'd tremendous loud
And Moses greatly fear'd.
3 Dark were the ways in which of old,
The Lord to Israel spoke;
But now we read in lines of gold,
What once was hear'd in smoke.
4 Fair as the sun the Father glows
In Jesus' smiling face;
The gospel like a mirror* shows,
His likeness and his grace.
5 Oft have we heard our fathers tell,
Nor from our sons conceal,
How God to save the world from hell,
Did his own Son reveal.
6 Relate the victory to your heirs,
That Christ on Calvary won,
And tell your sons to tell to theirs,
The wonders God has done.
7 So shall the children yet unborn,
Instruct the rising youth,
Long as the words of life adorn,
The page of sacred truth.

PSALM 78. Part 2. C. M.

The murmuring Israelites.

1 HOW oft did Israel turn astray
And tempt the Lord most high,
Their hearts unstedfast in the way,
Indulg'd the murmuring sigh.
2 'Twas at the rock they prov'd him first,
And thus began the strife,
"Behold, O God, we die for thirst,
We hate this wandering life."

---

* Mirror, a looking glass.

3 The Lord display'd his power supreme,
He struck the flinty rock,
And at his touch a following stream
Supplied his thirsty flock.

4 "We die again, say they, for bread,
Is this, O God, thy grace?
Canst thou for us a table spread
In this abandon'd place?"

5 Jehovah fed the murmuring brood,
With kind parental care;
But while they liv'd on angel's food,
Thy scorn'd the heavenly fare.

6 "We must, say they, have flesh to eat,
We loath this honied paste;
But can the Lord provide us meat,
To please our longing taste?"

7 "You shall have flesh, the Lord return'd,
Then gave the winds command,
And while his kindling vengeance burn'd,
He sent them quails like sand."

8 Obedient winds, the north and south,
A dreadful plenty blew;
But while the flesh was in the mouth,
Their chosen sons he slew.

9 Let sinners learn to trust his love,
Be thankful, O ye saints,
Nor dare to vex the Lord above,
With long and loud complaints.

10 No more I'll give my murmurs vent,
I'll chide my fretful mind;
Whate'er my lot, I'll be content,
And own that God is kind.

PSALM 78. Part 3. C. M.

Luxury punished with pestilence.

1 WHEN Israel sin'd the Lord reprov'd,
And made them feel his rod;
'Oft they his tender mercy mov'd,
And oft provok'd their God.

2 For them he did the sea divide,
Below the waters neap,*
Above he made the rolling tide
Stand upright as an heap.

3 A wond'rous pillar mark'd their way,
Compos'd of shade and light,
It prov'd a shelt'ring cloud by day,
A leading fire by night.

4 Jehovah did their thirst supply,
With water from the rock,
He gave commandment to the sky,
To feed his famish'd flock.

5 The manna like a morning dew,
Around their camp was spread,
He gave it every morning new,
And fill'd their tents with bread.

6 When hungry, first, they call'd it sweet,
And blest the rising morn;
But pour'd in plenty round their feet,
They loath'd the heavenly corn.

7 Is this, said they, our only feast,
Amid this dreary waste!
We must have flesh of fowl or beast,
To please our longing taste.

8 The Lord reply'd, I 'll sate your lust,
And you shall know mine hand,
Then sent them quails like heaps of dust,
And feather'd fowl like sand.

---

* To neap, to fall off as the tides.

9 Superfluous* heaps of flesh and flour,
Around those murmurers fell,
Grew putrid† on the fatal hour,
And swept them down to hell.

10 When some are slain the rest with tears
Their slaughter'd friends deplore;
But soon forget their friends and fears,
And only sin the more.

11 The Lord chastis'd, the Lord forgave,
'Till by his power and grace,
The nation God resolv'd to save,
Possest the promis'd place.

PSALM 78. Part 1. L. M.

All men alike by nature.

1 HOW oft did murmuring Israel sigh,
And tempt the Lord, who rules on high;
While all their sins before us pass,
We view ourselves as in a glass.

2 How oft, alas! like Jacob's race,
Have we despis'd the God of grace!
How oft have slighted gospel news,
And spurn'd at mercy worse than Jews!

3 What false and faithless hearts had they,
Who would not God, their King, obey;
But soon forgot the works they saw,
And dar'd to violate his law.

4 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march thro devious ways,
Wore out their strength and spent their days.

5 Oft when they saw their brethren fall,
They mourn'd, and did on Jesus call;

---

* Superfluous, unnecessary, more than enough.

† Putrid, rotten, corrupt.

His name they sought, deplor'd his rod,
And call'd him their Redeemer, God,
6 Their faithless souls with feign'd desire,
Early to find the Lord inquire,
Their tongues perform a double part,
Nor speak the meaning of the heart.
7 Yet could a sovreign God forgive,
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
8 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations much prevail,
He knew they were but men at best,
And led them to this promis'd rest.

PSALM 78. Part 2. L. M.

The provocation.

1 HOW oft did Israel's stubborn race,
Provoke the 'Almighty to his face;
When with their lips they spake aright,
'Twas awful flattery in his sight.
2 The 'omniscient God beheld their crimes,
And Jesus interpos'd betimes,
He knew they were but sinful clay,
And turn'd his fiercest wrath away.
3 The Lord, his wand'ring tribes upheld,
And yet against him they rebel'd,
Despis'd the works that God had done,
And dar'd to grieve his Holy One,
4 They saw him lift his potent* hand,
And bring them safe from Egypt's land;
But soon forgot the captive groan,
And all his wonders wrought in Zoan:
5 In desart oft they gave him pain,
And in their hearts return'd again;

* Potent, powerful.

His word of truth they disbeliev'd,
And much his holy spirit griev'd.

PAUSE FIRST.

6 Known by his living name, I AM,
The Lord came down to visit Ham,
He came with all the power of God,
And arm'd his servant with his rod.

7 His servant smote the Egyptian flood,
And turn'd their rivers into blood;
The 'oppressors flew the putrid brink,
And all their cattle loath'd to drink.

8 He spake, and clouds of noxious* flies,
Grow thick and darken all the skies;
In swarms the locusts 'round them pour,
And all their choicest fruits devour.

9 The vines and trees destroy'd by hail,
The harvest and the vintage fail;
And what the hail had left, was lost,
Consum'd by all-destroying frost.

10 The Lord his anger on them cast,
In darkness and the stormy blast;
He gave their sheep, and all their flocks,
To hail, and hot electric shocks.†

PAUSE SECOND.

11 The 'Almighty gave his anger vent,
And Death, that evil angel, sent;
Egypt, thy first-born sons were slain
Before his pestilential train.

12 He led his chosen tribes like sheep,
Across the desart, thro the deep,
Safe in his hand from threat'ning ill,
They march'd secure to Zion's hill.

* Noxious, hurtful.
† Electric shocks, lightning.

13 He brought them to the promis'd spot,
And gave them land by line and lot;
Their wond'ring eyes with joy beheld
The heathen from their land expel'd.

14 Yet they provok'd the God above,
As first their fathers spurn'd his love,
They call'd the God of promise slack,
And like a faithless bow flew back.

15 From every foe and fear exempt,
They did the God of Israel tempt,
And dar'd a God unseen to grave,
On stocks and stones that could not save,

PAUSE THIRD.

16 When God the sin of Jacob knew,
He quickly from his tribes withdrew;
But tho his soul their ways abhorr'd,
He yet remain'd their faithful Lord.

17 He gave their glory to their foes,
To foreign lands the captive goes,
The youth consume by wasting fire,
The virgins die, the priests expire.

18 The tent of Shiloh God forsook,
And would not from the cherubs look;
But mov'd from thence the sacred ark,
And made the land of vision dark.

19 Then did the Lord in terror shine,
As one, who wakes from sleep or wine;
His guilty foes retreat for fear,
But found him dreadful in their rear.

20 Firm on the Rock his church he built,
In spite of all the sons of guilt;
To save his people Jesus bled,
And like a shepherd Israel fed.

PSALM 79. L. M.

Invasion.

1 OPPRESSORS, Lord, a savage band,
Of impious heathens tame and wild,
Have dar'd to invade our peaceful land,
Thine holy temples stand defil'd.
2 Far from our sight our sons are driven,
Or fall inglorious on the plain,
To birds of prey their flesh is given,
Ferocious* beasts devour the slain.
3 Their blood like water freely shed,
Has overflown the trenches 'round,
Our best, our bravest sons have bled,
And lie unburied on the ground.
4 Return, O Lord, return in haste,
Thy vengeance on the heathens pour,
The men who lay the nation waste
O let thy fiercest wrath devour.
5 Why should our foes invade our coast,
And with insulting language say,
Where is the God of whom you boast,
Our arms alone have gain'd the day?
6 Now let the prisoner's humble sigh,
Ascend and reach thy list'ning ear;
And as thy dreadful power is nigh,
So let thy gracious help be near.
7 The saints shall then in lofty verse,
To God their joint hosannas raise,
Ages to come thy deeds rehearse,
And shout immortal songs of praise.

PSALM 79. S. M.

Jerusalem desolate.

1 O GOD, an heathen race
Have dar'd our land to 'invade,

---

* Ferocious, savage, cruel.

They have defil'd thine holy place,
And dreadful havoc made.
2 Before invaders driven,
Thy servants, Lord, retreat,
The flesh of saints to vultures given,
Becomes their daily meat.
3 Their blood, like water, shed,
Has stain'd the smoking ground,
The bodies of unnumber'd dead,
No sepulcher have found,
4 By savage foes abhorr'd,
The name of saint they spurn;
How long wilt thou be wroth, O Lord?
How long shall anger burn?
5 Remember not our crimes,
But pard'ning grace bestow,
Prevent us with thy love betimes,
For thou hast brought us low.
6 God of salvation hear,
Thy speedy help we crave,
O for thy glorious name appear,
And show thy power to save.
7 Why should the heathens say,
Ah! where is Israel's God?
Now in our sight be known this day,
Lift thine avenging rod.
8 O, let the prisoner's sigh
Before thy throne ascend;
Come down in judgment from on high,
The helpless to defend.
9 So we to bless thy name,
Our cheerful songs will raise;
Ages unborn shall do the same,
And sound abroad thy praise.

PSALM 80. L. M.

The church in mourning.

1 GIVE ear, O Shepherd, to thy sheep,
Who didst the tribes of Israel keep,
And like a flock didst Joseph guide,
Thro wat'ry deeps, and desarts wide.

2 O thou, who deign'd to dwell between
The cherubs where thy face was seen;
Shine forth, in all thy glory shine,
With light and energy divine.

3 To thee we cry till nature faints,
Attend, O God, our sad complaints,
Make haste to help without delay,
Stir up thy strength and come away.

4 How long shall saints implore thy grace?
When shall we see thy lovely face?
Descend and bring thy glory near,
We shall be sav'd if God appear.

5 Inur'd to poverty and need,
On bread of tears thy people feed,
And drink instead of cheerful wine,
The trickling drops of fluid brine.

6 Pretended friends beset our life,
Contentious neighbors love the strife;
While envious fools, and laughing foes,
Among themselves deride our woes.

7 Return, O Lord of hosts, in haste,
Before our foes have laid us waste,
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PAUSE FIRST.

8 Hast thou not planted with thine hands,
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it 'round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground.

9 Thy vine, the church, in beauteous bloom,
Spread wide its boughs; thou mad'st it room,
Thou didst its wasting strength recruit,
And blest the nations with its fruit.

10 Above the hills it wav'd its head,
Beyond the seas its branches spread;
Nor pine, nor cedar, tall and fair,
Could with this growing vine compare.

11 But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree,
That once so far its boughs display'd,
How is its beauty soon decay'd!

12 Behold it droops beneath thy frown,
How are its hedges broken down;
Stranger and foe his hand employs,
And every beast the vine destroys.

13 Return, O Lord, return with speed,
Nor longer let thy vineyard bleed,
Shine forth, O Sun of glory, shine,
And bless thy church, this bleeding vine.

14 Look down, O God, from heaven above,
Visit the people of thy love;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PAUSE SECOND.

15 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Twas oft reviv'd with heavenly dew;
Thou didst its swelling buds disclose,
Till the fair *branch* of promise rose.

16 Fair *branch*, ordain'd of old to shoot,
From David's stock, from Jacob's root,
Himself a noble vine, and we
Inferior branches of the tree.

17 Christ is this *branch*, whom thou hast made
The sinner's health, the sinner's shade;

Christ is thy Son, and thou hast blest,
Thy first-born Son above the rest.
18 The saints, O Lord, to thee belong,
For thou hast made their surety strong,
Confirm'd by thee, their cause he won,
And thou hast own'd him for thy Son.
19 What if our languid souls grow slack,
Yet we from Christ will ne'er go back;
But touch'd by love's reviving flame,
We 'll call for ever on his name.
20 O! for his sake attend our cry,
Remit our sins, our wants supply;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. Part 1. S. M.

Independance.

1 TO praise the 'eternal King,
Let men their tongues employ;
Come take a psalm, the timbrel bring,
And shout aloud for joy.
2 Proclaim the festive day,
Convene the joyful throng,
On instruments of music play,
And cheerful be the song.
3 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
Begin the jubilee,
Let all the nations round us know
That God has set us free.
4 We sing, O moon, no change,
That waits thy growing horn;
We sing phenomenon* more strange,
Behold the man-child born!†
5 The God of power and grace,
We sought with fervent cries,

* Phenomenon, appearance.
† Rev. xxi. 5.

He heard us from the secret place,
Where all his thunder lies.

6 He broke the slavish chain,
That bound us long before,
And for a statute did ordain,
That we should serve no more.

7 As Israel left the land,
Where Pharaoh reign'd abhorr'd;
So we, by God's supreme command,
Revolted from our lord.

8 Sing glory, sing aloud,
Jehovah's name be prais'd,
Who has in wrath debas'd the proud,
But saints to glory rais'd.

PSALM 81. Part 2. S. M.

God expostulating with his people.

1 THE God, who reigns above,
Vouchsaf'd to talk with man;
He spake to Jacob in his love,
And thus the word began.

2 " Hear, O my people, hear,
And I 'll the truth attest;
Come make my name your hope and fear,
And on my promise rest.

3 From idols false and strange,
Preserve my worship pure;
For I 'm the Lord, who cannot change,
And your defence is sure.

4 Your faith and virtue prov'd,
I yet remain your God;
My saints from sorrow far remov'd,
Shall bless my chastening rod.

5 But if the sinner chuse
The way that leads to hell,

If he mine offer'd grace refuse,
And love destruction well;
6 I 'll let the rebel go,
And give the wretch his course;
For since he loves to have it so,
His mind I 'll never force.
7 Yet O that all my saints
Would listen to my voice,
I soon would ease their sore complaints,
Their hearts should soon rejoice.
8 The word that from me goes,
Should swift as light pursue,
Should soon o'ertake their flying foes
And all their rage subdue.
9 The best of earthly things,
Should well supply my flock,
And they should taste the stream that springs
From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82. L. M.

Monarchs warned.

1 AMONG the great, who rule the land,
Does God our greater Ruler stand,
He sees what earthly monarchs do,
His eyes omniscient look them thro.
2 Monarchs in vain of greatness dream,
Kings are but men, and God supreme;
Like men must royal sinners die,
And deep in dust their glory lie.
3 Will you betray your sacred trust,
To accept the persons of the 'unjust?
Will you condemn the poor for gold,
And see the helpless captive sold?
4 Be just, and aid the sons of need,
Be wise and see the captive freed,

Defend the poor, their rights maintain,
And break the 'oppressor's galling chain.

5 They know not, Lord, thine arm is strong,
But triumph in the deeds of wrong,
They shake the world, with all their force,
Till nature's laws are out of course.

6 And are you gods, who thus perform
Destructive wonders in the storm?
Whate'er the opprest their monarchs call,
Like men shall impious tyrants fall.

7 Arise, almighty King, in haste,
Ere war has laid the nations waste;
Command the peace, erect thy throne,
And reign eternal and alone.

PSALM 83. S. M.

A complaint against persecution.

1 NO longer silence keep,
Eternal God on high,
No longer let thy vengeance sleep,
While saints in bondage sigh.

2 Behold what cursed snares
The sons of mischief spread,
The foe with dreadful aim prepares
To strike his thousands dead.

3 They join with one accord,
Thy hidden ones to slay;
Against the men who fear the Lord,
They shine in proud array.

4 They say, " our potent hand
Shall drive them from the ground,
We'll cut them off from every land,
'Till not a saint be found."

5 O God, prepare thy wheel,
To make the cruel smart,

O, may the sons of Satan feel
The pains they love to 'impart.

6 Awake thy dreadful ire,*
Thy words of truth perform,
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the storm.

7 Their faces fill with shame,
And cast the wicked down,
'Till they return and seek thy name,
And tremble at thy frown.

PSALM 84. Part 1. L. M.

The pleasure of public worship.

1 BLEST are the men, O Lord of hosts,
Who wait obedient at thy posts,
Who love the house where christians meet,
And call the hours of worship sweet.

2 When shall I join the sacred throng,
And praise my Savior in my song,
With strong desires my spirit faints
To meet the 'assemblies of thy saints.

3 While God to me his house denies,
To heaven I send unceasing cries;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

4 'Tis there the sparrow loves to rest,
She there provides her young a nest,
And will my God to sparrows grant
That happiness for which I pant?

5 Blest are the saints, who 'enjoy thy sight,
And sit on thrones of dazzling light,
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

6 Blest are the men, who find a place
Within thine house, O God of grace,

---

* Ire, anger, wrath.

There they behold thy gentler rays,
Thy presence makes their brightest days.

7 Blest is the man, who sets his mind,
The promis'd rest to seek and find;
Who passing thro this vale of woes,
Drinks of the spirit as he goes.

8 Blest are the men, whose hearts sincere,
For Zion's hill yet persevere;
God is their strength, and on the way
They lean on their almighty Stay.

9 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all arrive in heaven at length;
Cheerful they bid adieu to time,
And join in worship more sublime.*

PSALM 84. Part 2. L. M.

The happiness of serving God.

1 ATTEND, O God of Jacob, now,
While in the church thy people bow;
Behold our shield, display thy grace,
And look on Jesus' lovely face.

2 Blest are the men, O Lord of hosts,
Who wait obedient at thy posts;
To spend one day within thy court,
Exceeds a thousand days of sport.

3 Might I before thy temple wait,
A mean attendant at thy gate,
I 'd rather thus with God abide,
Than sit on thrones of power and pride.

4 God is our sun, he makes our day,
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

---

* Sublime, exalted.

5 In God the saints for ever live,
The Lord will grace and glory give;
He hears his children when they cry,
And will no real good deny.
6 O Lord of hosts, thy dread commands
Are known and kept by heavenly bands,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man, who trusts in thee.

PSALM 84. C. M.

Delight in divine worship.

1 HOW pleasant is the sacred ground,
  Where God his house has built,
Where grace proclaims with joyful sound,
  A pardon for our guilt.
2 While lively faith the soul transports,
  And love inspires the song,
'Tis heaven in God's terrestrial courts,
  To join the joyful throng.
3 There the great Monarch of the skies,
  His saving power display,
And light breaks in to cheer our eyes,
  With kind and quick'ning rays.
4 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove,
  Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
  And sheds abroad his grace.
5 'Tis there the promis'd Paraclete*
  A taste of heaven imparts,
And makes the work of grace complete,
  By comforting our hearts.

PAUSE.

6 Mine heart, O God, cries out for thee,
  And thus thy grace implores;

---

* Paraclete, comforter.

"When shall I tread thy courts and see
The God my soul adores?"

7 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
She loves thy temple well;
O, make me like the sparrows blest,
Within thine house to dwell.

8 To hear one day the gospel sound,
And feel the heavenly joy,
Exceeds the whole perpetual round
Of pleasures vain and coy.

9 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state
Or live in tents of sin.

10 Could I the spacious earth command,
If all the sea were mine,
For one blest hour at thy right-hand,
I'd freely both resign.

PSALM 84. As the 148th.

Longing for the house of God.

1 LORD of the heavenly hosts,
How pleasant is thy court,
How beauteous are the posts,
That yield it firm support,
The sacred spot
Where Jesus dwells,
By far excells
The sinner's lot.

2 Thy sparrow builds her nest,
And there her young she lays;
There fluttering swallows rest,
And spend their happy days.
My spirit longs
And even faints,

To meet the saints,
And join their songs.

3 'Tis at this sacred pool,
The Lord his grace bestows;
Like water fresh and cool,
The 'eternal spirit flows.
Flow on, sweet flood,
I love the brink,
Where sinners drink
A Savior's blood.

4 We go from strength to strength,
Thro this dark vale of tears,
And we shall meet at length,
When Christ our Lord appears.
Heaven is the place,
Where God our King,
Shall quickly bring,
His chosen race.

PAUSE.

5 One happy day to 'employ,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords me greater joy,
Than half my life beside.
I 'd rather stand
Before his gate,
Than live in state
And rule the land.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our refuge and our tower,
Victorious in the field,
We conquer by his power.
The Lord will keep
His chosen flock,
And like a rock
Defend his sheep.

7 The Lord his people knows,
And will no good deny,
His hand the gift bestows,
When humble sinners cry.
God oft imparts
The heavenly gift,
Before we lift
To heaven our hearts.

8 O, bless the 'eternal Mind,
Exalt him all ye meek,
Your weary souls shall find
The heavenly rest you seek.
O Lord above,
How blest is he
Who trusts in thee,
For God is love.

PSALM 85. Part 1. L. M.

Deliverance begun and completed.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy gracious hand,
Has wrought salvation for our land,
And far dispers'd that heavy gloom,
When war or slavery seem'd our doom.

2 Far from our shores our foes are driven,
Our numerous sins are all forgiven;
Thou hast our sons from bondage freed,
And own'd us as thy chosen seed.

3 The Lord has sav'd the sinking state,
Has made his fiercest wrath to 'abate,
Turn us again, O God, to thee,
And make our souls completely free.

4 We deprecate* thy dreadful ire,
No more let vengeance burn like fire,
Again our drooping souls revive,
And keep our languid† hopes alive.

* To deprecate, to pray against evil.

† Languid, faint, weak, feeble.

5 On us eternal life bestow,
We would the great salvation know,
O make our guilty land thy choice,
And let the church in thee rejoice.

6 With fervent faith, and filial fear,
What God shall say, we wait to hear;
" No more, he saith, to folly turn,
Lest my vindictive vengeance burn!"

PSALM 85. Part 2. L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever near
The men, who make the Lord their fear;
For in his fear they find his love,
And raise their heaven-born souls above.

2 The Son descending from on high,
Has brought the great salvation nigh,
Has sav'd our sinking world from hell,
That in our land may glory dwell.

3 With salutation soft and sweet,
His truth and mercy kindly meet,
While peace and righteousness agree,
To set the ransom'd sinner free.

4 Truth, like a vine, from earth shall rise,
And spread its branches toward the skies,
His righteousness from heaven shall shine,
To warm the ground, and bless the vine.

5 Whate'er is good the Lord shall give,
On him dependant creatures live;
He grants them earth, confirms their lease,
And makes the land to yield increase.

6 But greater favor God bestows,
Eternal life thro Jesus flows,
He never turns his saints adrift,
To perish with an earthly gift.

7 Jesus, whom heaven and earth adore,
Has led the way and gone before;
Our wand'ring feet no more shall stray,
But mark his steps and keep the way.

PSALM 86. C. M.

Effectual prayer.

1 BOW down, O Lord, a list'ning ear,
For at thy feet I bow,
Preserve my soul from every fear,
And hear thy servant now.

2 Do thou my sorrowing heart rejoice
And set my spirit free,
To heaven I raise my suppliant voice,
I put my trust in thee.

3 The Lord is kind when sinners call,
He doth their sins forgive;
Low at his feet they humbly fall,
Low at his feet they live.

4 Oft has he heard my prayer before,
And sent the heavenly gift;
I did in haste his aid implore,
And his relief was swift.

5 Encourag'd by his favors past,
By mercies freely shown,
I 'll seek his aid while troubles last,
And make his wonders known.

6 Should sorrow darken all my sky
I 'll set mine heart at rest,
The Lord will hear my humble cry,
And make my sorrows blest.

PSALM 86. L. M.

God greater than princes.

1 AMONG the powers of high command,
No power, O Lord, can stay thy hand,

They neither rule by right divine,
Nor are their ways and works like thine.
2 The nations thou hast made shall know
Thy sovreign right to rule below;
Thy power shall all thy foes o'erwhelm,
And bring new subjects to thy realm.
3 Great is the Lord, his power alone
Supports the splendor of his throne;
He reigns the sovreign King of kings,
His arm alone does wond'rous things.
4 Teach us, O Lord, thy perfect way,
And guide us lest we turn astray;
Unite our hearts to fear thy name,
Encrease our faith, our love inflame.
5 Awake, my soul, tune every chord
To praise my Savior and my Lord,
His love pursu'd me when I fell,
And sav'd me from the brink of hell.
6 The proud in power attempt in vain
To bind the conscience in their chain;
But thought is free, no power can bind
The pure volitions* of the mind.
7 The Lord my Savior strong and near,
For my salvation will appear;
If God be nigh, no tyrant's rod
Can shake my confidence in God.
8 Show me some token, Lord, from thee,
And let my foes, who hate me, see,
Thou canst the powers of earth control,
And speak in comfort to my soul.

PSALM 87. Part 1. L. M.

The church immoveable.

1 THE church, O God, shall ever stand,
The bulwark of our native land,

---

* Volition, the act of willing.

Establish'd on the 'eternal Rock,
Its solid base endures the shock.
2 The church below, and church above,
Are built on God's unchanging love;
No power the building can derange,
For God the builder cannot change.
3 Outrageous foes in vain combine,
No plots the church can undermine,
United powers may cease to 'assail,
The gates of hell shall ne'er prevail.
4 Consuming fire, corroding* time!
Destroy the works of stone and lime;
But Zion stands, this Pyramid†
Shall fire and time defiance bid.
5 Almighty God, thy vengeful frown
Has thrown extensive empires down;
Yet stands thy church, the growing pile
Is favor'd with thy cheering smile.
6 Should storms destroy this mighty speck,
And earth itself become a wreck;
The church is safe, for God performs
His word of truth amid the storms.
7 Rejoice, ye saints, for Zion's wall
Shall rise when kings and kingdoms fall;
Above this earth the church shall rise,
And stand the wonder of the skies.

PSALM 87. Part 2. L. M.

The church the birth place of saints,

1 THE Lord's foundation never moves,
Thy tents, O Jacob, God approves,
But loves the gates of Zion more
Than all his dwellings known before.

---

* Corroding, eating, wasting.

† Pyramid, a solid pile, a durable pillar of a peculiar form.

2 His grace accepts the worship now,
When houses at his footstool bow;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old,
What wonders are of Zion told,
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing,
The hill where living waters spring.

5 No more shall Zion seem forlorn,
In her shall thousands yet be born;
The Lord most high the Prince of Peace,
Will bless her gates with large increase.

6 This man, who plays the tuneful lyre,
Was born the first, they say, at Tyre;
But Zion's friends, with joy, aver,*
He 's born a second time in her.

7 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
His heaven-born saints shall rise and stand
As citizens at God's right hand.

PSALM 88. As the 113.

Loss of friends and relatives.

1 O GOD of my salvation hear,
In mercy now incline thine ear,
From day to night my cries ascend,
My soul with heavy grief opprest,
With pain and sorrow fills my breast,
My wasting life draws near an end.

---

* To aver, to declare, to affirm.

2 I seem as one whom men commit
A lifeless prisoner to the pit,
Devoid* of strength and power to save,
Among the lonely tombs I tread,
To pay my visits to the dead,
And hold converse with every grave.

3 Thine hand, O God, has laid me low,
The waves of sorrow o'er me flow,
In darkness and the dismal deep;
Lover and friend are far away
Sent to the darksome house of clay,
While I survive alone to weep.

4 Wilt thou, my God, neglect my call?
Ah! who shall profit by my fall,
When death dissolves my mortal frame?
Shall dust and darkness sing thy praise,
Or shall the dead in concert raise,
A living song to bless thy name?

5 Unknown, forgotten, and forlorn,
I cry to thee before tis morn,
Wilt thou, my God, forsake my soul?
Thy terrors multiply my woes,
Thy wrath in surges o'er me goes,
The tempest roars, the billows roll.

6 Tho time and grief my strength consume,
Yet will the Lord my soul illume,
For happier days await his saints;
A few more setting suns shall see
My joyful soul return to thee,
Then cease, my soul, these sad complaints.

PSALM 89. Part 1. L. M.

The covenant made with Christ.

1 FOR ever shall my song record,
The truth and judgment of the Lord;

---

* Devoid, destitute.

Judgment and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son the Father spoke,
"My promise I can ne'er revoke,
Art thou my Son? then I 'll fulfill
The counsels of my sovreign will.

3 In thee shall dying sinners live,
Pardon and peace are thine to give,
I have in righteousness decreed,
In thee to bless thy numerous seed.

4 Art thou my Prophet? thou shalt show,
My sovreign will to men below;
Art thou my King? thy royal throne
Shall stand eternal like mine own.

5 My word is pledg'd and shall not fail,
My mercy shall thro thee prevail,
And heaven and earth shall fall before
I violate the word I swore.

6 There 's none of all my sons above,
So much my likeness or my love,
Compar'd with thee not heaven is fair,
Then what can earth with thee compare?

7 David, my servant, whom I chose
To feed my flock, to crush my foes,
And set the tribes of Israel free,
Was but a feeble type of thee."

8 Now let the saints rejoice and tell,
How Jesus sav'd the world from hell,
Angels his heavenly wonders sing,
And heaven and earth adore their King.

PSALM 89. Part 2. L. M.

Mortality and hope.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail is life, how short the date;

Where is the man who draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 To thee, my God, we thus complain,
"Why hast thou made mankind in vain;
Must death for ever live and rage,
And with a stroke consume an age.

3 Is this thy kindness to the just,
To send thy children to the dust?
Alas, can no prescription* save,
A dying sufferer from the grave!"

4 Our faith forbids the murmuring sigh,
And sees the resurrection nigh,
The grave his prisoners must restore,
And saints shall rise to die no more.

5 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
Makes every word of promise clear,
Confirms our faith, and calms our fear.

6 Blest be the Lord, for ever blest,
Who died to give his people rest;
But rose from death triumphant then,
That saints might live with God: Amen.

PSALM 89. Part 1. C. M.

The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never ceasing songs shall show,
Thy mercies, Lord, are sure,
And make succeeding ages know,
How firm thy words endure.

2 Thy first born Son the covenant seal'd,
As first thy counsel will'd;
And what the prophets long reveal'd,
Thou hast in time fulfill'd.

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* Prescription, medical receipt, cure.

3 How long by David's royal seed,
Was Judah's scepter sway'd;
Till David's Son came down to bleed,
And greater grace display'd.

4 Jesus, thy throne shall ever stand,
And earth in vain despise,
The saints enthron'd at thy right hand
Shall high in glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above,
And saints on earth in feebler lays,
Adore thy wond'rous love.

PSALM 89. Part 2. C. M.

Reverential worship.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
Let all the 'assembly bow,
Great is the Lord, and let his fear
Fall on the people now.

2 How terrible Jehovah is,
What man or angel dare,
To 'oppose a creature arm to his,
Or with the Lord compare.

3 His word controls the stormy lake,
And the more boisterous deep,
At his command the billows 'wake,
At his command they sleep.

4 He guides the passions of the soul,
When men in war engage,
Rahab is under his control,
He governs all its rage.

5 Heaven, earth and sea to God belong,
His word created all,
He saves the weak, subdues the strong,
And makes the proud to fall.

6 The distant poles, the north and south,
Were fashion'd by his hands,
They take their orders from his mouth,
And move as he commands.

7 Tabor and Hermon know his voice,
The mountains fear his frown,
Now in his name the hills rejoice,
Anon he casts them down.

8 What wonders has his justice done,
How glorious is his grace!
His truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near his face.

PSALM 89. Part 3. C. M.

A blessed gospel.

1 BLEST are the men, who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound,
Peace shall attend their race below,
And light their steps surround.

2 The Lord shall fill their foes with shame,
And frustrate all their wiles,
The saints victorious in his name,
Shall triumph in his smiles.

3 What tho the saints appear forlorn,
The children of the dust;
Yet Israel's God exalts their horn,
And well rewards the just.

4 To save the church Jehovah deigns
His arm the victory gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. Part 4. C. M.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom.

1 IN vision thus the Lord declar'd,
Ye sinners, seek mine aid,

Jesus your Savior stands prepar'd,
On him your help is laid.

2 Behold the man, whom God appoints
To save the world from hell,
His head my sacred oil anoints,
My hands support him well.

3 I give him David's royal crown,
And he shall reign your King,
My rod shall beat his rivals down,
My grace new subjects bring.

4 What tho his foes with impious scorn,
Deride the man they hate,
Yet mercy shall exalt his horn,
And power defend his state.

5 O'er heaven I 'll give him high command,
And spread his kingdom wide,
While in my name o'er sea and land,
He shall in triumph ride.

6 Me for his Father he shall own,
And call the Lord his Rock,
By him my mercy shall be shown,
And he shall feed my flock.

7 My first born Son array'd in grace,
Shall sit enthron'd above,
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs seek his love.

8 My covenant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.

PSALM 89. Part. 5. C. M.

The covenant of grace unchangeable.

1 THE eternal Father has decreed,
And thus his promise runs,

I 'll be the God of Jesus' seed,
And they shall be my sons.
2 If saints offend, the chast'ning rod,
Shall make my children smart;
But I 'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
3 My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what my love eternal spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.
4 Once have I sworn, the solemn oath
Shall firm as heaven endure,
The covenant stands betwixt us both,
And every word is sure.
5 The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from clime to clime,
Long as he drives around the skies
The rolling wheels of time.
6 Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His seed on earth shall last,
Till the fixt laws of shade and light
Shall be for ever past.

PSALM 89. As the 113.

Life, death and the resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span.
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?
2 Must death for ever man invade,
Or was the race of mortals made
For sickness, sorrow and the dust?
Are not thy servants day by day,
Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where 's thy kindness to the just?

3 How long, O Lord, wilt thou forbear,
Shall death his prey for ever tear,
Nor at thy dreadful presence fly?
When shall thine hand redeem his prey,
And all thy shouting saints convey,
To happier realms above the sky?

4 To God, my soul, for comfort look,
Tis written in his sacred book,
The grave his prisoners must restore;
Cease, every murmuring passion, cease,
When Jesus gives his saints release,
They live with God to die no more.

5 Jesus, we bless thine holy name,
Twas by thy blood the saints o'ercame,
An heir'd an everlasting crown;
Ye saints below, and saints above,
Join all to sing the Savior's love,
Amen: come Jesus quickly down.

PSALM 90. Part 1. L. M.

Man mortal and God eternal.

1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place,
The rest and refuge of our race,
Thy name from generations past,
To generations yet shall last.

2 Before thou gav'st the mountains birth,
Or ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
Or heaven was built, or hell was made,
Thou didst immensity pervade.

3 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or earth was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall exist,
When earth shall disappear like mist.

4 But man's weak frame is slightly built,
Made of red earth and stain'd with guilt,

Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

5 A thousand years of man amount
To scarce a day in thine account,
They seem like yesterday when past,
They come so soon and fly so fast,

6 Millions of ages in thy sight,
Are like the watch that ends the night,
As idle dreams they haste away
Before the swift approaching day.

7 Eternal God, who wast and art,
Be thou the portion of mine heart,
Let all my thoughts be fixt in thee,
Who wast, and art, and art to be.

PSALM 90. Part 2. L. M.

Untimely death bewailed.

1 DEATH like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away as in a dream,
The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
Are carried downward with the flood.

2 Our fleeting moments swiftly pass,
The race of man is surely grass,
The scythe of time with ample powers,
Cuts and destroys the morning flowers.

3 With piercing groans and sorrows mixt,
Our age at seventy years is fixt,
And if till eighty death delay,
We soon depart and haste away.

4 But, O! how oft the foe appears,
And cuts off our expected years;
Infants and blooming youth are lost,
Like tender buds by killing frost.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span;

We would our hearts to grace apply,
And count our moments as they fly.

6 Before we take our last remove,
May we the term of life improve;
And well prepar'd to take our flight,
Receive us, Lord, to worlds of light.

PSALM 90. Part 1. C. M.

Man frail and God eternal.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our rest, our dwelling place,
Defend us from the stormy blast,
And save us by thy grace.

2 Before the world receiv'd its frame,
Or suns or stars had shone,
Jehovah was thy living name,
Immensity* thy throne.

3 A thousand years are in thy sight
As one short evening run,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the morning sun.

4 If but thy slightest anger burn,
All nature feels the pain,
To swift destruction men return,
And mix with earth again.

5 Nations regardless of thy frown,
Like grass revive and grow,
Till death the mower cuts them down,
And lays their glory low.

6 Time, like an overflowing stream,
Bears all its sons away,
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Flies at the dawing day.

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* Immensity, boundless space.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our rest, our dwelling place,
Defend us from the stormy blast,
And save us by thy grace.

PSALM 90. Part 2. C. M.

Death the effect of sin.

1 THE Lord in wrath consumes our race,
And fills our hearts with fear;
Our secret sins before his face
In all their guilt appear.

2 As vernal flowers are nipt by frost,
So death our race destroys;
Adam and all his sons have lost
Their right to 'immortal joys.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
Our days are but a song,
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our time prolong.

4 Their seventy years but few surmount,
While millions die in prime;
And all beyond that short account,
Is but the dregs of time.

5 Our vitals with laborious strife
Support the tottering load,
And drag the last remains of life,
Along the tiresome road.

6 Eternal King, thy love reveal,
And not thy wrath alone,
Condemn'd to death, our pardon seal,
And send it from thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art,
Our better life to save,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90. Part 3. C. M.

Sorrowing at the grave.

1 RETURN, O God of love, how long
Shall saints their sorrow vent;
We would not call thy judgments wrong,
But mercy may relent.

2 To man thy ways indeed are strange,
Mysterious all, but right!
And can the God, who knows no change,
In sorrow take delight?

3 Behold us weeping at the grave,
And hear the mourners' voice;
O, may we see thy power to save,
And in thy strength rejoice.

4 For days of long affliction born,
Let mercy now be had;
And as we us'd to sigh and mourn,
So make thy servants glad.

5 When thy mysterious ways are known,
Harmonious all agree,
And every pain, and every groan,
Was needful then we see.

6 The blest agreement of thy ways
Consoles the sorrowing mind,
Our light affliction love displays,
And proves that God is kind.

PSALM 90. S. M.

The frailty and shortness of life.

1 LORD, what a trifling thing
Is life's contracted span,
And time for ever on the wing,
Destroys the race of man.

2 Alas! our mortal frame,
That can no longer last!

The building scare deserves a name,
It molders down so fast.

3 Our house decays apace,
And soon in ruin lies,
The rolling sun cuts short his race,
And hurries down the skies.

4 Well, since our hasty days
Must vanish from our sight,
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This rough tempestuous deep,
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore,
Where saints shall never weep.

PSALM 91. Part 1. L. M.

Safety in public disease and danger.

1 SECURE as heaven the man abides,
Whose soul in God alone confides,
His shadowy wings with soft embrace,
Shall hide him in his secret place.

2 His faith exclaims, " my God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower,
I, who consist of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty power my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee safe from Satan's snare,
Who like a fowler oft betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 As parent birds defend their brood,
And well supply their young with food;
So God protects the just, and spreads
His heavenly wings above their heads.

5 The saints, O God, enjoy thine aid,
Not death can make their souls afraid;

Nor falling dews, nor flying darts,
Or raise their fears, or damp their hearts.

6 If burning beams of noon conspire,
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, no fatal ray
Can touch his chosen sons by day.

7 If vapors rise with midnight mist,
'Till breathing man can scarce exist,
To God by night the saints repair,
Nor feel the 'effects of poison'd air.

PSALM 91. Part 2. L. M.

God our health in times of mortality.

1 HAPPY the saints, a chosen flock,
Whose refuge is the eternal Rock,
Secure in God no harm they fear,
Should death with all his train appear.

2 When earth is plagu'd with sore complaints,
And dying man for sorrow faints,
For health, on God their life, they call,
And live when thousands near them fall.

3 A thousand at their sides may lie,
At their right hands ten thousands die;
But God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amid the graves.

4 When Egypt dar'd Jehovah's frown,
He sent the great destroyer down,
But bid him strike with careful eye,
And pass the doors of Jacob by.

5 But should the sword commission'd strike,
And saints and sinners fall alike,
They fall indeed among the rest,
But every pain and death is blest.

6 The sword, the pestilence and fire,
Shall but fulfill their best desire,

From sin and sorrow set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. Part 3. L. M.

The saints the care of God.

1 NO real evil shall befall
The saints who trust in God for all,
Secure from death, from danger free,
They with their eyes destruction see.

2 If plague or famine 'round them spread,
Or havoc multiply his dead,
In health and peace they draw their breath;
And only view the works of death.

3 Jehovah gives his angels charge,
" Go watch my sons who walk at large,"
And swift as light their bands descend,
The heedless steps of saints to 'attend.

4 Intrusted by the King's commands,
They bear his children in their hands,
Lest they should fall and break a bone,
Or dash the foot against a stone.

5 The saints shall tread beneath their feet,
The lurking foes and fears they meet,
Nor lion strong, nor serpent wise,
Shall harm the righteous by surprise.

6 Because on me my saints rely,
" I 'll hear, says God, their humble cry,
The men, who know and love my name,
I 'll honor here with earthly fame.

7 Long life is mine alone to give,
And long on earth the saints shall live,
Ere they possess the heavenly place,
And dwell for ever near my face."

PSALM 91. C. M.

Angels the ministers of the saints.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to Satan's snare,
Come make the Lord your dwelling place,
Come trust a Father's care.

2 No foe shall enter where you dwell,
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He gives his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all his ways,
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Our Father knows his sons are rash
When left to walk alone,
His angels bear them lest they dash
The foot against a stone.

5 Tho lions roar, and serpents hiss,
And dragons fierce engage,
Yet angels guide them safe to bliss,
In spite of Satan's rage.

6 Thus saith the Lord, " because on me
My children set their love,
I will their great salvation be,
And bring them all above.

7 My grace shall answer when they call,
In trouble I'll be near,
My power shall raise them when they fall,
And they shall persevere.

8 The saints, who here my name have known,
In heaven shall be mine heirs;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be theirs."

PSALM 92. Part 1. L. M.

A psalm for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast,
O, may mine heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my God,
And bless his word, and bless his rod,
His counsels bright in glory shine,
His grace and justice are divine.

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish 'till his breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When God has well refin'd mine heart,
And fresh supplies of grace are shed
Like sacred oil to cheer mine head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more,
Mine inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. Part 2. L. M.

Delight in public worship.

1 IT is a sweet and pleasant thing,
The praises of my God to sing,

To talk of Christ by day and night,
Affords the saints a pure delight.

2 Begin, my soul, the cheerful lay,
Let music consecrate the day,
Tune every note, touch every chord,
Rejoice and triumph in the Lord.

3 The mighty works that God has wrought,
Are great beyond the power of thought,
He sent his Son on earth below,
That sinners might a Savior know,

4 I 'll sing my Savior's wond'rous birth,
Thy love, O Jesus, gives me mirth,
An heaven in thee my soul enjoys,
And well this sacred day employs.

5 But fools, who let such wonders pass,
Spring up and flourish like the grass,
They spend their days on earth like brutes,
And in thy praise, O God, are mutes.

6 In vain they spring, in vain they rise,
None but the saints are truly wise,
For God shall soon destroy his foes,
And send them down to 'eternal woes.

7 This shall the just with triumph see,
And flourish like the 'immortal tree,
Increasing life from Christ the Vine,
Shall make their age in honor shine.

PSALM 92. Part 3. L. M.

The church is the garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand,
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy church be seen,
Like a young ceder fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;

Not Lebanon, in beauty fair,
Can with the church of Christ compare.

3 As plants revive by morning dew,
So shall the saints their strength renew;
The God of grace his spirit grants,
To nurture well the growing plants.

4 The plants of grace shall death survive,
Nature decays but grace must thrive,
Time that does all things else impair,
Shall make them flourish strong and fair.

5 His aged saints the Lord recruits,
And loads their lives with choicest fruits,
A vital sap from Christ the vine,
Makes every branch in honor shine.

6 The Lord, the holy just and true,
Will give his suffering saints their due,
And none, who serve his gates, shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. L. M.

The eternal and sovreign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, he dwells in light,
Array'd in robes divinely bright;
The world created by his hands,
Firm on its old foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Jehovah reign'd, his dazzling throne
A radient* blaze of glory shone.

3 Thy throne, O God, is boundless space,
Eternity thy dwelling place,
Nature from thee receiv'd its laws,
Thyself the first eternal cause.

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* Radient, sparkling, bright.

4 When ocean roars with dreadful noise,
The rolling earth maintains its poise;
In vain the sea with fury raves,
The Lord is mightier than its waves.

5 Like floods the boisterous nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies,
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

6 For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
The holy song, the sacred ode,*
Become the house of thine abode.

PSALM 93. Second Meter, as the 50th old.

God is unchangable and eternal.

1 JEHOVAH reigns on high and rules our globe,
His girdle strength and majesty his robe;
Cloath'd with the light he wears the dazzling rays,
His scepter love that o'er the world he sways;
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead was its firm foundation.

2 This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word and fashion'd by his hand,
He gave to nature sure establish'd laws,
Himself the first and uncreated cause,
No second cause his plan of things deranges,
When God repents his purpose never changes.

3 God is the 'eternal King; his rival foes
In vain rebell, and dare his arm to 'oppose,
Usurping kings like swelling floods arise,
And roar and toss their rage against the skies,
Foaming at heaven they proudly seek promotion,
But heaven in laughter scorns the lofty notion.

---

* Ode, poem.

4 Ye tempests cease, ye monarchs stop the flood,
Nor think in wrath to deluge saints in blood,
The church remains, establish'd on the Rock,
Disdains your rage and nobly bears the shock;
Behold the saints when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool and with fear adore him.

5 God and his church for ever must exist,
When this vain world shall disappear like mist,
Safe stands his throne amidst the general wreck,
The burning globe is in his view a speck;
When God to judge the guilty world makes ready,
None but himself could hold the balance steady.

PSALM 93. Third meter, as the old 122.

The Lord reigneth.

1 JEHOVAH reigns alone,
The splendor of his throne,
Reflects his awful glories round;
He wears the rays of light,
And angels in his sight
Adore with awe and fear profound.

2 Upheld by his command,
The world awhile must stand,
Its final end yet drawing nigh;
But ere this world was built,
Or men were plung'd in guilt,
The God of nature reign'd on high.

3 In vain the noisy croud,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against his empire rage and roar;
In vain the sons of hate,
On saints their malice sate*
And dash like waves against the shore.

---

* To sate, to satisfy, to glut.

4 Let floods and tempests rage,
Let earth and hell engage,
And aim at heaven their swelling tides;
If once Jehovah frown,
The waves of hell run down,
And all the wrath of man subsides.

5 Thy promise, Lord, is true,
Thou shalt the world subdue,
And saints to heavenly glory raise;
The rolling hour draws near,
When Jesus shall appear,
And all his subjects shout his praise.

6 Thy kingdom must exist,
When earth dissolves like mist,
And ether* melts with fervent heat;
Thine hand shall nature poise,
Amid the crashing noise,
But feel no changes near thy seat.

PSALM 93. S. M.

The majesty and eternity of Christ's kingdom.

1 JEHOVAH reigns alone,
O'er all the worlds above,
High on a bright and dazzling throne,
He sits array'd in love.

2 He form'd the earth of old,
By him the building stands,
He doth its massy bars uphold,
By his almighty hands.

3 The troubled ocean raves
With tempests loud and swift;
To heaven the floods with swelling waves,
On high their voices lift.

---

* Ether, air sublimed.

4 But mightier far than they,
The Lord subdues their noise,
The boisterous floods his words obey,
And earth maintains its poise.

5 Tempestuous as a flood,
In vain the wicked rise,
To drench the guilty world in blood,
And rage against the skies.

6 If once Jehovah speak,
He calms the rising storm,
The strength of mighty men grows weak,
Their hands can nought perform.

7 Thy words, O God, are sure,
Thou shalt the dead restore;
Thy kingdom ever must endure,
When time shall be no more.

PSALM 94. Part 1. C. M.

Saints chastised and sinners destroyed.

1 VENGEANCE, O Lord, to thee belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud,
Let sovreign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 How long will sinners love to 'oppress,
And pierce the stranger thro?
They cause the widow deep distress,
Then boast of what they do.

3 They say, " the Lord nor sees nor hears,"
When will the fools be wise;
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears,
Or blind, who made their eyes?

4 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And dreadful to devour;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
In some surprising hour.

5 But if thy saints, O God, provoke,
Thou hast a gentler rod,
Thy providence with lenient* stroke,
Shall bring them back to God.

6 What ways will fathers oft devise,
To quell† a stubborn child;
But God is far more kind and wise,
And all his ways are mild.

7 Our heavenly Father oft invites,
And soothes our growing years;
But when in seeming wrath he smites,
His kindness most appears.

8 The man who feels the rod is blest,
What peace his mind enjoys;
And heaven shall be his endless rest,
When God the world destroys.

PSALM 94. Part 2. C. M.

Deliverance from temptation and persecution.

1 OPPREST by men of power and pride,
I sigh'd with solemn pause,
"Who will appear on Zion's side,
Or who defend her cause?"

2 I scarce had finish'd half my sigh,
And moan'd my sad complaint,
Ere God in all his strength was nigh,
To help his feeble saint.

3 Had not the Lord my Savior felt,
And eas'd my raging pain,
My soul had now in silence dwelt,
Among the thousands slain.

4 Alas, my foot, how fast it slips,
"My time, I said, is past!"

---

* Lenient, soft, mild.

† To quell, to overcome, to subdue.

But Jesus heard my plaintive lips,
His mercy held me fast.

5 O'erwhelm'd in deep abyss of thought,
I could no rescue find;
But Christ the great deliverance wrought,
And cheer'd my drooping mind.

6 In vain the sons of earth conspire,
To deal out death by law,
The saints are blest amid the fire,
For God will ne'er withdraw.

7 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95. C. M.

A psalm before prayer.

1 COME, let us join the 'assembled throng,
And in our God rejoice,
The great salvation be the song,
And cheerful every voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know
Their brightness is but dim;
Compar'd with Christ the Sun, they glow
Like twingling stars to him!

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixt the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, let us praise our living Rock,
Eternal strength is his;

He knows his sheep, he guides his flock,
The Lord our shepherd is.

6 Come, let us bend the suppliant knee,
And in his presence bow;
To day his offer'd love is free,
And all may seek him now.

7 To day we hear the gospel news,
Let every heart be won,
Gentiles, alas, are worse than Jews,
If they despise the Son!

8 Now, is the time that God forbears,
And waits to make you blest;
But if you will refuse, he swears
" You shall not see my rest."

PSALM 95. S. M.

A psalm before sermon.

1 COME, let us sound the praise
Of our eternal King,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And hymns of glory sing.

2 Jehovah is his name,
He made the race of man;
God is the pure eternal flame,
Who was ere time began.

3 O bless the Lord our Rock,
His nature cannot change;
God is the shepherd, we the flock
That o'er his pastures range.

4 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

5 Come, let us humbly kneel,
And bow before his face;

Let each repenting sinner feel,
The 'effusions* of his grace.

6 To day attend his voice
Nor dare provoke his rod,
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

7 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race.

8 The Lord in vengeance drest,
Will swear with lifted hand,
" They who despise my promis'd rest,
Shall ne'er possess the land."

PSALM 95. Part 1. L. M.

A psalm after sermon.

1 YE gospel sinners, humbly bow
At Jesus feet, he calls you now;
With yielding hearts obey the call,
And low in self abasement fall.

2 If you his voice will hear to day,
No more provoke, no more delay,
Before the Lord your Maker kneel,
And his forgiving mercy feel.

3 Will you defy the almighty stroke,
And like the Jews the Lord provoke,
When they his works of wonder saw,
And forty years transgress'd his law.

4 Alas, your hearts, indeed, are hard,
If you the Savior disregard!
Gentiles, who slight the gospel news,
Insult his patience more than Jews.

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* Effusions, copious out pouring.

5 O for an overcoming shock,
To pierce and soften hearts of rock;
To take from man the heart of flint,
And on his soul the law to print.

6 Let power and grace from heaven descend,
Let every knee to Jesus bend,
Great God, the work is all thine own,
To make the friend of sinners known.

PSALM 95. Part 2. L. M.

Delaying sinners warned.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise,
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovreign King; rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls the Lord address,
And God our great Creator bless;
God is our shepherd, God our rock,
And we his people, we his flock.

3 Come, let us all before him kneel,
His grace let every sinner feel,
To day repent, to day believe,
Nor Israel like his spirit grieve.

4 Israel his wond'rous works beheld,
And yet for forty years rebell'd;
The faithless brood, the murmuring race,
His patience tir'd, and spurn'd his grace.

5 Thus saith the Lord, " how false they prove,
How soon my jealousy they move!
Since they provoke, while I forbear,
They shall not see my rest I swear."

6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead,
Attend the proffer'd grace to day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

PSALM 96. C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
To God your tribes belong,
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and noble song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
The pleasing wonder show,
Behold the Lord in mercy deigns
To dwell with men below.

3 Ye heavens, proclaim the glorious morn,
Let angels sweetly sing,
To day the Prince of Peace is born,
Salvation to the King.

4 The joyous earth, and bending skies,
Display his glorious train;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Behold he comes again.

5 Behold he comes with power divine,
To bless us from above,
Honor and strength around him shine,
And in his heart is love.

6 His voice shall raise the slumb'ring dead,
The saints with joy shall hear;
But how will guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear.

PSALM 96. S. M.

The King of nations.

1 JESUS the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore,

Mortals give thanks, rejoice and sing,
And triumph evermore.

2 The wonders God has done,
Let ransom'd sinners tell,
He from his bosom sent his Son,
To save his foes from hell.

3 Jesus our Savior is,
He doth the nations woo,
Honor and power and strength are his,
And grace and beauty too.

4 Give to his sacred name,
Ye saints of every tribe,
Give to the Lord immortal fame,
And endless praise ascribe.

5 Say to the heathen race,
" Jehovah reigns above,
Come taste the sweetness of his grace,
And know that God is love.

6 Why will you worship stone,
Or bow before a stock?
Jehovah is the Lord alone,
Our everlasting Rock."

7 Let heaven and earth and sea,
Unite with lofty voice,
Let every field and every tree
Before the Lord rejoice.

8 He comes array'd in light,
And glory crowns his head,
He comes in truth to judge aright,
And raise the slumb'ring dead.

PSALM 96. L. M.

The Sovreign of the universe.

1 SING to the Lord the sovreign King,
Let all the world his honor sing,

Let every tongue and every tribe
Salvation to the Lord ascribe.

2 Mortals, your noblest songs prepare,
The wond'rous works of God declare;
To God the praise of earth belongs,
His love demands our newest songs.

3 Great is the Lord, and must be prais'd,
He built the stars, the heavens he rais'd,
He spake, and earth, a wond'rous frame,
At his almighty fiat came.

4 The heathen gods are wood and stone,
Jehovah is the Lord alone,
Honor and grace around him shine,
With strength and majesty divine.

5 His word and promises are true,
Give to his name the glory due,
Low in his sacred presence bow,
And bring your thankful offerings now.

6 Let sinners hear, let mortals know,
The Lord sustains the world below,
The Judge of all, ye heavens, adore,
Let earth be still and ocean roar.

7 Ye floods rejoice, ye trees be glad,
In nature's beauteous garments clad,
In all your graceful forms appear,
Behold the Lord, the Savior near.

8 Behold he comes array'd in light,
He comes to judge the world aright;
He blows his trumpet sounding far,
And calls the nations to his bar.

PSALM 97. As the 113th.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let earth rejoice,
Let every mortal tune his voice,

And in sweet concert gladly sing,
Be glad, O sea, ye numerous isles,
Exult in his paternal smiles,
Praise ye the Lord, your sovereign King.
2 Jehovah reigns, he reigns alone,
Justice and truth support his throne,
Like pillars in his courts above;
Mysterious as his ways appear,
When clouds and darkness raise our fear,
His ways are everlasting love.
3 Consuming fire before him burns,
His hand against his foes he turns,
Their courage fails, their nerves relax;
He makes the heavens a stream of light,
The world is seiz'd with sore affright,
And lofty hills dissolve like wax.
4 His righteousness the heavens declare,
In silent awe the heathens stare,
Nor can the hidden cause explain;
When darkness overwhelms the sun,
Or thro the skies his streamers* run,
They seek to molten gods in vain.
5 Thy ways, O Lord, our songs employ,
And Zion's daughters sing for joy,
They love to hear thy thunders roll;
Let vice be shun'd and sin abhorr'd
By those who love and serve the Lord,
For God approves the righteous soul.
6 In Zion, Lord, thy ways are known,
There light is for the righteous sown,
The seeds of grace luxuriant† thrive;
O, may thy saints an harvest see,
Let every heart rejoice in thee,
And Zion in thy smiles revive.

* Streamers, northern lights.
† Luxuriant, very plenteous.

PSALM 97. Part 1. L. M.
Christ coming to judgment.

1 HE reigns, the Lord the Savior reigns,
Praise him in evangelic strains,
Let every tongue, let every voice,
In his salvation now rejoice.

2 Begin the song, celestial band,
And praise the King at God's right-hand;
Ye heavens adore the 'eternal Son,
Thro heaven and earth his will is done.

3 Rejoice, O earth, let mortals try
To 'assist the concert in the sky;
Ye distant lands, ye numerous isles,
Exult and triumph in his smiles.

4 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Tho gloomy clouds his way surround,
Yet justice with the Lord is found.

5 For judgment, lo! the heavens he leaves,
Shakes the wide earth, the tombs he cleaves,
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

6 The guilty world with wonder see,
The man, who bore the shameful tree,
And while the living die with fear,
The dead his awful mandates* hear.

7 His enemies with sore dismay,
Attempt in vain to shun the day,
The man whom once their souls abhorr'd,
They now behold and own him Lord.

8 Lift up your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing the blest Redeemer nigh;
Ye ransom'd souls in rapture sing,
He comes to reign for ever King.

* Mandates, commands.

PALM 97. Part 2. L. M.

Christmas.

1 WELCOME the fair auspicious morn,
To day the Prince of Peace is born,
Let earth rejoice with heavenly mirth,
And sing the great Redeemer's birth.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Savior lies;
Angels before Immanuel bow,
Adore the God incarnate now.

3 Ye humble swains, proclaim the news,
Announce the Savior to the Jews,
Say what you saw, and how you fear'd,
And tell the vision that appear'd.

4 Led by the sure directing star,
Behold the wise men from afar,
With hasty feet, and strong desire,
For this immortal King inquire.

5 The delphic* oracle stands mute,
The lying voice, his lips confute,
He strikes the powers of darkness dumb,
And Satan holds beneath his thumb.

6 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But let the church his glories sing,
And heaven and earth proclaim him King.

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* Delphic, from Delphi, a city of Phocis in Greece, seated on the hill Pernassus, where was the oracle of Apollo, hence called the Delphic oracle. Before the birth of Christ answers were received from this oracle, but since that time it has remained silent. Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols; worship him, all ye gods.

PSALM 97. Part 3. L. M.

Grace and glory.

1 THE Almighty reigns exalted high,
Let sinners fear, let tyrants sigh,
The days of vengeance must be had,
Rejoice O earth, ye isles be glad.

2 Tho clouds and darkness vail his feet,
Yet grace and truth in Jesus meet,
His righteousness on earth remains,
Judgment his heavenly throne maintains.

3 A dreadful fire before him goes,
His burning rage consumes his foes;
With awful fear his lightning fills
The trembling earth and melting hills.

4 The heavens his righteousness declare,
No power may with the Lord compare;
His judgments shall the proud destroy,
And Zion's daughters shout for joy.

5 All ye, who love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame,
His watchful eye, his powerful arm,
Shall well defend the saints from harm.

6 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

7 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the saints, who love his voice,
Can in his holiness rejoice.

PSALM 97. C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

1 THE Lord is come, let earth be glad,
Rejoice ye distant isles;

The Son in human nature clad,
A beauteous infant smiles.

2 Is this, O God, thy sovreign way?
Hast thou decreed it thus?
The Prince of Peace is born to day,
Immanuel, God with us!

3 Adoring angels at his birth,
The joyful song began;
The shepherds heard their heavenly mirth,
And blest the friend of man.

4 Tho seraphs first proclaim'd the news,
And shepherds heard them sing;
Yet did his form offend the Jews,
Nor would they crown him king.

5 The proud despis'd this holy one,
And on the Savior trod,
But God, the Father, own'd his Son,
And saints confest him God.

6 The heavens declare his wond'rous name,
The heathen gods around,
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

PAUSE.

7 Behold he comes, he comes again,
How different is his form,
Thousand of thousands fill his train,
And dreadful is the storm.

8 The Judge ascends the flying cloud,
Downward he bends his way,
The judgment trumpet sounding loud
Proclaims the solemn day.

9 Behold the Judge, how swift, how fierce,
How like to God is he!
Ye must behold who did him pierce,
And all the world must see!

10 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

11 The seeds of humble virtue sown,
In this unfriendly soil,
Shall spring and rise in worlds unknown,
And harvest bless the toil.

12 Rejoice in God, let all the saints
For heavenly transport leap;
The man who works and never faints,
Shall soon in glory reap.

PSALM 98. Part 1. C. M.

Praise for the gospel.

1 SALVATION to the Lord belongs,
Let music lend her charms,
And symphony* with sweetest songs,
Exalt the God of arms.

2 When man withstood the Lord's command,
No fields with blood were stain'd,
His word the weapon in his hand,
A peaceful conquest gain'd.

3 The heathens saw the gospel shine,
And trembling sinners feard;
With light and energy divine,
His righteousness appear'd.

4 The Lord remembers what he swore,
His word for ever true
Prevades the lands from shore to shore,
And must the world subdue.

5 Sing to his praise with sweetest voice,
His word with gladness hear;
Let every saint in God rejoice,
And every sinner fear.

---

* Symphony, harmony of sounds

6 The roaring sea, the swelling flood,
Aloud his power proclaim;
But saints redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
Should make his praise their aim.

PSALM 98. Part 2. C. M.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world, the heavens declare
The Savior's wond'rous birth;
Let all the saints glad songs prepare,
And join in sacred mirth.

2 Ye heavens begin the lofty strains,
Let men their songs employ,
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 Sing to the Lord, let Greek and Jew
Adore the heavenly scheme;
Your notes be soft, your songs be new,
And Jesus be your theme.

4 Jesus our King is born to day,
All hail the glorious morn!
Awake, my soul, begin the lay,
And sing the Savior born.

5 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

6 He rules the world in truth and love,
The nations taste his grace,
And countless blessings from above,
Descend on Adam's race.

PSALM 99. Part 1. S. M.

The majesty and condescension of Christ.

1 JESUS our Savior reigns,
He sits enthron'd above;

But in his sovereign mercy deigns
To visit man with love.

2 He reigns at God's right-hand,
Thou trembling earth be still,
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to perform his will.

3 O'er Zion too he sways
The scepter of his grace,
And in a thousand gentle ways
Reveals his lovely face.

4 How sacred is his name,
How powerful is his throne,
'Twas by his strength that Christ o'ercame,
And conquer'd death alone.

5 He will maintain his right,
And tread his foes in dust;
Justice and grace are his delight,
His laws are mild and just.

6 O'er all the people rais'd,
His gospel far he sends;
And let his holy name be prais'd
As far as earth extends.

PSALM 99. Part 2. S. M.

Effectual prayer.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And at his footstool bow;
His holy name, his humbl'ing rod,
Deserve our worship now.

2 When Moses meekly pray'd,
When reverend Aaron wept,
He heard their cries when Israel stray'd,
And well his covenant kept.

3 They did his name invoke,
On God they call'd aloud;

He heard them from the hovering smoke,
And answer'd from the cloud.
4 The Lord with piteous look,
Forgave the rebel race;
But oft on Israel vengeance took,
When they despis'd his grace.
5 At Samuel's fervent call,
The clouds o'ercast the sky,
And floods of rain in torrents fall
At his effectual cry.
6 The force of prayer prevails,
As saints increase in faith,
The God of promise never fails
To do whate'er he saith.
7 Exalt the Lord above,
And worship at his feet,
Let all the saints enjoy his love,
And find the promise sweet.

PSALM 100. Part 1. L. M.

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations 'round the world rejoice,
Before the Lord your sovreign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
2 Know that the Lord has power to keep,
Creatures to God can nothing give;
God is the shepherd, saints the sheep,
That on his pasture daily live.
3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
High in his courts your voices raise,
And make it your divine employ,
To sing your great Creator's praise.
4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure,

And all the race of man shall find,
His truth for ever must endure.

PSALM 100. Part 2. L. M.

The solemn concert.

Set music—tune, Denmark.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
2 His breath at first inspir'd our clay,
For man to life could ne'er attain;
And when like sheep we turn'd astray,
He brought us to his fold again.
3 We 'll croud his gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
The tuneful choirs, the cheerful throngs,
Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.
4 Wide as the world is his command,
Vast as immensity his bounds,
Firm as a rock his truth must stand,
When rolling years have run their rounds!

PSALM 101. Part 1. L. M.

The magistrate's psalm.

1 JUDGMENT, O Lord, to thee belongs,
Thy justice shall inspire my songs,
Of mercy too my soul shall sing,
For mercy most delights the King.
2 Call'd by thy voice to bear the sword
To me thy light and truth afford,
O, turn my darkness into day,
Enlighten all my doubtful way.
3 To check the proud, the poor to save,
I wisely would myself behave;
Nor use the sword with random stroke,
That might thine anger, Lord, provoke.

4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life,
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 I 'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth and trust,
The man of soul, the pious mind,
A faithful friend in me shall find.

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise,
By flattering words or faithless lies,
With stern and magisterial frown
I 'll keep aspiring mortals down.

7 The rebel crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all who break the public rest,
Where I have power shall be supprest.

PSALM 101. Part 2. L. M.

A psalm for the master of a family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
To thee, my God, my vows I pay,
O, make me wise, eternal King,
And guide thy servant in thy way.

2 One thing of thee, my God, I crave,
In mercy, Lord, deny me not,
I humbly would myself behave,
And learn contentment with my lot.

3 No wicked thing, no sons of pride,
To mine, or me, shall ever cleave,
I hate the men, who turn aside
And all thy righteous precepts leave.

4 The lying tongue, the froward heart,
My cautious lips shall ne'er applaud,
Oppressors hence, from me depart,
Who deal in force or legal fraud.

5 The men, who humble saints defame,
Shall ne'er abide beneath my roof,
And they, who speak against thy name,
Shall hear me speak to their reproof.

6 I 'll seek the faithful and the just,
And I 'll the virtuous poor employ,
These are the servants whom I 'll trust,
And those the friends whom I 'll enjoy.

7 I 'll purge my family from guilt,
And from my face the wicked drive,
So shall mine house with God be built,
And he shall keep my name alive.

PSALM 102. Part 1. L. M.

The complaint.

1 HEAR me, my God, nor hide thy face,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when humble sinners call.

2 Eternal God, make no delay,
But come in haste and visit earth;
My days like smoke consume away,
My bones are like a burning hearth.

3 I have compar'd my days to grass,
Before the sun in summer spread,
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget my daily bread.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her piteous moan;
So do my tears in silence drop,
So does my soul for sadness groan.

5 My soul is like a dreary wild,
Where raging beasts of midnight howl,
Where lives the pelican exil'd,
And discord haunts the screaming owl.

6 Reproach'd by fools and envious foes
They make my grief their daily scorn,
And while their tongues relate my woes,
They smile to see me thus forlorn.

7 Sense can afford my soul no joy,
For gloomy thoughts and boding fears,
Like ashes make my bread to cloy,
And mingle all my drink with tears.

8 My life is like an evening shade,
Swift as the wind my moments run,
The flowers of youth how soon they fade,
Like withering grass before the sun.

9 But God for ever must endure,
From change and all mutation* free,
His word is truth, his promise sure,
And everlasting his decree.

10 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And oft in unexpected ways,
Redeems the prisoner doom'd to die,
And tunes his heart for cheerful lays.

PSALM 102. Part 2. L. M.

The consolation.

1 IT is the Lord the Savior's hand,
Impairs our strength when life decays,
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;

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* Mutation, alteration.

Death is the hour of man's relief,
And God the hope of every age.

4 'Twas by his word the world was made,
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at God's command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But God our Savior reigns on high,
His throne for ever must abide.

6 When orbs* on orbs are swiftly hurld,
The saints shall live amid the strife;
Survive this vain departing world,
And rise to know diviner life.

PSALM 102. C. M.

Prayer heard and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to show his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord shall raise her growing frame,
And make his grace to 'appear;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 The 'eternal God of heaven looks down,
And from his throne on high,
Beholds the 'oppressor with a frown,
And hears the 'oppressed sigh.

* Orbs, heavenly bodies, planets.

5 He frees the soul condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said "that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known in every age,
And stand on long record;
Children shall read the faithful page,
And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM 103. Part 1. L. M.

Praise to God for temporal and spiritual blessings.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul, and sing
The glories of my sovreign King,
Let all within me join to raise,
A song to his eternal praise.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul, and tell
How God redeem'd the world from hell,
His wond'rous love recall to mind,
And ne'er forget a friend so kind.

3 'Twas God, my soul, who sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
'Tis God, who breath and being gives,
And by his grace the sinner lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
Relieves our pains, our pardon seals,
Redeems our soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our health decay'd his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our hoary hairs;
Our youth renew'd, like eagles, oft
We stretch our wings and soar aloft.

6 In heaven our choicest treasure lies,
On earth he grants us large supplies;
He gives us much in hand, but more
He well reserves in heavenly store.

7 He sees the 'oppressor and the 'opprest,
And often gives the sufferer rest,
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

8 His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Jacob his commands;
But sent his Son among the Jews,
To preach the gospel's joyful news.

9 Let all the saints as one agree,
To 'adore the grace that sets us free,
And Jew and Gentile join to bless
The Lord our strength and righteousness.

PSALM 103. Part 2. L. M.

Fatherly correction.

1 THE Lord our God in anger slow,
Delights to bless his sons below,
In plenteous mercy free and swift,
His hands bestow the heavenly gift.

2 Our Father will not always chide,
Nor can his anger long abide;
Our sins his fiercest wrath provoke,
But God corrects with mildest stroke.

3 The heavens not half so high are spread
Above the ground on which we tread,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest thoughts we raise.

4 Far as the west and east extend,
Thro boundless space, nor meet, nor end,
So far from us our God removes
The sins for which his rod reproves.

5 Like as a Father kind and mild,
Corrects his disobedient child,
The offender weeps beneath the smart,
And moves the goodness of his heart.

6 So when the God of love begins,
To smite his saints for venial* sins,
His gentle stroke is scarcely felt,
Before his tender bowels melt.

7 His awful wrath is slow to rise,
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he let his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn.

8 Tho God employ his rod at times,
He yet forgives us all our crimes;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

PSALM 103. Part 3. L. M.

The compassion and sovreignty of God.

1 THE almighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose,
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

2 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted with every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon
As morning flowers that fade by noon.

3 If but a breath pass whispering o'er,
Our place shall know us hence no more;
As leaves in autumn fall away,
So do the powers of man decay.

4 But God's unchanging love is sure
To saints, and always must endure;
His word of truth shall long remain,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

5 The Lord in heaven prepares his throne,
O'er heaven and earth he reigns alone;

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* Venial, pardonable.

But such as keep his law in mind,
Shall in their King a Savior find.

6 Bless ye the Lord, ye holy band,
Who dwell in heaven and near him stand;
Or list'ning to his voice, who fly
To bear his mandates thro the sky.

7 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts,
Ye ministers attend your posts,
His sovreign word with joy fulfill,
And count it heaven to do his will.

8 Bless ye the Lord, ye saints below,
Let all his works his glory show,
He lives and reigns above control,
O, bless Jehovah, thou my soul.

PSALM 103. Part 1. S. M.

Common and special mercies.

1 TO bless the sacred Three,
Who reigns in heaven above,
Let all mine active powers agree,
And every thought be love.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul,
And own the Savior kind;
Why should the powers of sense control
The pleasures of the mind.

3 'Tis God thy pardon seals,
'Tis God relieves thy pain,
When sick, 'tis God who nature heals,
And makes thee young again.

4 As eagles stretch their wings,
As if they younger grew,
So God recruits thy vital springs,
And does thy youth renew.

5 My soul, he makes thee well,
When ransom'd from the grave;

He who redeem'd thee first from hell
Hath sovreign power to save.

6 With fire he fills his cloud,
The heavens begin to lower,
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And earth shall know his power.

7 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But greater works in later days
He hath by Jesus shown.

PSALM 103. Part 2. S. M.

Merciful afflictions.

1 THE Lord in anger slow,
Delights to save our race,
'Tis from his hand our blessings flow,
And heaven is in his face.

2 Our Father seldom chides,
And when his strokes are felt,
His anger never long abides,
His bowels quickly melt.

3 Should God with sinners deal,
As justice might require,
We must his dreadful vengeance feel,
And dwell with endless fire.

4 But, O, his matchless love,
As much transcends us all,
As heaven itself is rais'd above
This low terrestrial ball!

5 Far as the distant west
Is from the morning ray,
So far (his holy name be blest)
He takes our guilt away.

6 As when a son provokes,
The father sternly meek,

Reclaims the child with gentle strokes,
And tears on either cheek.

7 So God corrects the just,
To make them fear his name,
He well remembers man is dust,
He knows our feeble frame.

8 Our days are as a mist,
That quickly disappears;
But God for ever must exist,
Eternal are his years.

9 His uncreated mind
Shall long as heaven endure,
And children's children ever find
His word of promise sure.

PSALM 103. Part 1. S. M.

The universal King.

1 THE God of life and love,
In heaven has fixt his throne;
He reigns o'er all the worlds above,
O'er heaven and earth alone.

2 Ye cherubs great in might,
Before Jehovah fall;
Ye flaming ministers of light,
Adore the Lord of all.

3 O, bless his holy name,
And all his ways admire,
He makes his ministers a flame,
And all his angels fire.

4 O, bless him, all ye hosts,
Who do his sovreign will,
Who wait obedient at your posts,
And every word fulfill.

5 At his commands you fly,
Swift as the lightning darts,

And bear his orders thro the sky,
With joy to distant parts.

6 When at his sacred feet,
The saints with reverence bow,
Unheard, unseen with them you meet,
And witness every vow.

7 While all who love your King,
In concert join with you,
And man's redemption sweetly sing,
My soul shall praise him too.

PSALM 104. L. M.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator bless,
When cloth'd in his celestial dress,
He like a garment puts on light,
And heaven is darkness in his sight.

2 High as the shining orbs above,
He builds the chambers of his love;
But in his wisdom lays their beams,
Low as the sea's profoundest streams.

3 His hand the nightly curtain spreads,
With spangling stars above our heads,
Our eyes those glittering gems behold,
His rich embroidery shines in gold.

4 Clouds are his chariots when he flies,
On winged storms across the skies,
The rushing tempests fall behind,
Too slow to bear his swifter mind.

5 His breath the heavenly hosts inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires,
And swift as thought their armies fly,
To bear his orders thro the sky.

6 The planets fashion'd by his hand,
Are pois'd and move at his command,

Propell'd* by God how true they run,
And keep their orbits† round the sun!

7 His hand in perfect safety guides
The rolling earth and flowing tides;
He binds the deep as with a chain,
Lest it should drown the world again.

8 When cloth'd as with a shining robe,
The waters overwhelm'd the globe,
At his rebuke the billows fled,
Confin'd to their appointed bed.

9 At God's command the purling brook,
Meanders‡ on with pleasing crook;
The riv'let knows its hilly source,
And laves the vallies in its course.

10 On trees that shade the wat'ry brink,
The cheerful birds alight for drink;
To God the birds their voices raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE FIRST.

11 The Lord his cloudy cistern fills,
And sprinkling drops enrich the hills;
His rain the parched ground recruits,
And earth is loaded with his fruits.

12 He makes the grassy food to 'arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies,
Abundant corn the vallies yield,
And plenty smiles in every field.

13 But man o'er all the creatures blest,
Is nourish'd far above the rest,
To him the God of nature grants,
A thousand herbs, a thousand plants.

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* To propell, to drive forward, projectile force.

† Orbit, circular course.

‡ To meander, to flow in different directions as a river.

14 His olives yield a pleasing juice,
The presses flow in every sluice,
And mortals on their tables meet
A change of flavors, rich, and sweet.

15 With oil he makes our faces shine,
He cheers our hearts with generous wine;
But life's supporter, nature's staff,
Is winnow'd first from useless chaff.

16 The 'eternal God, in whom we live,
Is free to grant and rich to give,
Both heaven and earth must fail before
We drain the fulness of his store.

17 From God unnumber'd blessings flow,
Bread, wine, and oil, his hands bestow;
While we receive what God imparts,
May daily praise inspire our hearts.

PAUSE SECOND.

18 Thy trees, O God, with sap abound,
And spread their branches far around;
Above the rest the cedar stands,
Well planted by thy skillful hands.

19 Pleas'd with their shade the birds of air
For shelter to their boughs repair,
'Tis there the storks their young ones stir,
And build their nests among the fir.

20 To craggy hills the goats ascend,
And where the sloping mountains end
The feeble cony makes his cell,
Endu'd with wisdom where to dwell.

21 'Tis God, who sets the sun his race,
Who bids the moon to change her face;
He calls for darkness, and 'tis night,
His stars afford a glimmering light.

22 The lion bold, and hungry whelp,
Go forth, and cry to God for help,

In vain their strength to get their prey,
Unless the Lord their food convey.

23 At day the lion seeks his den,
To shun the feeble sons of men,
Who rising soon to work apply,
'Till evening veils the western sky.

24 Evening, sweet truce* from toil and pain,
Restores with sleep the wearied brain,
Till death, sweet sleep, of greater use,
Afford to men a longer truce.

25 Eternal God, thy power and skill,
Does every land with wonder fill;
Thy wisdom thro the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

PAUSE THIRD.

26 Thy wonders, Lord, are in the deep,
Where fish by millions swim or creep,
With varying motions swift or slow,
Traversing all the paths below.

27 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
There flocks of scaly monsters play,
And there Leviathan resides,
Who fearless sports amid the tides.

28 In every want, in every strait,
On God the race of creatures wait,
What different ways each one pursues,
But all in turn receive their dues.

29 Where is the king could half supply,
The race of earth, or sea, or sky,
Yet God provides, and at his will
The hungry nations eat their fill.

30 But if he hide his heavenly face,
'Tis dire destruction to the race,

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* Truce, short repose, temporary rest.

Like rising fogs, or scattering fumes,
Their breath departs, their strength consumes.
31 Yet God can breathe on dust again,
And renovate* his millions slain;
A word of all-creating breath,
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

32 The Lord delights in all his ways,
For each his glorious name displays;
The Lord has power to kill or cure,
But his eternal life is sure.

33 This earth stands trembling at his stroke,
And at his touch the mountains smoke;
But humble souls by faith draw near,
And serve the Lord with filial† fear.

34 In God my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet,
His praise shall well my breath employ,
'Till life expire in endless joy.

35 Let impious sinners die accurst,
And all their schemes like bubbles burst;
But I 'll to God, my sovreign King,
Immortal alleluas sing.

PSALM 105. C. M.

Israel brought out of Egypt.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
His works of wonder sing,
Sound thro the world his deeds of fame,
And triumph in your King.

2 O, may his love inspire us all
To seek a faithful Lord,
While we to mind his grace recall,
And all his truth record.

* To renovate, to make new, to restore to life.
† Filial, child like.

3 His covenant which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

4 Thus said the Lord, I have decreed,
By promise thus exprest,
"In faithful Abraham, and his seed,
The nations shall be blest.

5 I 'll give his children land by lot,
And make his sons mine heirs,
Canaan that rich and fertile spot,
Shall be for ever theirs."

6 How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A small and feeble band.

7 Enrich'd with gold, with favor crown'd,
From Egypt they remov'd,
And kings, that on his people frown'd,
The Almighty thus reprov'd.

8 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
Shall soon avenge the wrong,
The man who does my prophets harm
Shall know their God is strong."

9 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor fire and sword prepare;
The church must live in this our age,
And be the 'Almighty's care.

PAUSE FIRST.

10 The 'Almighty call'd, and dreadful dearth
His hungry conquest spread,
In all the realms of famish'd earth
He broke the staff of bread.

11 Canaan, the land where Jacob dwelt,
That rich and fertile ground,

The famine most severely felt,
Nor Israel comfort found.
12 The Lord before him sent a man,
To Pharaoh Joseph came,
And ere the dreadful dearth began,
All Egypt knew his fame.
13 His feet were bound by tyrant law,
He felt the 'oppressor's frown;
But God the virtuous sufferer saw,
And rais'd him near the crown.
14 The ruling sovreign set him free,
And grac'd with robe and ring,
The suppliant people bow the knee,
And hail him next the king.
15 In Joseph, Pharaoh took delight,
Nor could a wiser find,
To teach his senators aright,
And all his princes bind.
16 The church was fed by Joseph's hand,
'Till at the king's request,
Israel sojourn'd in Egypt's land,
And God his people blest.
17 How strange thy way, O God, appears,
What light from darkness springs!
The way that first excites our fears,
At last our comfort brings.
18 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor fire and sword prepare,
The church must live in this our age,
And be the 'Almighty's care.

PAUSE SECOND.

19 When Pharaoh dar'd to slay the saints
And vex the sons of God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

20 He call'd for darkness, and 'twas night
Where all the 'Egyptians dwelt;
Twas darkness visible as light!
'Twas darkness might be felt!

21 Again he 'invok'd the Lord supreme,
He smote the 'Egyptian flood,
And turn'd each lake and every stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.

22 He gave the sign, and noxious flies
O'er all the country spread;
And frogs in baleful armies rise
About the monarch's bed.

23 To heaven he rais'd his awful hand,
And gave them hail for rain,
The flaming fire consum'd the land
And burn'd the rising grain.

24 He spake, and, lo! tremendous hosts
Advance with warlike sound,
Locusts in swarms invade their coasts,
And spread destruction round.

25 At last, by Moses' fervent cry,
The great destroyer flew,
And passing Israel swiftly by,
The Egyptian first-born slew.

26 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor fire and sword prepare;
The church must live in this our age
And be the 'Almighty's care.

PAUSE THIRD.

27 The captive tribes from Egypt led,
Forsook the hated ground;
Rich with oppressor's gold they fled,
Nor was one feeble found.

28 The sons of Ham rejoic'd to see
The 'opprest by night depart,

With hasty fear they set them free,
But with a treacherous heart.

29 Jehovah chose their devious way,
And mark'd their journeying right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

30 With heavenly bread, and plenteous quails,
He fed the murmuring brood;
The God of promise never fails
To give his people food.

31 They thirst, and waters from the rock,
Their wond'rous course began,
And following far the wand'ring flock,
Thro the dry desert ran.

32 O blessed type! O glorious flood,
Resembling heavenly grace!
So Christ redeems us with his blood,
And saves our dying race.

33 Thus guarded by the 'Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possest
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

34 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor fire and sword prepare,
The church must live in this our age,
And be the 'Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. Part 1. L. M.

Praise to God for national blessings.

1 TO God the great and ever blest,
Immortal songs be now addrest,
His mercy firm for ever stands,
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Great is the Lord, but man is weak,
What tongue can half his greatness speak?

Or who his voice to heaven can raise,
And utter all his glorious praise?
3 Yet, gracious God, 'tis joy sublime
In cheerful songs to spend our time,
'Tis heaven on earth to praise and pray,
In this our poor imperfect way.
4 Ye saints, your noblest powers exert,
(My waking soul is all alert)
Strike every note, strain every nerve,
'Tis heaven's eternal King you serve.
5 O for a visit from our King,
To make the tongues of millions sing,
When all the saints shall join as one,
To tell the wonders God has done.
6 Eternal King of heaven, look down,
Our favor'd land with glory crown;
Let every soul give thanks to thee,
For thou hast set thy people free.
7 I long to see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumph with my voice;
My soul shall join the joyful tribe,
And endless praise to God ascribe.

PSALM 106. Part 2. L. M.

The inconstancy of Israel.

1 ALAS! how fickle is our race,
How prone to 'abuse the richest grace;
If God in love delay to smite,
How proudly men his love requite.
2 Israel of old his wonders saw,
But trampled on his sovreign law,
They soon forgot the great I AM,
Who brought them from the land of Ham.
3 Now they descend like frighted sheep,
And safely cross the wat'ry deep;

Now they forget the former strait,
Nor will for God's salvation wait.

4 At Sina's awful foot they bow,
And swear to God allegiance now;
Anon they make the golden calf,
And vainly swear in its behalf.

5 Proud and impatient of restraints
Their murmuring souls indulge complaints;
For when they find their ways beset,
The captious* tribes at Moses fret.

6 Great God, our guilty race are prone,
To slight thy love, to shun thy throne;
Sinners at offer'd grace demur,†
And thus thy dreadful wrath incur.

PSALM 106. S. M.

God's love unchangeable.

1 THE God of boundless grace,
Is constant in his way;
And yet, alas, our feeble race,
Is ever prone to stray!

2 Israel his wonders saw,
And triumph'd in their God;
But soon forgot his holy law,
And on the Savior trod.

3 Now they his word believe,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts his spirit grieve,
And God reduc'd them low.

4 He gave them their request,
Nor would a wish control;
But while the mortal part he blest,
A leanness smote the soul.

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* Captious, fault finding, given to cavils.
† To demur, to raise objections, to pause in uncertainty.

5 The Lord his power display'd,
But when his vengeance burn'd,
Phinehas the sword of justice stay'd,
And mercy soon return'd.

6 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

7 The Lord our wand'ring sees,
Nor bids his wrath to 'wake,
He pardons sinners on their knees,
For their Redeemer's sake.

8 Let every scribe and pen
His wond'rous grace record;
Let all the people say amen,
Praise ye the faithful Lord.

PSALM 107. Part 1. L. M.

Israel led to Canaan and Christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His goodness ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Say, O ye saints, from bondage freed,
'Twas God who sav'd our chosen seed;
Let Israel's ransom'd tribes agree,
To praise the Lord, who set them free.

3 When God's own arm their fetters broke,
And brought them from the 'Egyptian yoke,
To Sina's wilderness they haste,
Traversing all the dreary waste.

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for their fixt abode;
The fainting tribes for hunger fail'd,
And thirst amid the camp prevail'd.

5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
He heard their groans, their wants supply'd;
He led their wand'ring march around,
And brought them safe to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus when our first release we gain,
From sin's old yoke and satan's chain,
We have this desert world to trace,
A dangerous road, a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He saves us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

8 O may the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
Let every tongue and every pen,
Declare his love to sinful men.

PSALM 107. Part 2. L. M.

Confession of sin and release by prayer.

1 GOD and his grace remain the same,
Ye nations praise his sacred name;
He satifies the longing mind,
And praying saints pronounce him kind.

2 To such as sit in glooming shades,
Where darkness reigns and death invades,
He mitigates their raging pain,
And breaks affliction's iron chain.

3 Great is the peace they find within,
But if they turn again to sin,
If they from God their life withdraw,
And slight his counsels, break his law.

4 Again he brings them to the ground,
And no deliverer can be found;
Laden with grief, they spend their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

5 Then to the Lord again they cry,
Again he clears their stormy sky,
And scatters all the clouds that spread,
And look'd so dreadful overhead.

6 He cuts in twain the bars of brass,
And thro them lets the prisoner pass,
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the laboring soul relief.

7 O may the saints with joy record,
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
Let every tongue, and every pen,
Declare his love to sinful men.

PSALM 107. Part 3. L. M.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

1 VAIN man, beset with sinful snares,
For pain and punishment prepares,
The pleasing baits of sense entice
His thoughtless soul in paths of vice.

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
" I must reform my life he thinks,"
And yet the fool goes on and drinks.

3 The glutton groans and loaths to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
To sate his lust he life destroys,
Digestion fails, and nature cloys.

4 The 'intemperate die by swift degrees,
They drink down life to taste the lees;
Old age comes on in sickening prime,
And death appears before his time.

5 To God the affrighted sinners fly,
And seek his aid with earnest cry;
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves their souls from instant death.

6 No med'cine could affect the cure,
So quick, so easy, or so sure,
Forgiving love the intemperate find
The best elixir* for the mind.

7 The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovreign word and heals,
Inspires the soul with new desires,
Nature revives and death retires.

8 O, may repenting souls record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord;
Let every tongue, let every pen,
Declare his love to sinful men.

PSALM 107. Part 4. L. M.

Deliverance from shipwreck.

1 THE sons of commerce, brave and bold,
Thy works, almighty God, behold,
Thy wond'rous love in storms they see,
And send their fervent cries to thee.

2 Far from their friends and native land,
The floods arise at thy command,
To heaven they soar with every swell,
And plunge again to deeps of hell.

3 What deaths, what agonies are felt,
Their hardy souls with trouble melt,
Like drunken men, where'er they go,
They reel and stagger to and fro.

4 Afar from land, but near the sky,
And lost to hope, to God they cry,
He hears the sinners' loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The stormy winds forbear their rage;

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* Elixir, a strongly infused medicine.

The joyful crew abandon fear,
And hail the welcome haven near.

6 O may the seaman's song record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord;
Let every tongue, let every pen,
Declare his love to sinful men.

PSALM 107. C. M.

The mariner's psalm.

1 COME ye, who trade in floating ships,
And seas and tempests dare;
Come, praise Jehovah with your lips,
And all his works declare.

2 At his command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Again they ride the swelling surge,
And plunge in deeps again,
Their constant way thro dangers urge,
Or shift their course in vain.

4 What fears, what agonies are felt,
To move the sons of steel,
Their hearts with inward trouble melt,
And they like drunkards reel.

5 Amaz'd to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.

6 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request,
And ordering silence thro the skies,
He lays the floods to rest.

7 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And breathe a milder air;

Now to their eyes the port appears,
And all around is fair.

8 'Tis God, who brings them safe to land,
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

9 O praise Jehovah in your psalm,
And all his love record;
'Tis God, who does the tempest calm,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 107. Last part. L. M.

Nations blest and punished.

1 WHEN God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns the fields to barren sands,
And drives the rivers from the lands.

2 His word both peace and plenty brings,
At his command the season springs;
And when the barren earth grows dry,
He sends a blessing from the sky.

3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
To deserts wild his saints withdraw
To shun the power of tyrant law.

4 The forest grows a fruitful field,
The stubborn oaks before them yield,
The soil improv'd they plant and sow,
And God in goodness makes it grow.

5 Thus are they blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invade their lands,
Their princes die by barbarous hands.

6 Their captive sons expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn;

They live opprest with numerous woes,
Or fall the victims of their foes.

7 But if the nation prest with fears,
To God confess their sins with tears,
The Lord again becomes their Rock,
And gives them children like a flock.

8 The righteous with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God whom saints adore.

9 How few with pious care record,
The wond'rous dealings of the Lord;
But wise observers ever find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM 108. Part 1. C. M.

A song of praise.

1 MINE heart is fixt, eternal King,
To thee my voice I raise,
To thee will I give thanks and sing,
Triumphing in thy praise.

2 Among the people of thy care,
And thro the nations round,
Glad songs for thee will I prepare,
The hills shall praise resound.

3 Awake, mine harp, begin to play,
Let music stir the muse;
Awake, my soul, without delay,
And some sweet anthem chuse.

4 Exalt thy throne, eternal God,
High o'er this heavenly frame;
Let nations tremble at thy nod,
And sinners fear thy name.

5 Above the clouds, o'er every star,
Thy power and glory reach;

Who dares to call thee to his bar,
Or who thy truth to 'impeach.*

6 But God will hear our humble call,
And save with his right hand;
Tho tottering worlds and empires fall,
Yet Zion long must stand.

PSALM 108. Part 2. C. M.

God rules over all.

1 THE Lord hath sworn with solemn voice,
" I scorn the sons of pride,
I will o'er all my foes rejoice,
And I 'll the prey divide.

2 I rule o'er all by right divine,
To God the power belongs;
I call my saints for ever mine,
And I 'll avenge their wrongs.

3 The strong shall know the almighty God,
For I defend the weak,
I use the 'oppressor as my rod,
And then the rod I break.

4 My wrath shall strike the guilty thro,
And give the weary rest,
The world shall know what God can do
To make the nations blest.

5 But who shall first conflict with power,
And break the galling chains?
Who but the Lord can storm the tower,
Where vile oppression reigns?

6 Come, Jesus, lead the conquering van,
On haughty tyrants tread;
Come and defend the rights of man,
And far thy conquest spread!

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* To impeach, to accuse.

7 Exalted Savior, now appear,
The saints thine aid implore;
O give us help for death is near,
And man can help no more.

8 Thou wilt inspire us for the storm,
With valor's purest flame,
And we shall wond'rous feats perform,
In thy tremendous name.

PSALM 109. C. M.

Slander and treason complained of.

1 HOLD not thy peace, O God my praise,
But put my foes to shame;
Behold what slanders sinners raise
Against mine injur'd name.

2 The restless tongue with envious strife,
And deep invention tries,
To blast my name, destroy my life,
And fill the world with lies.

3 They for my love have hatred shown,
For good have ill repaid;
But I 'll to God my cause make known,
And seek his powerful aid.

4 The sons of treason near me stand,
To watch mine overthrow;
While Satan guides the secret hand,
And aims the deadly blow.

5 But God shall cut the wicked off
In some decisive hour;
The men, who make his name a scoff,
His vengeance must devour.

6 As fools in cursing take delight,
Nor are to blessing given,
So shall they perish from his sight,
To death and darkness driven.

7 The poor in God shall find a friend,
He saves the humble souls;
In vain their powerful foes contend,
For God their rage controls.
8 Now will I join the joyful throngs
That triumph o'er the proud;
I 'll bless my Savior in my songs,
And sing his praise aloud.

PSALM 109. L. M.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ.

1 JEHOVAH loves our sinful race,
His love in Christ shall be my theme,
For thousands spurn his offer'd grace,
And daring infidels blaspheme.
2 When in the form of mortal man,
Jesus to save us sinners came,
Slander in torrents o'er him ran,
And lies defil'd his sacred name.
3 With words of hatred, not applause,
The sons of earth beset him 'round,
Became his foes without a cause,
But Christ in fervent prayer was found.
4 'Twas pity brought him from above,
But when in sinners' place he stood,
They show'd him enmity for love,
And render'd evil for his good.
5 They nail'd him to the 'accursed tree,
But when his murderers pierc'd him thro,
" Forgive them, O my God, said he,
' Father, they know not what they do."
6 Lord, shall thy bright example shine,
Like heavenly light before the blind;
O for a soul akin to thine,
To friends and foes divinely kind.

7 Now I mine envious foes forgive,
From me let malice far be driven;
So shall my soul for ever live,
And know her numerous sins forgiven.

PSALM 110. Part 1. L. M.

Christ exalted and sinners converted.

1 JEHOVAH thus addrest my Lord,
" At my right hand come take thy seat,
'Till all thy foes accurst, abhorr'd,
Became a footstool at thy feet.

2 The rod of strength from Zion goes,
The word of truth that mercy sends,
Rule thou, my Son, amid thy foes,
Convert thine enemies to friends.

3 'Tis thine to give the power to will,
Thy spirit forms the soul anew,
And grace descends from Zion's hill
Soft as the drops of morning dew.

4 Yes, I have sworn nor can repent,
A priest for ever thou shalt be,
As in thine order once I sent,
Melchisedeck the type of thee.

5 Great is thy power, almighty God,
Then what can feeble rebels do;
The kings, who dare thy dreadful rod,
Shall feel thy vengeance strike them thro.

6 The sword that from thy mouth proceeds,
Shall fill the world with millions slain;
Victorious in triumphant deeds,
Thousands of thousands fill thy train.

7 As conquerers stoop to drink the stream,
And then pursue their glorious way;

So thou beneath the sultry gleam*
Shalt in the brook thy thirst allay."

PSALM 110. Part 2. L. M.

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

1 THE 'eternal Father gave command,
And thus to God the Son he swore;
"Thy priesthood shall for ever stand,
And change from hand to hand no more.

2 Aaron, and all his sons must die,
But everlasting life is thine,
To save for ever those, who fly
For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 Melchisedeck was made by me
An holy priest and monarch both;
And in his order thou shalt be
A King and Priest by solemn oath."

4 Jesus our King ascends his throne,
The word of power from Zion goes!
Jesus our Priest has blood alone,
Effectual to subdue his foes.

5 His hand shall strike proud monarchs thro,
Who dare against the Lord to rise,
Then what can feeble sinners do,
Who God's almighty Son despise.

6 The heads o'er many countries plac'd,
Expire beneath the fatal wound,
Dethron'd, unburied, and disgrac'd,
Their lifeless bodies strew the ground.

7 To do what Jesus undertook,
Not thirst can long detain the Son,
He stoops to drink the purling brook,
But stops not till the cause is won.

* Gleam, sudden luster, dazel of arms.

PSALM 110. Part 3. L. M.

The conversion of the Gentiles.

1 THUS God the 'eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son; ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Repenting foes to thee submit.

2 From Zion shall thy word proceed,
Thy word the scepter in thine hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

4 That day shall show thy royal state,
When sinners feel the power of grace,
And thousands croud thy temple gate
To see the beauties of thy face.

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
When God creates our souls anew,
And converts, who his grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

5 Dear Savior, let thy power and truth
Convert our souls, subdue our sins,
Till from the morning of thy youth,
The brighter day of heaven begins.

PSALM 110. C. M.

The success of the gospel.

1 JESUS our King, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
From Zion shall thy power be known,
And stubborn foes submit.

2 What tho thy followers now be few,
Thy saints shall yet surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
Or countless spires of grass.

3 The Lord hath sworn with lifted hand,
Nor changes what he swore;

"Thy priesthood shall for ever stand,
When Aaron's is no more.

4 Melchizedeck was made by me
A king by solemn oath;
And in his order thou shalt be
A Priest and Monarch both."

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare to 'oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. Part 1. C. M.

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To God the 'etĕrnal King,
Join, O my soul, the 'assembled throng,
And thy Creator sing.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 Creation shows his skillful hand,
The stars around us shine;
How fast the works of nature stand,
And prove his power divine.

4 But when his love our race redeem'd,
And sav'd the world from hell,
The God of grace in wisdom seem'd
His works of power to 'excell!

5 Nature and time and earth and skies,
His heavenly skill proclaim;

What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read his name.

6 To fear his power, to trust his grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he 's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys his will.

PSALM 111. Part 2. C. M.

The perfections of God.

1 HARMONIOUS let us all unite,
And join the choirs above;
The wond'rous works of God invite
To sing redeeming love.

2 Ye saints, proclaim what God has done,
And spread abroad his praise;
Lift up your hearts to heaven as one,
And high your voices raise.

3 The Lord has made his mercy known,
And well preform'd his grace,
He has in Christ to millions shown,
How much he loves our race.

4 His Son the great Redeemer came,
To seal his covenant sure,
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

5 How glorious all his works appear,
He sends his spirit now,
To fill our hearts with holy fear,
Our wills to sweetly bow.

6 They who would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

PSALM 112. As the 113th.

The blessings of the liberal man.

1 BLEST is the man, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his holy law,
His name on earth shall be renown'd;
His house shall be the seat of wealth,
With virtuous peace and ruddy health,
His nu'merous offspring shall be crown'd.

2 His goodness far abroad extends,
To some he gives, to some he lends,
A generous pity fills his mind;
But giving ne'er his wealth impairs,
Discretion guides his whole affairs,
To make him just as well as kind.

3 Known to posterity his alms
With fragrant scent his name embalms,
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Shall flourish like a sprouting root,
The virtuous sprouts that from him shoot,
Shall grow by his immortal dust.

4 When God the guilty world reproves,
And earth from its foundation moves,
His stedfast heart is not afraid;
No dismal tidings can surprise
The man, whose faith on God relies,
Secure in his protecting aid.

5 " This is the man (the poor shall say)
Who did our miseries oft allay,
His righteousness shall long remain;"
With honor God exalts his horn,
The proud behold with silent scorn,
Or speak against his name in vain.

6 With gnashing teeth the wicked see
The man, who sets the nations free,

And gladly would his power control;
Far as the force of truth is felt
He makes the cold affections melt,
Touch'd with the fire that warms his soul.

PSALM 112. L. M.

Liberality rewarded.

1 THRICE happy man, divinely just,
Who makes the Lord his fear and trust,
Who keeps the law with great delight,
And trembles in his Maker's sight.

2 Compassion dwells within his mind,
To works of mercy much inclin'd,
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.

3 What'er he gives the sons of need,
Shall fall in blessings on his seed,
The God of heaven shall well repay
That bread so nobly cast away.

4 When times grow dark and tidings spread
That fill his neighbors 'round with dread,
He views impending danger nigh,
Rejoicing in the Lord most high.

5 His heart is fixt, his eyes shall see
His children blest, his country free,
His name in long remembrance had,
Shall make the hearts of thousands glad.

6 In vain the proud his way beset,
And at his rising greatness fret,
His name on earth shall long remain,
And envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALM 112 C. M.

Compassion to the poor.

1 THRICE happy man, whose word becalms
The storms of human grief;

Unask'd the poor receive his alms,
Nor wait the slow relief.
2 When plung'd in waves and toss'd with storms
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world what grace performs,
To prove that grace divine.
3 As pity dwells within his breast,
To help the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.
4 No dismal tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
5 His works of patience, faith and love,
The wond'ring world revere,
Eternal joys are his above,
And fame his portion here.

PSALM 113. Proper tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

1 COME ye, who love to serve the Lord,
The honors of his name record,
Let every sea, let every shore,
Whene'er the circling sun displays,
His rising beams or setting rays,
His goodness and his grace adore.
2 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds,
The heavens are far below our God;
Let no created greatness try
With his eternal power to vie,
Arm'd with his all-destroying rod.
3 High o'er the heavens Jehovah reigns,
But in surprizing goodness deigns

To bless the heavenly hosts above;
But more he bows his glorious head,
To view the ground on which we tread,
And cast on man the look of love.

4 It is thy power, O God of grace,
Sustains our lives, prolongs our race,
And keeps alive the heavenly fire;
Shouldst thou withhold thy living breath,
The world would sink in instant death,
And all the race of man expire.

5 The Lord directs terrestrial things,
'Tis from his word existence springs,
Promotion is his gift alone;
He makes the 'oppressed nation free,
Exalts the man of low degree,
And sets a shepherd on the throne.

6 The barren in his love rejoice,
When Hannah like with suppliant voice,
The praying childless saint complains;
The mother tells what God has done,
And smiling thanks him for her son;
Praise ye the Lord in lofty strains.

PSALM 113. Part 1. L. M.

God sovreign and gracious.

1 YE servants of the 'almighty King,
In every land his praises sing;
Let every creature bless his name,
That sees the sun or feels his flame.

2 In God a thousand glories meet,
The stars are far beneath his feet;
But unconfin'd by time and place,
He dwells in uncreated space,

3 Enthron'd in pure etherial light,
The heavens are darkness in his sight,

On him astonish'd angels gaze,
And shine and dazle in his blaze.

4 His darkest spot by far outvies,
The brightest seraph of the skies,
Angels before the Lord grow dim,
Then where 's the man that equals him?

5 How wond'rous are his acts of love,
He stoops to view the things above!
And condescends yet more to know,
The mean affairs of men below!

6 His sovreign hand exalts the just,
He takes the needy from the dust,
And doth the 'obscure to glory raise,
Bless ye the Lord in songs of praise.

PSALM 113. Part 2. L. M.

Marriage.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, his living breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death,
His spirit doth our race restore,
Or man would cease and be no more.

2 'Twas at his word the world began,
He breath'd and form'd a living man,
Imprest his image on his mind,
And made him parent of his kind.

3 'Tis the same God of power and grace,
Who yet preserves our dying race,
And his almighty breath employs,
To new create what death destroys.

4 A thousand links, a thousand chains,
Of different species, God sustains,
He holds creation link to link,
Nor lets the chain of being sink.

5 The barren smile, and saints rejoice
To hear his all-creating voice,

Tho Sarah ninety years be past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

6 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done;
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
If nature fail, the promise bears.

7 Ye saints, adore the Father's name,
Burn in his love, and blow the flame,
Let virtuous ardor fire your love,
Praise ye the Lord, who reigns above.

PSALM 114. L. M.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

1 WHEN Israel first from Egypt fled,
And God their wond'rous marches led,
They left a land by tongue estrang'd,
And thro the world like pilgrims rang'd.

2 Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way,
Thy streams, O Jordan, turn'd their course,
And backward ran to meet thy source.

3 Like rams the mountains skip for fear,
Like frighted lambs the hills appear;
Horeb and Sinai trembling stand,
Conscious of sovreign power at hand.

4 What power could make the sea divide,
Make Jordan backwark roll his tide?
O sèa, declare what ail'd the deep?
Why did the mountains skip like sheep?

5 Let every mountain, every wave,
Retire, and know that God can save;
Let trembling earth his power adore,
And dare to oppress the saints no more.

6 Behold he smites the flinty rock,
The hardest stone preceives the shock,

Nature obeys her sovreign King,
And rocks with living fountains spring.

PSALM 115 First meter.

The true God our refuge.

1 'TIS not to man that praise is due,
'Tis not to man our songs we raise,
O Lord, thou wise, thou just, and true,
Thy name alone deserves our praise.
2 Thy powerful name on earth display,
Defend thy saints from every wrong,
Why should insulting heathens say,
"Ah, where 's the God you serv'd so long!"
3 God, whom we serve, let atheists know,
Has power to save, and power to kill,
Ye worlds above, and worlds below,
With awe profound obey his will.
4 But the dumb idols fools adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
In vain such idols fools implore,
Their gods can do their souls no good.
5 In human form they carve them well,
And give them feet that cannot walk,
The nose was never made to smell,
Nor was the tongue design'd to talk.
6 The makers, and the gods are blind,
And none but fools in idols trust;
Their faith betrays a sordid* mind,
Who look for help from glittering dust.
7 Israel, come make the Lord thine hope,
Trust in thine helper and thy shield;
What power can with Jehovah cope,*
Or drive the thunderer from the field!
8 The heavenly world to God belongs,
But earth below to man he gave,

* To cope, to contend.

† Sordid, mean, base.

O, crown him King in all your songs,
And tell the world his power to save.

9 The dead no more can praise the Lord,
But awful silence reigns around,
Then while we live let every chord,
In sweetest notes his praise resound.

PSALM 115. Second meter, as the new 50th.

Idolatry reproved.

1 'TIS not to man, O God, thou just and true,
'Tis not to sinful man that praise is due,
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honors to thy sovreign name,
Shine thro the clouds and show thy thundering rod,
Why should the heathen ask us "where is God?"

2 Heaven is thy throne, let rebel sinners know,
What God decrees is done on earth below,
His piercing eyes both heaven and earth pervade,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made,
The kneeling croud with looks devout behold,
Their silver saviors and their saints of gold.

3 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither sees nor hears,
Fixt on his feet the lifeless idol stands,
Nor stirs his feet, nor lifts his useless hands;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints,
To hanging pictures, or to standing saints.

4 Be heaven and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to find,
Which of the twain is most profoundly blind,
The wooden god, or man, who thinks it sees
And trusts a savior form'd of fallen trees,

To make a god he lifts the cunning tool,
But in his wisdom proves himself a fool.

5 Israel, come make the living God thine hope,
No power can with the 'almighty Savior cope,
Christ is thine helper, Christ thine heavenly shield,
Not death can drive the conquerer from the field;
When on the cross he bow'd his glorious head,
O'er death he triumph'd, rose, and left the dead.

6 In God we trust, his mercy saints implore,
He will increase his saints yet more and more;
We'll bless his name while death our race devours,
For God is good, to bless both us and ours;
Let small and great unite with one accord,
And join the 'eternal song, praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 116. Part 1. C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord, he hear'd my cries,
And pitied every groan,
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I 'll hasten to his throne.

2 His hand unloos'd the painful bond
In which I sorrowing lay;
O, may my soul no more despond,
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell,
Perplext my wakeful head.

4 I thus invok'd my Savior's name,
" Make haste, O Lord, to save,"

To my relief the Savior came,
And snatch'd me from the grave.

5 Jesus beheld me sore distrest,
And did my fears control,
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For God has blest my soul.

6 'Twas God, who sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears;
Now to his praise I 'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. Part 2. C. M.

The cup of salvation.

1 WHAT shall I render God my King,
Who does such grace afford?
What grateful offering shall I bring,
For health again restor'd?

2 I 'll take the cup, the sacred cup,
That Jesus gave us all,
And in his holy presence sup,
While on his name I call.

3 Among the saints, a praising throng,
I 'll celebrate his love;
Angels shall join the cheerful song,
In loftier strains above.

4 Our heavenly Father with delight,
Looks down on suffering saints,
Their death is precious in his sight,
He pities their complaints.

5 I, Lord, am thine, by solemn oath
I bind myself to thee;
Behold thy Son, and servant both,
And keep thy servant free.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;

Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117. C. M.

Praise to God from all nations.

1 O, PRAISE the Lord, with sacred joy
And heavenly rapture sing;
Ye nations, all your tongues employ
To bless the 'eternal King.

2 How great to man his mercies seem,
He lov'd our sinful race,
And did the world from hell redeem,
Praise ye the God of grace.

PSALM 117. L. M.

1 FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
In every land, by every tongue.

2 Thy mercies, Lord, are great and sure,
Thy truth for ever must endure,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall set and rise no more.

PSALM 117. S. M.

1 O, PRAISE the 'eternal King,
Who reigns in heaven above;
For joy let all the nations sing,
Triumphing in his love.

2 His promises stand fast,
His favors are divine,
His truth shall earth and skies outlast,
And suns and stars outshine.

PSALM 118. Part 1. C. M.

Everlasting mercy.

1 GIVE thanks to God the sovreign Lord,
Adore the Savior's name;

People and priests with sweet accord,
His heavenly love proclaim.

2 Let Israel say, let Zion tell,
What God for man has done,
Who to redeem the world from hell,
Gave up his only Son.

3 Let all who make the Lord their fear,
Approach his sacred face,
With humble faith and love draw near,
To 'accept his offer'd grace.

4 He saw us plung'd in deep distress,
And brought salvation nigh;
O, for a shousand tongues to bless
The God, who reigns on high.

PSALM 118. Part 2. C. M.

Deliverance from a tumult.

1 THE Lord my Savior now appears,
Jehovah hears me call;
Adieu my foes, adieu my fears,
For I shall never fall.

2 His eyes support my sinking heart,
But look the oppressor thro;
And since my Savior takes my part,
Ah! what can sinners do?

3 'Tis safer, Lord, to trust in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

4 Great were my fears, my foes were strong,
But hope prevail'd at length,
And God has now become my song,
My Savior and my strength.

5 Heroic deeds his hand achieves,
For when the foe assaults,

His valiant arm my soul relieves,
His grace forgives my faults.
6 What swarms of foes like angry bees,
Thro faith I soon o'ercame,
They rag'd like fire among the trees,
But God subdu'd the flame.
7 I shall not die, but live to praise
My Savior and my King,
High as the heavens my voice I raise,
And my Redeemer sing.

PSALM 118. Part. 3. C. M.

A narrow escape.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live, for who can die
If God resolve to save?
2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath,
The hand that first chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.
3 O, Zion, wide unfold thy gate,
To let the righteous thro,
In thee will I my joys relate,
And tell what God can do.
4 Among the assemblies of thy saints,
My thankful voice I 'll raise,
There have I told thee my complaints,
And there I 'll sing thy praise.

PSALM 118. Part 4. C. M.

Christ the foundation of the church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation Rock,
Jesus the corner stone,
Supports the church in every shock,
And bears its weight alone,

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders fain would chuse
A stone of more renown,
They Christ the living stone refuse,
And try to tread him down.

4 The Lord has made their counsels vain,
And overrul'd their spite,
This stone shall well the rest sustain,
And all in one unite.

5 In vain the powers of hell withstand,
The church of Christ must rise,
Beyond the spreading earth expand,
And reach above the skies.

6 Long shall this glorious temple shine,
And firm as rock endure,
The building is a work divine,
And its foundation sure.

PSALM 118. Part 5. C. M.

The Lord's day.

1 THIS sacred day, the first of seven,
Jehovah calls his own;
Let earth be glad, rejoice O heaven,
And make his conquests known.

2 To day he 'rose and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell;
To day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hozanna to the 'anointed King,
The Son with glory crown;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
The great salvation down.

4 Glory to God, who death o'ercame,
And set us sinners free;
Ten thousand honors to his name,
Who bore the shameful tree.

5 Glory to God in highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

6 Hozanna to the ascending Lord,
Who takes his seat above;
Jesus, thy name with sweet accord
Shall tune our hearts to love.

PSALM 118. S. M.

The corner stone.

1 BEHOLD how sinners mock,
And Christ the stone despise,
Whom God ordain'd to be the Rock,
On which the church should rise.

2 The builders fain would chuse,
A stone of finer grain;
But God elects what they refuse,
And proves their wisdom vain.

3 In spite of all their rage,
Jesus the corner stone,
Supports the church in every age,
And bears its weight alone.

4 The work, O Lord, is thine,
The scribes in vain oppose,
This day declares his name divine,
This day the Savior rose.

5 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer blest,
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
And triumph in his rest.

6 Hozanna to the King,
Who rules the world by love,
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from above.

7 We bless thee, Lord of lords,
Who set us sinners free,
And fast with love's eternal cords,
We bind our souls to thee.

PSALM 118. L. M.

Salvation in a despised Redeemer.

1 SEE what an everlasting Rock
The Jewish builders dare to mock,
Incens'd with rage, and fill'd with pride,
They throw the corner stone aside.

2 But God has prov'd their envy vain,
This stone shall all the rest sustain,
And Zion on this rock be built,
In spite of all the sons of guilt.

3 Great God, the work is all divine,
The work declares the glory thine;
While all the saints with sweet surprise,
Behold the glorious building rise.

4 In vain the powers of hell oppose,
All hail the hour on which he 'rose;
Hozanna let his name be blest,
And all the world observe his rest.

5 Praise him, ye saints, try every string
To sound the honors of your King;
Say, live for ever, glorious Head,
Who 'rose triumphant from the dead.

PSALM 119. Part 1. C. M.

The blessedness of the saints.

1 BLEST are the kind and pure in heart,
Whose thoughts are all sincere,

Who never from their God depart,
But all his ways revere.

2 Blest are the meek, the good, the just,
Who do what God commands,
Who make his grace their only trust,
Yet work with righteous hands.

3 Blest are the men, who feel within
A work of grace begun,
Who fly the 'enticing paths of sin,
And all temptation shun.

4 O, that the Lord would be my guide,
And mark my doubtful way;
O, that my feet may never slide
Nor turn the least astray.

5 Then shall my face be kept from shame,
Mine eyes forbear to weep,
When I respect his sacred name,
And all his statutes keep.

6 With upright heart and pure delight
His ways I 'll now pursue,
For I have learn'd his ways are right,
And all his judgments true.

7 I 'll keep the path my Savior trod,
And run the christian race,
Forsake me not, eternal God,
Nor hide from me thy face.

PSALM 119. Part 2. C. M.

Youth instructed and warned.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And shun the tempter's snare?
The word the choicest rules imparts
" To keep the heart with care."

2 The great deceiver first begins,
To work on human thought,

The busy mind conceives the sins,
Before the deeds are wrought.
3 Thy word, O God, I 'll deeply hide,
Within my cautious soul;
I 'll take thy counsels for my guide,
And every thought control.
4 With all mine heart I 'll seek thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.
5 Blest be the Lord, for ever blest,
His word instructs my mind,
It leads my soul to God my rest,
And there my peace I find.
6 Now shall my noblest powers rejoice,
And love my Savior more;
His word which I have made my choice,
Excells the richest ore.
7 His word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide my youth,
And well support mine age.

PSALM 119. Part 3. C. M.

The heavenly pilgrim.

1 LORD, with thy servant kindly deal,
His numerous sins forgive,
Restore his soul, his pardon seal,
And let an exile live.
2 Instruct mine unenlighten'd mind,
The veil of darkness draw,
That I may read thy word and find
The wonders in thy law.
3 Away from home in foreign lands,
I here a stranger am;

Hide not from me thy just commands,
But lead me to the Lamb.

4 My panting soul for glory longs,
I would in haste depart,
Ascend to heaven and join the throngs,
Where thou my Savior art.

5 The princes saw me when exil'd,
And far from friends remov'd;
The proud reproach'd, but Jesus smil'd
And all my foes reprov'd.

6 He' ll bring me nearer to his arms,
To be for ever his;
I soon shall taste his heavenly charms,
And be where Jesus is.

PSALM 119. Part 4. C. M.

A prayer for quickening grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the spirit of thy grace,
To mark my doubtful way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Make me to know thy statutes well,
And raise my thoughts above;
So shall my soul rejoice and tell
The wonders of thy love.

4 Beset with sin, O God, I feel
The dull oppressive load,
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

5 See how the great deceiver tries
Mine erring soul to 'entice,

Remove from me the guilt of lies
For I detest that vice.

6 I 'll run the way thy word commands,
If thou my feet discharge
From sin and satan's hateful bands,
And set my soul at large.

PSALM 119. Part 5. C. M.

A prayer for instruction.

1 INSTRUCTION, Lord, to me convey,
That I may ne'er offend;
I would thy statutes well obey,
And keep them to the end.

2 Be this my study, this mine art,
To know and do thy will,
To love thy law with all mine heart,
And every word fulfill.

3 Make me within thy path to go
And keep me near thy sight,
I should not fall and wander so
Wert thou to give me light.

4 O for a wise improving mind,
With heavenly wealth endow'd,
To God and not to gold inclin'd,
To Jesus sweetly bow'd.

5 From worldly thoughts and vain desires,
Mine eyes for ever turn;
O let me catch those sacred fires,
With which the seraphs burn.

6 For filial fear and quickening grace,
Mine ardent spirit longs,
'Till I shall see thee face to face,
And join the heavenly songs.

PSALM 119. Part 6. C. M.

A prayer against slanderers.

1 THY mercies, Lord, are rich and free,
Thou lov'st our sinful race,
Now let thy mercy come to me,
And save me by thy grace.

2 So shall I have an answer near,
And ne'er be put to shame,
For I have made thy word my fear,
And trusted in thy name.

3 Thy word of truth is in my mind,
While sinners do me wrong,
If men insult me God is kind,
His judgments are my song.

4 Let slander all her venon draw,
And far the poison fling,
I 'll walk with freedom in thy law,
Nor dread her forked sting.

5 I 'm not afraid of glittering crowns,
I scorn the tyrant's rod,
I 'll speak, nor tremble at his frowns,
As if asham'd of God.

6 I love the law that sinners hate,
How just are thy commands,
And while thy law I meditate,
To heaven I lift mine hands.

PSALM 119. Part 7. C. M.

Tusting in Christ.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, thy feeble dust,
And call thy truth to mind,
For thou hast caus'd my soul to trust
On words divinely kind.

2 This was my comfort when I bore
The pressing weight of grief,

It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

3 When Christ the life of saints appears,
I feel my soul alive,
His heavenly smiles allay my fears,
And faith and hope revive.

4 In vain the proud with impious jests,
A Savior's love deride,
My soul on Jesus firmly rests,
His spirit is my guide.

5 What horrors thrill* in every vein,
How am I fill'd with awe,
When infidels with lips profane,
Trangress thy sacred law.

6 Let sinners triumph in their shame,
And love the deeds of wrong;
But I 'll recall my Savior's name,
And make his grace my Song.

7 Thy name, dear Jesus, gives delight,
My daily peace it brings;
Amid the darkest gloom of night,
My soul awakes and sings.

PSALM 119. Part 8. C. M.

God my portion.

1 THOU, Lord, my life and portion art,
For I have call'd thee so,
Content to take thee for my part,
Let fame and fortune go.

2 I chuse thine everlasting rest,
And in thy love rejoice,
Not all the treasures in the west,
Could change my happy choice.

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* To thrill, to pierce with a tingling sensation.

3 Enrich'd with blessings from above,
I would thy grace entreat,
Shine on my soul, O God of love,
To make my joys complete.

4 When I forsook thy pleasant way,
On thee, my God, I thought,
My soul made haste without delay,
And thy salvation sought.

5 To turn me from thy just commands,
Their snares the wicked set,
But when opprest by sinful bands,
I could not God forget.

6 Away from me, ye sons of strife,
For ever take your flight!
The saints are partners of my life,
My God is my delight.

7 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call his grace to mind,
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

8 Thy mercies, Lord, are rich and free,
This earth they more than fill,
O, may my soul be taught by thee,
To do thy sacred will.

PSALM 119. Part 9. L. M.

Merciful afflictions.

1 LORD, thou hast kindly dealt to me,
The judgments written in thy book;
'Twas grace that brought my soul to thee,
When I the path of life mistook.

2 Thine hand is just, thine heart is kind,
When frowns the most becloud thy face,
In every new distress I find,
New proofs of rich and sovreign grace.

3 Teach me to love thy judgments more,
Why should I fear their dreadful sound;
Thy thunder bursts with awful roar,
But goodness in the cloud is found.

4 Before I felt thy chastening rod.
Mine erring feet were prone to stray;
But now I love thy law, my God,
Nor wander from thy holy way.

5 (The proud have forg'd a thousand lies,
Their words have oft the just deceiv'd,
For each with deep invention tries
To have his faithless tongue believ'd.

6 Hot from their hearts detraction slips,
Their hasty words like water boil;
But while they curse me with their lips,
Their treach'rous tongues are smooth as oil.)

7 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

8 The law that issues from his mouth,
Affords me riches more divine
Than all the treasures in the south,
The silver mint, or golden mine.

PSALM 119. Part 10. L. M.

Cleaving to God.

1 IMMORTAL Parent, 'twas thine hands
That built of clay my mortal frame,
Teach me to do thy just commands,
Teach me to lisp my Father's name.

2 The saints, who see me, shall rejoice,
And own thy love divinely kind,
For I have made thy word my choice,
And in thy word my comfort find.

3 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Thy ways are just when understood,
The law of love is thy delight,
Afflictions only work our good.

4 Thy mercies are divinely free,
Thou canst repenting souls forgive;
Now let thy mercy come to me,
And let the mourning sinner live.

5 The proud have most perversely dealt,
And injur'd me without a cause;
But since thy chastening rod I felt,
I love and keep thy sacred laws.

6 Draw nigh, ye humble souls, draw nigh,
Who make the Lord your fear and trust,
For God has heard my plaintive sigh,
And rais'd me sorrowing from the dust.

7 Mine heart is in his statutes sound,
I 'm not asham'd before his face,
Reproach shall ne'er my soul confound,
For all my hope is sovreign grace.

PSALM 119. Part 11. C. M.

Importunity and faith.

1 ATTEND, O God, to my complaints,
And let my prayer prevail;
My soul for thy salvation faints.
Mine eyes with sorrow fail.

2 How numerous are my days of grief,
How pressing are my woes;
Make haste, O Lord, to my relief,
And save me from my foes.

3 The proud have laid a thousand snares,
And made their party strong,
Oppos'd to God the sinner dares
To do his followers wrong.

4 Yet thy commands are just and true,
All heaven thy ways approve;
Thou wilt my foes and fears subdue,
And all my guilt remove.

5 Thy precepts, Lord, I ne'er forsook,
When foes around me stood;
I sought direction from thy book,
And found thy counsels good.

6 Now let thy word with life divine,
Revive my drooping heart,
My soul to thy commands incline,
And quicken every part.

PSALM 119. Part 12. C. M.

God perfect, man not so.

1 FOR ever, Lord, thy word abides,
And earth securely stands,
The heavens o'er which thy power presides,
Are settled by thine hands.

2 The laws of nature, fixt and sure,
With steady course proceed;
They must for ages yet endure,
For thou hast so decreed.

3 The sun and stars thy word obey,
And show thy power and skill;
Thy faithful servants, Lord, are they,
And must perform thy will.

4 Had not thy law been my delight,
When darkness o'er me spread,
I had been plung'd in endless night,
Had perish'd with the dead.

5 I feel thy love in every thought,
A pure and quickening flame;
O, save me, Lord, for I have sought
Salvation in thy name.

6 I 've seen an end of what we call,
The pefect and the just,
How short the powers of nature fall,
How frail is sinful dust.
7 In vain we strive to keep the law,
And pass the Savior by,
The holy spirit too must draw
Or man will ne'er comply

PSALM 119. Part 13. C. M.

True wisdom.

1 O, HOW I love the holy law,
'Tis daily my delight,
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
2 Its precepts make me truly wise,
I profit by the rod,
In vain such wisdom men despise,
For saints are taught of God.
3 Let ancients* heaven and earth survey,
And all the seas explore;
The saints are wiser far than they,
For God has taught them more.
4 Not all my teachers could make known
A lesson so divine;
But Christ the path of life has shown,
His righteousness is mine.
5 To know the truth, to keep the heart,
Is knowledge well refin'd,
None but the spirit can impart
Such wisdom to the mind.
6 When God reclaim'd my wand'ring feet,
I sought his ways in haste;
O, then I found his promise sweet,
Like honey to my taste.

* Ancients, natural men old and wise, unregenerate philosophers.

7 I would his precepts understand,
And learn to know my soul;
When shall I gain that self command,
That would my thoughts control?

PSALM 119. Part 14. C. M.

Direction and comfort from the word.

1 THY word, O God, is all my light,
To mark my doubtful way,
The sacred lamp directs me right
And shines as bright as day.

2 I will perform what once I swore,
To keep thine holy law;
And while thy judgments I deplore,
My spirit stands in awe.

3 By sore afflictions much opprest,
I need thy quickening powers,
The word of truth on which I rest,
Shall cheer my darkest hours.

4 Accept my thanks, eternal King,
For all thy favors shown,
'Tis all the tribute I can bring,
To make thy goodness known.

5 I chuse the Savior for my part,
I count the world but dross,
'Tis the rejoicing of mine heart,
To hover round the cross.

6 My soul is fill'd with strong desires
Thy statutes to fulfill,
And thus, till mortal life expires,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119. Part 15. L. M.

Vain thoughts complained of.

1 I LOVE thy law, my dearest Lord,
And would my wand'ring mind control,

But thoughts atrocious* and abhorr'd,
Rise and preplex my troubled soul.
2 God is my shield and hiding place,
When Satan throws his fiery darts,
Mine hope is in the word of grace,
What heavenly joy his word imparts.
3 Away from me, ye sons of strife,
Nor touch me with your bloody hands,
I love my Savior more than life,
And must obey his just commands.
4 His words of promise will uphold
A feeble conquerer in his name,
He makes my trembling spirit bold,
Nor puts a living hope to shame.
5 His foot shall tread the wicked down,
As on the serpent first he trod;
Satan, the serpent, dreads his frown,
And trembles at the 'incarnate God.
6 The men who spurn a Savior's cross,
And in the cause of Satan join,
His hand shall put away like dross,
When sever'd from the golden coin.
7 My trembling flesh and spirit fear
The judgments of that awful day,
When Christ in glory shall appear,
And drive the wicked far away.

PSALM 119. Part 16. L. M.

The wickedness of man complained of.

1 LORD, I have truth and justice done,
I yet to truth and justice cleave;
Forsake me not, thou mightiest one,
Nor me to mine oppressors leave.
2 Be thou my surety, thou my God,
Nor let the proud afflict me sore,

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* Atrocious, very wicked.

But smite the wicked with thy rod,
And let him vex the saints no more.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail,
My sinking heart with pity bleeds,
To see how daring men prevail,
And prosper in atrocious deeds.

4 'Tis time for thee, my God, to 'rise
And strike the wond'ring world with awe;
Behold the land is full of lies,
And sinners trample on thy law.

5 In vain the sons of earth grow bold,
And dare to scorn what saints admire;
I love thy precepts more than gold,
My Savior more than life desire.

6 The law of life I much esteem,
I love that perfect rule of right;
But God almighty to redeem,
Affords my soul her chief delight.

PSALM 119. Part 17. S. M.

The word deep and wonderful.

1 THY word, O God, is deep,
Surpassing human mind,
And while thine holy law I keep,
What wonders there I find.

2 The splendor of thy ways,
Affords a pleasing light,
Illumes the blind with heavenly rays,
And leads the simple 'right.

3 My mouth is open'd wide,
To thee, my God, I cry,
I long for thee, for none beside,
Can half my wants supply.

4 Look down from heaven above,
And show thy grace the same,

As thou hast shown to those who love,
And fear thy sacred name.

5 Direct mine erring feet,
In all thy ways to run,
To fly the fatal snares I meet,
And every sin to shun.

6 I hate the bloody race,
Preserve me from their hands,
Show me the smilings of thy face,
And teach me thy commands.

7 Bring thy salvation nigh,
And save me from my fears,
See how the 'opprest for freedom sigh,
And wet their chains with tears.

8 As swelling rivers rise,
Before the vernal* thaw;
So runs mine ever streaming eyes,
When men transgress thy law.

PSALM 119. Part 18. L. M.

Righteous judgments.

1 THY judgments, Lord, are true and just,
And faithful thy divine commands,
The word on which thy people trust,
Firm as thy throne for ever stands.

2 How burning is mine holy zeal,
How do my rising passions flame,
What strange emotions, Lord, I feel,
When impious men deride thy name.

3 Thy word of promise must endure,
The pledge of future joys above;
Not gold refin'd is half so pure,
Nor half so much deserves my love.

4 Small and neglected as I 'appear,
Among the great and vainly wise,

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* Vernal, of or belonging to the spring.

I make thy word mine hope and fear,
And there our truest greatness lies.

5 Thy righteousness shall ne'er decay,
With nature's old consuming frame,
Tho heaven and earth should pass away,
Yet must thy law remain the same.

6 Distress and anguish held me fast,
Yet thy commands were my delight,
My troubles, like a storm, were past,
And all the skies around were bright.

7 The righteousness of thy commands
Shall everlasting glory give;
The man, who wisdom understands,
For ever in the Lord shall live.

PSALM 119. Part 19. S. M.

Looking to Jesus.

1 WITH my whole heart I cried,
And sought the Savior's throne;
I kept the law, and yet relied
On sovreign grace alone.

2 Before the dawning day,
I 'll to my Savior run,
And send my morning prayer away,
To meet the rising sun.

3 Mine eyes prevent the night,
To thee, my God, I look,
With fervent faith, and pure delight,
I read thy sacred book.

4 Great Advocate on high,
I would thy grace receive.
I would thro thee to God draw nigh,
And in thy name believe.

5 O, hear my sorrowing voice,
And answer from above,

Now let my soul in thee rejoice,
Reveal a Savior's love.
6 Around me sinners draw,
And me to sin entice;
They follow mischief, slight thy law,
And practice every vice.
7 Be thou my Savior near,
My rising sins subdue,
I shall be sav'd shouldst thou appear,
For all thy words are true.

PSALM 119. Part 20. C. M.

Fervent supplication.

1 CONSIDER, Lord, and call to mind,
A saint in sore distress;
For I have ne'er thy law declin'd,
To make my sufferings less.
2 Plead thou my cause with power divine,
My raging foes control,
With quickening grace in mercy shine
On my benighted soul.
3 Salvation stands afar from those,
Who make not God their trust,
But dare his righteous law to 'oppose,
And trample on the just.
4 Thy mercies, Lord, are great indeed,
But there 's an hastening hour,
When judgment must from thee proceed,
And all thy foes devour.
5 No more let persecutors frown,
Nor dare the just to 'invade,
The Lord in righteousness comes down,
To judge the world he made.
6 When I the bold offender saw,
My soul was griev'd within,

Because he dar'd to break thy law,
And make a mock of sin.
7 Thy word of menace,* Lord, is true,
How dreadful every threat!
Thou shalt the 'oppressing world subdue,
And make the tyrants sweat.

PSALM 119. Part 21. C. M.

Fortitude and faith.

1 LET kings against my life engage,
Let hosts of hell appear,
My soul disdains their feeble rage,
The word commands my fear.
2 I 'll follow God's directing voice,
Nor will at death recoil,
My soul shall in the Lord rejoice,
As one who shares the spoil.
3 Be gone, ye liars, from my sight,
I hate your impious frauds,
The words of truth are my delight,
My soul the law applauds.
4 Seven times a day to heaven I raise,
And spread my suppliant hands,
Thy judgments, Lord, deserve my praise,
Thy grace my prayer demands.
5 Great is their peace, who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
6 My trust is fixt in sovereign grace
Nor shall my faith remove;
My ways are all before thy face,
And thou wilt all approve.

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* Menace, threat.

PSALM 119. Part 22. C. M.

Seeking God.

1 ETERNAL God of grace and love,
Thy ways are just and kind,
Now let my cries ascend above,
And sweet acceptance find.

2 To thee with lifted hands I pray,
To heaven by faith I look;
Give me to know and keep thy way,
According to thy book.

3 My lips shall oft attempt thy praise,
And sing thy love is free,
For thou hast taught my soul to raise
Her noblest thoughts to thee.

4 My tongue shall speak of thy commands,
And all my powers rejoice,
For all my faith in Jesus stands,
Thy precepts are my choice.

5 For thy salvation much I long,
The law is my delight,
My soul shall feel thy love is strong,
And live before thy sight.

6 From God I wander'd like a sheep,
I left him to my cost,
But Christ, who found, can surely keep
The soul that once was lost.

PSALM 120. C. M.

A complaint of quarrelsome neighbors.

1 IN my distress to God I cried,
He heard my fervent cries,
He saw that envious sinners tried
To blast my name with lies.

2 O, save me, Lord, from treacherous foes,
The faithless tongue control;

The word that from the slanderer goes,
Is aim'd against my soul.

3 What shall be given, or what be done,
O tongue, to 'ensure thy peace,
To still thy voice, thou restless one,
And cause thy rage to cease?

4 The winged arrow swiftly driven,
From bows completely strung,
And coals of juniper are given
In vain to stop the tongue.

5 Alas, for me! my lot is cast
Among the sons of strife;
My golden hours on earth are past
With men, who seek my life.

6 O, could I fly to seek a change,
And leave these gates of hell,
Thro pathless deserts would I range,
Or in some cavern dwell.

7 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How pleasing are its charms!
I plead for peace, but when I speak,
My foes declare for arms.

PSALM 121. L. M.

Divine protection.

1 THRO faith I lift my waiting eyes
To yonder hills above the skies,
Celestial hills of light, from whence
Comes all my hope and my defence.

2 There stands his uncreated throne,
Who built the heavenly worlds alone,
Nor sought a creature's feeble aid,
When earth's foundation first he laid.

3 There lives my kind and watchful Guide,
My feet in haste shall never slide,

I 'm safe in God, who ne'er forsakes,
He neither sleep nor slumber takes.

4 At our right hands Jehovah spreads
An healthful shade above our heads,
He holds the nightly veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

5 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest,
The Lord, thy Keeper, o'er thee stands,
To guard thee with his powerful hands.

6 No sun shall smite thine head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch, no baleful star
Darts his malignant fire so far.

7 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord! his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

8 The saints are blest where'er they go,
For God himself has made them so;
The chance of harm his hand controls,
He well defends their feeble souls.

PSALM 121. C. M.

Preservation by day and night.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all mine hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their stedfast feet shall never fall,
Whom God designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,

And watch our most unguarded hours,
Against surprising harm.
4 Rejoice, my soul, and take thy rest,
Thy Keeper o'er thee stands;
Secure in God thy sleep is blest,
Thy life is in his hands.
5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have its leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
6 The Lord preserves thy fleeting breath,
And is thy sure defence;
Go, and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee hence.

PSALM 121. As the 148th.

God our preserver.

1 UPWARDS I lift mine eyes,
To seek his heavenly aid;
Who built the lofty skies,
And earth's foundation laid.
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.
2 My feet shall never slide,
Entrapt in Satan's snare,
For God my guard and guide,
Will make my soul his care.
Saints must endure,
No trial moves
Whom God approves,
And holds secure.
3 The Lord his people keeps,
His eyes can never close;
But while his Israel sleeps,
He watches his repose.

The saints are his,
He loves them so,
That where they go,
His spirit is.

4 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Can take their lives away,
Or much their health impair.
In new complaints,
At their right hands
The Savior stands,
To shield his saints.

5 If God preserve the just,
And save their souls from death,
Then I his power can trust,
To keep my mortal breath.
When from above
The Lord appears,
My doubts and fears
Are lost in love.

PSALM 122. C. M.

Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 Zion, thou temple of the states,
Thou bulwark of our land,
Within thy gates, thy pearly gates,
A thousand feet shall stand.

3 Made glad with songs before unknown,
The saints in thee shall meet,
There Jesus sits on David's throne,
And fills the judgment seat.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 I wish them well, who Zion love,
May grace attend them all;
A thousand blessings from above,
On my companions fall.

PSALM 122. Proper Meter.

The pleasures of divine worship.

1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come let us seek our God to day!
Yes, O my friends, we will
Ascend to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee, the saints appear,
To pray and praise and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There God my Savior reigns,
And in his mercy deigns
To bless the men who wish thee well;
But casts a frown on those,
Who dare the church to 'oppose,
And dooms the wicked down to hell.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest;

On thee, my dearest friend,
I say let peace descend
And heavenly blessings on thee rest.
5 For my companions' sake,
Lord, hear the prayer I make,
" O bless the faithful brotherhood;
What'er the world befalls,
I pray for Zion's walls,
And seek her everlasting good.

PSALM 123. C. M.

Pleading with submission.

1 O THOU, who dost in glory dwell,
Enthron'd above the skies,
Our mournful state to thee we tell,
To thee we lift our eyes.
2 As servants watch the master's nod,
Or maids the mistress fear;
So wait our eyes, on thee my God,
Until thy grace appear.
3 On us have mercy, sovereign Lord,
Behold our state forlorn!
We live on earth as men abhorr'd,
Expos'd to rage and scorn.
4 Our foes have fill'd our souls with shame,
But while they saints displease,
And dare to 'insult thy dreadful name,
The scorners live at ease.
5 Let the contemptuous foam and rage,
And like a torrent rise,
This thought shall all the storm assuage,
" That God will not despise."

PSALM 124. C. M.

Treason detected.

1 HAD not the Lord been on our side,
When men like floods arose,

We had been swallow'd in the tide,
O'erwhelm'd by raging foes.

2 The flood had rag'd without control,
Had not the 'Almighty frown'd;
Proud waters had gone o'er our soul,
We had in blood been drown'd.

3 We bless the Lord, whom seas obey,
He quell'd the swelling flood,
Nor gave our lives a feeble prey,
To men who sought our blood.

4 As flies the bird with joyful wing,
When first he 'escapes the snare;
So we rejoice in God and sing
His all protecting care.

5 How deep they laid their hellish plan,
And snares of mischief set;
But God beheld the treacherous man,
And broke the fowler's net.

6 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the worlds above;
He who sustains all nature's frame,
Will guard his church by love.

PSALM 125. L. M.

The safety of trusting in God.

1 AS Zion's sacred mount abides,
Unmov'd amid the swelling flood;
So dwells the man, whose soul confides
In the Redeemer's precious blood.

2 As guardian mountains stood around,
Where happy Salem once arose;
So the dear arms of Christ are found,
His feeble saints on earth to 'enclose.

3 When God to scourge the world begins,
How strange and wond'rous are his ways,

He humbles nations for their sins,
And sovreign power and grace displays.
4 He takes a tyrant for his rod,
To give his weeping children pain;
But lest they sin against their God,
The scourge too long shall not remain.
5 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And make thy children truly wise,
O give them grace to persevere,
To run the race, and win the prize.
6 But they, who leave the path of life,
To tread the serpent's crooked road,
Shall perish in the 'inglorious strife,
And sink to hell beneath their load.

PSALM 125. S. M.

Safety in God.

1 UNMOV'D as hills of stone,
Their happy souls abide,
Who trust almighty power alone,
And in their God confide.
2 As lofty mountains rose,
To guard old Salem 'round,
So God defends the sacred close,
Where now his church is found.
3 If once the Lord descend,
To visit men for sins,
Where will his dreadful vengeance end,
When once his wrath begins?
4 The wicked are his rod,
To give his children pain;
But lest they sin against their God,
It shall not long remain.
5 The Lord will grace impart,
His saints shall persevere;

He knows the man of upright heart,
And well supports him here.
6 But if the slavish mind,
Will choose the road to hell,
The 'apostate must his portion find,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. L. M.

Surprising deliverance.

1 WHEN God our great deliverance wrought,
Joy was our song and grace our theme,
The grace so far transcended thought,
That all appear'd a pleasing dream.
2 'Twas God, who broke our slavish chains,
His word our captive souls restor'd,
Our tongues broke out in lofty strains,
And God's almighty power ador'd.
3 For us, the Lord great things has done,
Ye saints, for heavenly rapture sing,
Come spread the conquest Jesus won,
And hail our all victorious King!
4 As gentle streams that lave the south,
Are turn'd and flow as God controls;
So can a word from Jesus' mouth,
Subdue our sins, and change our souls.
5 Should grief our sorrowing hearts o'erflow,
The tears shall well our eyes employ,
For they, who here in sadness sow,
Shall reap in everlasting joy.
6 The man, who weeping o'er his field,
The precious seed till harvest leaves,
Shall then rejoice to find it yield
A welcome load of fruitful sheaves.

PSALM 126. C. M.

Converting grace.

1 WHEN God his wond'rous love reveal'd,
On me his mercy beam'd,

But while his grace my pardon seal'd,
I was as one that dream'd.

2 My soul in Satan's chain was bound,
I Christ the Savior spurn'd;
But God the spirit turn'd me round,
As southern streams are turn'd.

3 The world beheld the wond'rous change,
The saints in triumph sung,
My joyful soul confest it strange,
And glory fir'd my tongue.

4 " Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And own'd the power divine;
" Great is the work," my soul replied,
For Jesus now is mine.

5 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

6 The saints, who weeping sow the field,
Their labor well employ,
The harvest must a blessing yield,
And they shall reap in joy.

7 What tho the seed neglected lies,
And frost and drouth endures,
The grain immortal never dies,
For grace the crop ensures.

PSALM 127. L. M.

The virtue of God's blessing.

1 EXCEPT the Lord the house sustain,
The constant builders toil in vain;
Except the Lord the city keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if our daily course to run,
We rise before the morning sun,

With care and sorrow eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread.

3 'Tis all in vain, till God has blest,
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
If once his smiles attend our care,
We shall have sleep and plenteous fare.

4 His early blessings on our seed,
Can make our children blest indeed,
The wasted springs of life recruit,
And fill the world with living fruit.

5 As arrows shot by skillful hands,
Pursue their flight as God commands,
So children come to whom he sends,
The course of life on God depends.

6 Happy the man to whom he 'imparts,
A quiver fill'd with living darts;
He speaks to foes within the gate,
And well supports a father's state.

PSALM 127. C. M.

God all in all.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns without his watchful eye,
An useless watch maintain.

2 In vain we rise by dawning day
And labor hard 'till late;
Or sweat the life of man away,
To gain a large estate.

3 In vain we part with present ease,
Or live on scanty fare,
The Lord can bless us if he please,
Without our anxious care.

4 Lo, children are the heavenly fruit
Which God has power to give;

He can our wasted health recruit,
And cause our names to live.

5 As arrows in an archer's hand,
The will of heaven obey;
So children come at God's command,
With swifter speed than they.

6 Thrice happy man whose rising name
Shall with his sons revive,
He long enjoys the vital flame,
And sees his children thrive.

PSALM 128. C. M.

Family blessings.

1 HAPPY the man whose virtuous days
Are spent in conscious fear,
He walks with God in all his ways,
And finds the Savior near.

2 When war and famine waste the lands,
The saint in peace shall dwell,
Shall eat the labors of his hands,
And things with him go well.

3 The 'eternal God, who rules above,
Shall bless his marriage bed,
Shall on the 'effusions of his love,
Prolific virtue shed.

4 His consort, like a fruitful vine,
Shall fill his joyful lap;
As olive plants his sons shall shine,
Replete with vital sap.

5 He loves the Lord with all his mind,
He fears before his face;
And Zion's God for ever kind,
Shall bless his rising race.

6 His eyes shall children's children see,
A large and full increase;

Israel, his country blest and free,
Shall long remain in peace.

PSALM 129. C. M.

Persecutors punished.

1 ISRAEL may say with conscious truth,
The church may thus complain;
"My foes have vext me from my youth,
And oft my children slain.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they beset my riper age,
But God preserv'd my life.

3 The foe began his bold attack,
With courage fierce and strong,
And persecutors plow'd my back
With furrows deep and long.

4 But God the Judge, the righteous Lord,
Did all their rage confound,
And cut in two the mighty cord,
With which my feet were bound.

5 His justice did my thoughts surpass,
How dreadful was his frown!
My persecutors fell like grass,
Before the scythe cut down."

6 As corn that on the house-top grows,
Is stript of all its leaves,
Nor fills the hand of him who mows,
Nor yields the binder sheaves.

7 So shall thy foes, O God, decay,
Consum'd with guilt and shame,
No traveller passing by shall say,
"We bless them in his name."

PSALM 130. C. M.

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the depths of troubled thought,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
My soul the God of mercy sought,
And found salvation near.

2 My soul in Jesus did rejoice,
Away my fears were driven,
He spake, and with a pleasing voice
Pronounc'd my sins forgiven.

3 Omniscient God, shouldst thou begin,
With strict impartial hand,
To mark our crimes, and punish sin,
No mortal flesh could stand.

4 But there are pardons at thy throne
For crimes of high degree,
That men may fear thy name alone,
And sinners trust in thee.

5 As faithful guards for morning wait,
And near their posts abide;
So does my soul in every strait,
In Christ my Lord confide.

6 How slow and tedious was the night,
How long did God delay,
My soul desir'd to see his light,
And found a brighter day.

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let sinners seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's free redemption now for all,
As free for all as one,
He, who redeem'd us from the fall,
Is God's eternal Son.

PSALM 130. L. M.

Pleading for pardon.

1 SAD was my day, the night was dark,
When thus to God I rais'd my cries,
If thou my crimes severely mark
I ne'er can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou, my Lord, canst sin forgive,
Thy grace in Christ is full and free;
Thou must be fear'd, and they may live,
Who place their only hope in thee.

3 I look to thee, my God, alone,
And to thy word of promise cling,
My soul stands waiting at thy throne,
To get a pardon from my King.

4 As guards, who watch for morning wait,
And hail with songs the dawning ray;
So waits my soul in every strait,
And longs to find a brighter day.

5 How great thy love in Jesus seems,
To man's apostate guilty race;
Israel from hell thy Son redeems,
Let Israel hope in sovereign grace.

PSALM 131. C. M.

Self examination.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or acts my soul the humble part?
I, Lord, appeal to thee.

2 If men can know the springs that move
The soul's immortal frame,
I feel my conscience now approve,
I love thy sacred name.

3 I ne'er attempt with human line,
To sound the 'eternal mind;

I trust the word for light divine,
And there instruction find.
4 When I 'm deprest* beneath the rod,
Or lie despis'd in dust,
I ne'er complain of thee, my God,
Nor think thy ways unjust.
5 I keep my rising passions down,
And all within is mild,
Content to bear my Father's frown,
And peaceful as a child.
6 Ye mourning souls, ascribe the praise
To God, on whom you rest,
He 'll far exceed the hopes you raise,
And make your sufferings blest.
7 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. Part 1.

Preparing to build an house for God.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, how David swore,
To sleep within his house no more,
Till he should search the land and find
A dwelling for the 'eternal mind.
2 Look down from heaven in mercy now,
For we have made a solemn vow,
And pledg'd our sacred words to raise
For Jacob's God an house of praise.
3 Hear us, O Lord, and bless the frame,
We build in honor of thy name;
Behold the spot that we have found,
And guard the consecrated ground.
4 Great Architect, without thy smile
We cannot raise the sacred pile;

* Deprest, cast down, pressed under.

Or if the house was built, thy frown
Would throw the loftiest temple down.

5 Here be thy rest for ever, Lord,
And here thy dreadful name record;
Long may the church in building stand
The fortress of our favor'd land.

PSALM 132. Part 2. L. M.

The dedication of a church.

1 ARISE, almighty God, at length,
In all thy majesty and strength,
And condescend to stoop and see,
The house we dedicate to thee.

2 Here let the Son of David deign
To hold his everlasting reign,
And let the light of heaven adorn
His burning lamp and growing horn.

3 Here let him wear his royal crown,
And tread usurping tyrants down,
Confound his foes with lasting shame,
And far extend the conquerer's name.

4 This be thine everlasting rest,
And these the people thou hast blest;
Here for the poor a table spread,
And satisfy their souls with bread.

5 Here let the saints their tongues employ,
And sing and shout aloud for joy,
Here let thy ministers be glad,
In garments of salvation clad.

PSALM 132. Part 3. L. M.

A church established.

1 HOW shall the feeble sons of guilt,
To build an house for God presume;
Behold the heavens his hands have built,
His eyes their radiant courts illume.

2 Yet God, the lofty sovreign, deigns
In temples made with hands to 'abide,
And while o'er all the heavens he reigns,
He doth with men on earth reside.

3 The Lord of old desir'd to dwell
In Zion; 'twas his settled rest;
And Zion yet delights him well,
His church is with his presence blest.

4 " Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my love on earth be known,
And here my name will I record.

5 Here I the hungry poor will meet,
And fill their souls with living bread,
With full provision rich and sweet,
The famish'd sinner shall be fed.

6 Array'd in truth, and clad with grace,
Attending ministers shall shine,
Nor Aaron's robes, nor Moses' face,
Appear'd so beauteous and divine.

7 Exulting saints with cheerful voice,
Shall make my church with music ring;
Triumphant souls shall here rejoice,
In loud hozannas to their King.

8 Jesus shall see whole nations born,
As in a day, to praise his name,
Fresh honors shall his head adorn,
And all his foes be cloth'd with shame."

PSALM 132. Part 1. C. M.

Yearly meeting.

1 NO slumber soft, no sound repose,
Good David would allow;
His zeal forbid his eyes to close,
'Till he perform'd his vow.

2 He Jacob's mighty God addrest,
And sware before his face,
To find the Lord a settled rest,
To make his ark a place.

3 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
The tribes must there appear;
At his command all Israel came
To worship thrice a year.

4 But we have no such lengths to roam,
Who worship once a week;
Nor need we wander far from home,
To find him whom we seek.

5 Yet when from distant parts we meet,
'Tis not a vain employ,
We find the saints' communion sweet,
And oft return with joy.

PSALM 132. Part 2. C. M.

Ordination.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be known and blest.

2 Enter with all thy shining ranks,
Let power thy footsteps mark,
Glorious as when on Jordan's banks
The Levites bore thine ark.

3 Here, mighty God, display thy love,
And here thy table spread,
Send down provisions from above,
To fill the poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David deign
His heavenly throne to raise,
Justice and truth attend his reign,
And endless be his praise.

5 Here let him send his influence down,
To soften human woes;
Let health and peace adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133. C. M.

Brotherly love.

1 BEHOLD how pleasant 'tis to see
The sons of virtuous love,
In all their words and ways agree
To seek the things above.

2 No foes their happy state embroil,
And far from scenes of strife,
Content and peace reward their toil,
With all the joys of life.

3 A stream of bliss from God the spring
Shall every soul pervade,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
Stretch out an healing shade.

4 'Tis like the 'effusion pure and sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

5 'Tis pleasant as the morning drops,
That fall on Zion's hill,
When nightly dews revive the crops,
And nature drinks her fill.

PSALM 133. S. M.

The communion of saints.

1 BEHOLD the pleasing sight
Where saints in union dwell,
The virtuous souls with pure delight
Perform their duties well.

2 'Tis like the effusion sweet,
That once o'er Aaron ran,

And trickling down from head to feet,
Perfum'd the holy man.
3 'Tis like the cheering drops,
That from the mountains flow,
And gently falling from their tops,
Revive the plants below.
4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
There joy like morning dew distills,
And ether* drops with love.
5 In friendship may we live
To cheer and bless our friends,
'Till God that greater blessing give,
The life that never ends.

PSALM 133. As the 122d.
Friendship.

1 HOW pleasant tis to see,
Kindred and friend agree,
Far from the noise of war and strife
They spend their happy days,
And in a thousand ways
Refine the virtuous joys of life.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's reverend head,
That trickled downward to his feet,
The ointment freely us'd,
A choice perfume diffus'd
And every breath around was sweet.

3 As fruitful showers of rain,
That water well the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
So streams of pleasure roll,
In every friendly soul,
And far extend their cheering rills.

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* Ether, refined air, pure and heavenly.

4 But if when friends unite,
'Tis such a lovely sight,
How would it please a virtuous mind,
Should dire commotions cease,
The nations live in peace,
And all the world prove just and kind.

5 Eternal King above,
Descend in showers of love,
Thy gospel spread from shore to shore;
On this our happy land
Thy blessing now command,
Health, life and peace for ever more.

PLALM 134. C. M.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE servants of the 'immortal King,
Approach his sacred face;
O, bless the Lord, ye saints, and sing
The wonders of his grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls afar,
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the loftiest star.

3 The God, who built the heavens above,
Will bless his saints below,
They shall enjoy his richest love,
And his salvation know.

4 From Zion shall his word of power
Break from the gathering cloud,
And blessings on the nations shower,
With thunder roaring loud.

PSALM 135. Part 1. L. M.

God is sovreign and unsearchable.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, rejoice and sing,
Ye servants of the 'almighty King,

Attune your hearts to solemn song,
And praise him in the 'assembled throng.

2 Praise ye the Lord, ye tuneful band,
Within his house in order stand,
To bless his name is sweet employ,
To sing and tell the world our joy.

3 The Lord in Jacob takes delight,
The saints are honor'd in his sight,
Chosen in Christ, belov'd and known,
A ransom'd treasure all his own.

4 Great is the Lord and great his love,
He reigns o'er all the heavens above;
No kingly power below the skies
With his transcendent glory vies.

5 He sits enthron'd on Zion's hill,
And deep in counsel works his will,
Nor mortal pries, nor angel sees,
Nor dares to search his deep decrees.

6 In heaven he hath his sovreign way,
No power above his hand can stay,
He does whate'er delights him most,
Among the blest angelic host.

7 The solid earth, and flowing deep,
His everlasting orders keep,
Nor dares a leaf, nor wave to move,
If God the motion disapprove.

8 His eyes pervade the darkest place,
That distant lies in boundless space;
His slowest thoughts with ease outrun,
The swiftest ray that leaves the sun.

9 Praise ye the Lord, ye saints below,
His wond'rous grace and glory show;
Let earth and heaven with sweet accord,
In general concert praise the Lord.

PSLM 135. Part 2. L. M.

The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

1 GREAT is the Lord, he reigns alone,
O'er every power, o'er every throne,
Nor man, nor angel may command,
Nor think to stay his mighty hand.

2 Great is the Lord, and unconfin'd
He does what most delights his mind,
Thro heaven and earth and sea he rides,
And rules the nations and the tides.

3 Vapor at his command ascends,
Exhal'd* from earth's remotest ends,
Condens'd† in heaven, returns again
In gentle dews, or showers of rain.

4 He brings the tempest from his store,
His lightnings flash, his thunders roar,
Electric balls around him play,
While for his rain they mark the way.

5 What dreadful tokens from his hand,
Were sent, O Egypt, thro thy land,
Israel opprest his arm releast,
And slew thy first born, man and beast.

6 Nations rebellious with their kings,
His arm to desolation brings,
A word from God, a look, a frown,
Casts the contemptuous tyrant down.

7 Great is the Lord, his holy name
Exists from endless years the same;
Let every house his deeds record,
And every nation praise the Lord.

PSALM 135. C. M.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,

* Exhaled, drawn upwards by the sun as water.
† Condensed, made thick.

Your pious pleasure while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; his dreadful dart
Shall all his foes destroy;
But saints lie near the Savior's heart,
His treasure and his joy.

3 The vapors rise at his command,
Or hail, or lightning flies,
While dreadful storms o'er sea and land
Sweep thro the sounding skies.

4 All power that men have vainly claim'd,
Exists in God alone;
But tyrant kings in vain have aim'd
To fill his mighty throne.

5 Let heathens bow before a stock
And tell it their complaints,
Jehovah is our living Rock,
The refuge of his saints.

6 None of the stocks and stones they trust,
Can give them showers of rain;
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

7 Their gods have tongues that speechless prove,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were never form'd to move,
Nor hands have power to save.

8 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, who wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.

9 Ye nations know the God of grace,
In heaven his temple stands;
But makes the church his resting place,
And there your praise demands.

PSALM 136. C. M.

An exhortation to praise God.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the King of kings,
His mercies yet endure;
His arm alone does wond'rous things,
His truth is ever sure.

2 The great Creator's name be prais'd,
How glorious is his name!
The heavens a shining frame he rais'd,
How wond'rous is the frame!

3 The sun supplies the day with light,
And sends his rays afar;
The moon and stars adorn the night,
How glorious every star!

4 He smote the sons of Egypt dead,
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led,
How gracious is our God!

5 He did the swelling sea divide,
What power to God belongs!
Israel with singing cross'd the tide,
How joyful were their songs!

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drownd,
How soon the waves return'd!
Pursuers fled—Jehovah frown'd,
How fierce his vengeance burn'd!

7 Proud monarchs fell beneath his hand,
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promis'd land,
And be his name ador'd.

8 He saw the nations dead in sin,
How did his pity melt!
Sad was the state the world was in,
How great the love he felt!

9 He sent to save us from our woe,
His goodness never fails;
From death, and hell, and every foe,
And yet his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King,
His mercies yet endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing,
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM 136. As the 148th.

Praise to God the Creator and Redeemer.

1 GIVE thanks to God our King,
Who did creation frame;
Let every creature sing,
The great Creator's name.
What God commands,
Must long endure,
And ever sure
Creation stands.

2 The Lord performs with ease
The mandates of his throne,
He built the flowing seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
'Twas at his call
Creation sprung;
On air he hung
This earthly ball.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
The source of heat and light;
The planets round him run,
He mark'd their orbits right.
His power sustains
The lights he made;
But should they fade,
His truth remains.

4 Egypt, the Lord o'erthrew,
The messenger of power,
Her first-born children slew,
In one tremendous hour.
Let tyrants know,
That God on high
Can hear a sigh
From saints below.

5 He did the sea divide,
The trembling waters fled;
While Israel cross'd the tide,
By Moses safely led.
There is a God,
If once he rise,
Who will despise
His lifted rod.

6 But Pharaoh's hosts were drown'd,
O'erwhelm'd with mighty waves;
They fled—Jehovah frown'd,
And made the sea their graves.
Proud Egypt's boast,
Were seen no more,
Till on the shore
They strew'd the coast.

PAUSE.

7 The land of Canaan shook
Beneath Jehovah's hand,
While his own people took
Possession of the land.
Both town and wall
Encompass'd round,
With trumpets' sound
Before them fall.

8 Jehovah saw our race
Destroy'd by sinful man,

And in his boundless grace,
Reveal'd the glorious plan.
The 'eternal mind
Had thus decreed,
"The woman's seed
Shall save mankind."

9 He sent his only Son
To save our souls from loss,
Jesus the victory won,
He conquer'd on the cross.
He did restore,
And set us free,
When on the tree
Our sins he bore.

10 Give thanks to God our King,
To God the praise belongs;
Sinners, rejoice and sing,
In loud and cheerful songs.
His honor raise,
Redeem'd from death,
Let every breath
Be spent in praise.

PSALM 136. Abridged. L. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God the sovreign King,
His praise, ye saints and seraphs, sing;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure,
His kingdom ever must endure.

3 He built the world, he spread the sky,
And fixt the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
The moon and stars direct the night;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure,
His kingdom ever must endure.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the nations dead in sin,
And felt his pity move within;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure,
His kingdom ever must endure.

7 From heaven the blest Redeemer came,
To save the world from sin and shame;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8 Thro this vain world he guides our feet,
'Till all his saints in glory meet;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure,
His kingdom ever must endure.

PSALM 137. L. M.

Israel in captivity and Babylon destroyed.

1 O BABYLON, our captive ranks
Sat down along thy river banks,
A time of fasting there we kept,
And as we thought of Zion wept.

2 Our harps were on the willows hung.
Not one melodious tune was sung;
We gave our mighty sorrows vent,
And all the fast in mourning spent.

3 The men, who dar'd the saints to wrong,
In jest requir'd a cheerful song;
" Come now. say they, rejoice and sing
In praise of God your sovreign King."

4 Remov'd from Zion far away,
We cannot tune our harps to day;
Nor shall our sacred music charm
The men, who smiling seek our harm.

5 If I forget my native land,
Let dislocation seize my hand;
My tongue be dumb, mine eyes be blind,
If Zion never come in mind.

6 Remember, Lord, the sons of hell,
Who vex the world in which we dwell;
And as they love the sword to 'employ,
So let the sword their lives destroy.

7 Now let oppressors quake for fear,
Thy time, O Babylon, is near;
Happy the man who lays thee low,
And deals thy sons the heaviest blow.

PSALM 137.

The Babylonian captivity.

1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
And every saint for sorrow look'd dismay'd.

2 The tuneless harp that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

3 Our persecutors saw us thus exil'd,
Then bid us sing in soft melodious strains,
Some song of Zion sing, they said, and smil'd,
But held us captive in relentless chains.

4 Ah! how in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise!
O, hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart forget my kindred race,
Let dislocation seize my loosen'd frame,
Be dumb my tongue, and blush my guilty face.

6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with havoc in the rear,
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
'Till persecutors die of shame and fear.

PSALM 138. L. M.

Restoring and preserving grace.

1 WITH my whole heart, eternal King,
I will thy power and glory sing;
The saints shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

2 Conven'd among the joyful throng,
Melodious sounds shall swell my song;
While every voice in concert tries
To waft the music to the skies.

3 Thy goodness, Lord, the saints adore,
But grace demands my wonder more,
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose,
He heard my prayer, and quell'd my foes,
He did my rising fears control,
And hope again reviv'd my soul.

5 The God of heaven his state maintains,
Frowns on the great, the proud disdains;

But saints who trust his grace alone,
Have full acceptance at his throne.

6 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. Part 1. L. M.

The all-seeing God.

1 OMNISCIENT God, thy mind pervades
The darkest clouds, the thickest shades,
Thine all-discerning sight espies
Whate'er is done below the skies.

2 My thoughts, before they are mine own,
Are to thy mind distinctly known;
Thou know'st the words I mean to speak,
Ere from mine opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On either side I find thine hand;
Where'er I go, where'er I stay,
Thy providence attends my way.

4 Thy knowledge is an heavenly blaze,
That strikes the cherubs with amaze;
Not one by searching thee can find,
Or comprehend thy boundless mind.

5 Then what can I by thought attain
To find out God! The search is vain,
Thy deep designs I cannot see,
All are too wonderful for me.

6 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
O, may this thought possess my breast,

"The Lord is here, whate'er I do
His eyes omniscient look me thro."

PAUSE.

7 Where can a guilty sinner fly,
O Lord, to shun thy piercing eye!
An hiding place, ah! who can find
Unknown to thy discerning mind!

8 If up to heaven I stretch my plumes,
Thy presence there the heaven illumes;
Or if I make my bed in hell,
'Tis there thy power and justice dwell.

9 If mounted on the wings of morn,
In distant seas I dwell forlorn,
The hand that guides me thro the deep,
Would still my soul in safety keep.

10 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thine all-searching eyes;
But thou canst seize thy foes as soon,
Thro midnight shades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Both are alike, my God, to thee;
The gloomy cloud, the glowing flame,
With thee for ever shine the same.

13 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
O, may this thought posses my breast,
"I must the laws of heaven revere,
I may not sin, for God is here."

PSALM 139. Part 2. L. M.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 IT was from thee, my God, I came,
A fabric of superior frame;

And yet mine earthly temple stands,
The fearful wonder of thine hands.

2 'Twas thou, who didst possess my reins,
When blood came flowing thro my veins,
Mine arteries cast abroad the blood,
My veins return'd the crimson flood.

3 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in embryo darkness lay,
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

4 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovreign counsels fram'd,
The breathing lungs, the beating heart,
Were fashion'd with unerring art.

5 From irritation sense began
To form the passions of the man,
Till the young powers of human thought
Were strangely to volition wrought.

6 At length, to show thy skill divine,
What first was dark began to shine,
Thy breath, that warms both earth and skies,
Blew up the flame that never dies.

7 Join'd to my flesh the 'immortal soul,
Perceiv'd the power of thy control,
Struck like a spark from parent stock
The fire was in the living Rock.

8 What wonders in myself I find,
Thy thoughts are precious to my mind,
How great their sum, how wise thy deeds,
Continued life from God proceeds.

PSALM 139. Part 3. L. M.

The wonderful preservation of man.

1 LORD, since in mine advancing age,
I 've acted on life's busy stage,

Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

2 I could the boundless strand explore,*
And count each sand that makes the shore,
E're my sublimest thoughts could trace,
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt bless my following days,
And while thy sword the wicked slays,
I 'll keep thy judgments near mine heart,
And bid that bloody race depart.

4 Thy love is on my mind imprest,
With this I give mine eyes to rest;
And at my waking hours I find
Thy love the most revives my mind.

PSALM 139. Part 4. L. M.

Grieving for the sins of others.

1 MY soul is fill'd with grief and shame,
When fools deride my Savior's name,
I mourn to hear their lips blaspheme,
And make the word of life their theme.

2 I, Lord, with perfect hate detest,
The scornful smile, the daring jest,
The men, who hate thy laws and thee,
I count for enemies to me.

3 O search me, Lord, and know mine heart,
And try my soul in every part,
'Till all my powers and every thought
Are sweetly to submission brought.

4 I would not from my God remove,
And tho mine heart should ne'er reprove,
For walking in a false disguise,
Yet try my soul with searching eyes.

---

* To explore, to search, to examine.

5 Does secret mischief lurk within,
Or loves my soul some unknown sin?
Reclaim me, Lord, whene'er I stray,
And guide my feet in all the way.

PSALM 139. Part 1. C. M.

The omniscient God.

1 IN every power, in every part,
My Maker knows me well;
There 's not a thought within my heart,
But thou, my God, canst tell.

2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys,
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 No place of hiding can I find,
Where God is never met;
On either side, before, behind,
Thou hast my way beset.

4 Such knowledge is too great for me,
It far transcends the skies!
Ah! whither, whither shall I flee,
To shun thy searching eyes?

5 If up to heaven my flight I take,
The Lord is there on high;
Or if in hell my bed I make,
The Lord in depths is nigh.

6 If I should take the wings of morn
And dwell in distant lands,
The fugitive obscure, forlorn,
Is yet within thine hands.

7 If o'er myself I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

8 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O, may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM 139. Part. 2. C. M.

Zoonomia.[*]

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand
And view my curious frame;
The building shows the Maker's hand,
And here I read his name.

2 The Lord of life possest my reins,
Where unborn nature grew,
He fill'd with blood my rising veins,
And all my members drew.

3 His eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part;
The springs of life his word obey'd,
And mov'd my beating heart.

4 He wrought my substance in the dark,
Where I his embryo lay,
'Till thou, my soul, a vital spark,
Illum'd this house of clay.

5 There irritation strongly wrought,
There sense and soul began,
'Till the young powers of human thought
Immortaliz'd the man!

6 Creating power transports my mind,
To God my soul I raise,
The more I search myself I find
The greater cause for praise.

7 Long as my mortal lungs shall heave,
My Maker I 'll adore;

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[*] Zoonomia, the law of organic life.

And when this dying flesh I leave,
My soul shall praise him more.

PSALM 139. Part 3. C. M.

The mercies of God innumerable, an evening psalm.

1 LORD, when I count my mercies o'er
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To half their numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands
An house of living clay,
Upheld by thy supporting hands,
The building stands to day.

3 How precious, how divinely sweet,
Are all thy thoughts of love!
What favors here on earth I meet,
But hope for more above.

4 These on mine heart by night I keep,
And find them dear to me!
Oh! may I wake refresht by sleep,
And spend the day for thee.

PSALM 140. L. M.

Oppression complained of.

1 SAVE us, O God; thy powerful arm,
The best defends the saints from harm;
When bloody men for war combine,
We seek no help, O God, but thine.

2 Our foes against our peace engage,
And give a loose to burning rage;
No serpent whets his tongue so long,
Or throws a venom half so strong.

3 They for our lives have spread a snare,
They watch us with an envious care,

They take by force whate'er they please,
And claim the right to rule the seas.

4 Behold they boast of mighty ships,
How proud their words, how false their lips!
They say that peace is all their aim,
And yet the right to search us claim.

5 Arise, O Lord, thy word perform,
Descend in all the power of storm,
Now on their navy pour thy coals,
Or cast them on destructive shoals.

6 " Thus saith the Lord, who reigns on high,
I 've heard my sorrowing people sigh,
And have in dreadful wrath come down,
To shake the nations with my frown.

7 I will the rights of man maintain,
Mine hand shall break the oppressor's chain;
The saints redeem'd from all their woes,
Shall triumph o'er their falling foes."

PSALM 140. C. M.

God is our protector.

1 PROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm,
Behold our rising woes;
We trust alone thy powerful arm
To scatter all our foes.

2 Their tongues are like envenom'd darts,
Their thoughts are full of guile;
While rage and carnage swell their hearts,
They wear a peaceful smile.

3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
When foes without invade
Or spread within a deeper snare,
Supplies our constant aid.

4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
Thine heavenly truth extend;

Let every nation taste thy grace;
And all delusion end.

5 Relieve the 'opprest whene'er they sigh,
On vile oppressors tread;
And be thy church exalted high
With Christ its glorious head.

PSALM 141. Part 4. L. M.

Watchfulness and brotherly love.

1 ON thee, my gracious God, I call,
And at thy footstool humbly fall;
Make haste to hear my suppliant voice,
And let my soul in thee rejoice.

2 As incense offer'd to my King
To thee my cheerful thanks I bring;
O may my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

3 I 'll watch my mouth; for thro the lips
How oft the word of mischief slips;
No wicked thought, no vile intent,
Shall thro that sacred door have vent.

4 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer mine head.

5 When I behold them prest with grief,
I 'll cry to heaven for their relief;
From Satan's snares I 'll draw their feet,
And they shall own my words were sweet.

PSALM 141. Part 2. L. M.

Lead us not into temptation.

1 PRESERVE our souls, eternal King,
From every false and wicked thing;
While sinners all our steps surround,
True to the Lord may we be found.

2 The sons of earth, who roll in vice,
In vain our watchful feet entice,
Our cautious souls shall ne'er incline
To taste their bread, or drink their wine.

3 But should we sin, when fools invite,
Us may the righteous kindly smite,
The gentle words the faithful use
Shall on our heads like oil diffuse.*

4 Their judges must be quite o'erthrown,
When God shall make his judgments known;
The saints shall tread them with their feet,
And hear my words divinely sweet.

5 Our bones are scatter'd at our graves,
How proud the boasting foe behaves;
As wood the laboring axman cleaves,
So his unsparing hand bereaves.

6 Eternal God, in whom we trust,
Our foes shall know that God is just;
The men, who now thy saints provoke,
Shall fall beneath thy heaviest stroke.

PSALM 141. C. M.

The uncorrupted christian.

1 TO heaven I send mine evening cry,
In mercy, Lord, attend;
As incense rising thro the sky,
So let my prayer ascend.

2 I would the restless tongue control,
And guard my thoughts within;
Nor let the way to thee, my soul,
Become the door to sin.

3 With men, who roll in every vice,
I 'll neither dine nor sup,

---

* To diffuse, to pour out, to spread, to scatter.

Their dainties me shall ne'er entice
To touch their golden cup.
4 But should the tempting world invite,
And I from God remove,
O may the righteous gently smite,
And every friend reprove.
5 Their gentle words like lenient oil
Shall never break mine head,
I 'll rise victorious every foil,*
And on the tempter tread.
6 If Satan should entrap their feet,
I 'll warn my friends with care,
And they shall own my words were sweet,
When they have 'scap'd the snare.

PSALM 142. C. M.

God is the hope of the helpless.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
But God beheld my way,
On either side I found my foes
Were watchful to betray.
3 For me they set a secret snare,
And rag'd without control;
While not a mortal seem'd to care
If they devour'd my soul.
4 Then from the dark and dismal cave
I thus my God addrest;
" O Lord, mine hope beyond the grave,
Be thou my present rest.

---

* Foil, a defeat, a miscarriage.

5 Behold me brought exceeding low,
In mercy now attend,
And let my foes, who vex me, know,
That Jesus is my friend.

6 My soul from this sad prison bring
That I may praise thy name;
Surrounding saints with me shall sing
And tell thy deeds of fame.

PSALM 143. L. M.

Comhlaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

1 GIVE ear, Almighty God, give ear,
My suppliant cry vouchsafe to hear,
In righteousness my prayer attend,
And swift as thought an answer send.

2 For all the crimes that I have done,
I plead the merits of thy Son;
But should thy law its own demand,
No flesh could in thy presence stand.

3 Opprest with loads of guilt and sin,
My soul is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The former wonders of thy grace.

4 In darkness like the blind I grope,
Till I perceive a glimpse of hope;
O, could I hear thy morning voice,
How would my sorrowing soul rejoice.

5 As plants revive with morning dew,
So does thy grace my soul renew,
To heaven I stretch abroad mine hands,
And thirst for God like parched lands.

6 For God I thirst, for God I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high,
For God sit morning all the day,
And wear the tedious hours away.

7 O, teach me, Lord. to do thy will,
And guide my feet to Zion's hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

8 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. Part 1. C. M.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

1 I BLESS the God of boundless might,
My helmet and my shield,
Who forms me for the heavenly fight,
And leads me to the field,

2 God is my fortress, God my tower,
On him my soul relies;
I 'll triumph in his conquering power,
Should hell against me rise.

3 In vain mine envious foes begin
Their unprovok'd attack,
For Jesus saves my soul from sin,
And drives the tempter back.

4 A friend and helper so divine,
My feeble faith can raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. Part 2. C. M.

A prayer for the destruction and conversion of God's enemies.

1 LORD, what is man, rebellious man,
Of guilt and weakness made,
His longest days on earth a span,
His life a flying shade!

2 Shall such a worm lift up his head,
And like a mountain stand?
Shall he display no signs of dread
When God is near at hand?

3 Arrest unconscious sinners now,
Who thus thy wrath provoke,
The heavens with all thy glory bow,
And make the hills to smoke.

4 Cast forth thy lightnings, and employ
Thine all consuming cloud;
Shoot out thine arrows, and destroy
The 'opressive and the proud.

5 O send thy spirit from above,
To work a glorious change;
Convert them into sons of love,
From children base and strange.

6 So will we join to bless our King,
For grace divinely free,
And every harp, and every string,
Shall sound a note for thee.

PSALM 144. Part 3. C. M.

The happy nation.

1 HAPPY the land where gospel truth
Its heavenly light displays,
While reverend age and blooming youth
Perceive its golden rays.

2 There God his choicest blessing grants,
A pure and pleasing air;
The sons appear like thrifty plants,
In strength and beauty fair.

3 Like corner stones, a living row
Of virtuous daughters stand,
And polish'd like a palace show
The splendor of the land.

4 The garners overflow with grain,
And earth abounds with store,
Along the street no tongues complain,
For heart can wish no more.

5 The flocks of sheep have large increase
The beasts of draft are strong;
No sons of plunder break the peace,
Nor do their neighbors wrong.

6 Jehovah is their only rest,
The saints are ever his;
That nation is divinely blest,
Whose king Jehovah is.

PSALM 145. L. M.

The greatness of God.

1 I 'LL magnify my God and King,
His grace and greatness will I sing;
His praise shall well my tongue employ,
And fill my cheerful soul with joy.

2 I 'll bless the Lord; each morning ray
Shall bear some grateful note away,
And every setting sun prolong
The praise and triumph of the song.

3 Great is the Lord; in power supreme,
His goodness flows an endless stream;
His love is swift, his anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Great is the Lord; let race to race
Declare the wonders of his grace;
His works with sovreign glory shine,
And show his majesty divine.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of his praise;
And unborn ages yet arise,
To shout his glory to the skies.

6 But who can speak his glorious deeds,
His greatness language far exceeds;
Nor can the nobler powers of thought
Conceive the wonders God has wrought.

PSALM 145. Part 1. C. M.

The goodness of God.

1 LONG as I live I 'll bless his name,
Who rules the world in love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 I 'll send my grateful songs away
To his celestial seat;
Perpetual praise from day to day
Shall fill the long repeat.

3 Great is the Lord in power and grace,
But who can speak his deeds?
His love to man's rebellious race,
Our language far exceeds!

4 His goodness cheers the world below,
In God the saints rejoice;
In mercy swift, in anger slow,
How gracious is his voice!

5 Fathers shall well instruct the youth,
And high his honors raise;
Ages to come proclaim his truth,
And far resound his praise.

6 His glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall thro the world be known;
And every kingdom, every state,
The King of nations own.

7 The worlds are manag'd by his hands,
He made and rules them all,
And his eternal kingdom stands,
When tottering empires fall.

PSALM 145. Part 2. C. M.

Providence and grace.

1 THE sweet remembrance of thy grace,
My God, my sovreign King,
Let every realm and every race,
In hymns triumphant sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
O'er all the world his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On God for daily food;
His liberal hand in every strait,
Relieves the famish'd brood.

4 The Lord is good; he lov'd us all;
In works of mercy swift;
He gave us ransom at the fall,
And Jesus was the gift!

Let every creature, every tribe,
Exalt their Maker's name;
But saints who most his love imbibe,*
Should most his love proclaim.

PSALM 145. Part 3. C. M.

God's mercy to sufferers.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovreign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
And virtue lies distrest,
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

---

* To embibe, to drink in.

3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Sacred and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 His mercy never shall remove
From men of hearts sincere;
Should Satan rage, and kings reprove,
The saints shall persevere.

5 His sword the victory shall achieve,*
And pierce his foes with pain;
But they, who first in Christ believe,
Shall ne'er believe in vain.

6 My lips shall praise the living Lord,
Who cools the raging flame;
Ye suffering saints, with one accord,
For ever bless his name.

PSALM 145. L. M.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis sweet employ
To sing and tell the world our joy;
My soul shall join the adoring throng,
And praise Elohim in my song.

2 I 'll praise him in a sacred ode,
Now while the flesh is mine abode;
But when I land on Canaan's shore,
My happy soul shall praise him more.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust,
Their help is vain, their vital breath,
Their pomp and power depart at death.

4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,

---

* To acheive, to perform, to finish, to gain.

And earth and seas with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 The Lord is glorious in his deeds,
He saves the 'opprest, the poor he feeds,
He makes the noise of war to cease,
And sends the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord to sight restores the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He helps the stranger when exil'd,
The widow and the friendless child.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns,
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 146. As the 113th.

God is worthy of our praise and trust.

1 I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall my nobler powers employ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
  In yonder world of heavenly joy.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust,
  Vain is the power of kings to save;
Their breath departs, and in a day,
Their thoughts for ever pass away,
  And perish with them in the grave.

8 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
  And earth and seas, with all their train;
The Lord is glorious in his deeds,
He saves the 'opprest, the poor he feeds,
  And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord to sight restores the blind
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He soothes the saint when bow'd with grief;
He sets the prisoner loose, the exil'd,
The widow and the friendless child,
Look up to God and find relief.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell,
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let men of every tongue and age,
In this exalted work engage,
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I 'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall my nobler powers employ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last
In yonder world of heavenly joy.

PSALM 147. Part 1. L. M.

The hiding place.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to sing
The praise of our eternal King,
It well becomes the saints to raise
Their hearts and voices in his praise.

2 Jesus, the King of saints, comes down,
To build his church, to wear his crown;
Israel dispers'd the Lord invites,
And in one head the whole unites.

3 The Lord has founded in the west,
An hiding place for man oppress;
Come out, ye saints, and thither run,
The judgments of the Lord to shun.

4 The Lord his sufferers will console,
He makes their broken spirits whole,

While in their wounds he pours his balm,
Their minds become an heavenly calm.

5 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names,
And in galaxy* views afar,
Our bright and constellated star.

6 Great is the Lord, and great in power,
When storms in wild commotion lower,
His hand directs the flying cloud,
And pours a tempest on the proud.

7 Jehovah let the nations seek,
His powerful hand upholds the meek;
And while he well rewards the just,
He treads the 'oppressor in the dust.

PSALM 147. Part 2. L. M.

God is sovreign and absolute.

1 SING to the Lord, ye saints, aloud,
Who spreads o'er heaven his wat'ry cloud,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

2 He makes the grass the hills to 'adorn,
He clothes the smiling fields with corn,
He gives to man and beast their food,
And feeds the raven's hungry brood.

3 But what can God of creatures need?
The vigorous man, the warlike steed,
The sprightly wit, the nervous limb,
Are all too mean delights for him.

4 Yet saints are fair in Jesus' sight,
He views his children with delight,
He sees their hopes, their love he knows,
And on them heaven at last bestows.

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* Galaxy, the milky way.

PSALM 147. Part 3. L. M.

The new Jerusalem.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, let Zion raise
A thousand voices in his praise,
While every street with joy resounds
And plenty thro the land abounds.

2 The God of Israel guards our coast,
In Israel's God we make our boast;
God is our strength in every gate,
Head of the church, and *Rock* of state.

3 Far from the trumpet's dire alarm,
Our children sleep secure from harm,
He feeds them with his finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

4 The changing seasons God ordains,
At his command it shines or rains,
His flakes of snow like wool descend,
And well the springing corn defend.

5 He cheers the plants with summer dews,
He frost like ashes 'round us strews,
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And shivering mortals dread the cold.

6 He bids the vernal breezes blow,
The streams dissolve, the waters flow;
The sun at midday high appears,
And swiftly rolls along our years.

7 These are thy works, almighty King,
But nobler works than these we sing,
For at the word of thy command
The gospel overspread our land.

8 Thy word, O Jesus, swiftly runs,
And far outshines a thousand suns;
No land is half so blest as ours,
On which the Lord his glory pours.

PSALM 147. C. M.

The seasons of the year.

1 JEHOVAH fills the world with dread,
He lets his lightnings fly,
The heavens with clouds are overspread,
His thunders rend the sky.

2 He sends his vernal blessings down,
His flowers the spring adorn;
He makes the grass the hills to crown,
And vallies rise in corn.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's voice;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should more in God rejoice.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year,
The morning sun curtails* his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground,
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his black tempestuous shower,
He sends his rattling hail,
The man, who dares to tempt his power,
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word, the snow dissolves,
The brooks and rivers run,
While in its orbit earth revolves,
And feels a warmer sun.

8 He makes his word to sinners known,
The word of sure record;
Not every nation like our own
Possess it. Praise the Lord.

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* To curtail, to cut off, to shorten.

PSALM 148. Proper Meter.

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 YE sons of men, unite,
To God your voices raise,
For heaven and earth invite
To sing your Maker's praise.
Ye heavenly throng,
Of shining hosts,
Attend your posts,
To lead the song.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
Adore and yet behold
His luster on thee streams,
He form'd thine eyes of gold.
O king of days,
Thy silver queen
By night is seen
In borrowed rays.

3 Ye glittering stars, assist
To 'adorn the spangled skies,
Break thro the rising mist
And show your twinkling eyes.
Ye mists give place,
Nor long absorb
The shining orb,
That rolls in space.

4 The joyful worlds above
In silent songs rejoice,
They sing their Maker's love,
But not with human voice.
There 's no discord,
But every star
Without a jar
Adores the Lord.

5 Jehovah wheels them 'round
With all-creating force,

Each in his place is found,
And well performs his course.
Almighty poise
Supports them all;
But they must fall
With crashing noise.

PAUSE FIRST.

6 Let all our earth born race,
With yonder worlds of light,
Adore the God of grace,
And triumph in his sight.
Thou liquid salt,
The rolling main,
With all thy train,
His name exalt.

7 Ye myriad insects try,
To praise the King of kings,
Let every buzing fly,
Display his beauteous wings.
From God you came,
His light illumes
Your shining plumes
With glowing flame.

8 Ye vapors, hail and snow,
His sovreign word fulfill;
Ye tempests, rage and blow,
Obedient to his will.
Let the black shower,
With raging fire
And wind conspire
To show his power.

9 Ye mountains, bow the head
At his imperial nod,
Let Sinai hear with dread
The mandates of her God.

Escape his frown,
Nor once provoke
The dreadful stroke
That casts you down.

PAUSE SECOND.

10 Let Boreas* roar aloud,
And send to heaven his cries;
Let thunder from the cloud
Come rolling thro the skies.
The base belongs
To winds alone,
Hoarse be your tone
And loud your songs.
11 Ye hungry lions, roar
The tenor strong and bold;
And while you God adore,
The lamb for ever hold.
Rend, rend the prey,
Your savage paw
Is all the law
That whelps obey.
12 Ye birds, with treble notes,
Frequent the groves and sing,
And warble thro your throats
The praises of your King.
In God rejoice—
Creation, hark!
The morning lark
Has rais'd her voice.
13 Echo with treach'rous heart
While list'ning to the gales,
Must catch the counter part,
And ring it thro the vales.
He loves to mock,
And fuje around

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* Boreas, the north wind.

The hollow sound
From every rock.

14 Ye forests, beat the time,
And wave your tops afar,
Your roaring is sublime,
To fill the sounding bar.
Each rustling pine,
With music soft,
Must bear aloft
A song divine.

15 Ye kings and judges bow,
Before your sovreign Lord,
With songs address him now,
Nor make the least discord.
Your key be sharp,
Let every king
His honors sing,
With voice or harp

16 Virgins and youth engage,
'Tis yours the key to fix;
Infants with men of age,
Your feebler voices mix.
His honors raise,
Let old and young
With cheerful tongue
Their Maker praise.

PSALM 148 L. M.

Universal praise to God.

1 GLORY to God, the God of love,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell,
Let heaven begin the song above,
And sound it dreadful down to hell,

CHORUS.

From heaven the great Redeemer came
To save the world. Praise ye his name.

2 Jesus, how absolute he reigns!
Let every mortal bend the knee,
Speak of his love in heavenly strains,
Who suffer'd on the accursed tree.

3 He reigns in everlasting day,
How bright the face of Jesus is;
Fly thro the world, O sun, and say,
"My face is dark compar'd with his."

4 Awake, ye tempests, rage and lower,
With awful strength and fury fly,
Your strength is weakness to his power,
Who sends you roaring thro the sky.

5 Ye clouds and winds and waves conspire,
And high as heaven your voices raise;
Vapor and hail and snow and fire,
Resound discordant notes of praise.

6 Ye monsters, grown to dreadful size,
To praise your Maker's name engage,
For while his vengence fires your eyes,
His power restrains your glowing rage.

7 Mountains and trees and fruitful vines,
Begin your songs of glory now;
Ye forests, wave your stately pines,
And in his awful presence bow.

8 Ye birds, his praise must be your theme,
Who well for music form'd your notes,
His praise, whom impious men blaspheme,
Must warble sweetly thro your throats.

9 Mortals, can you restrain the tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O! for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings.

10 To Jesus songs of glory raise,
The praise belongs to God alone;

Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it high to reach his throne.

11 Jehovah Jesus, chant it 'round,
With all the powers of charming voice,
Let every sinner catch the sound,
And every saint in God rejoice.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
Let all below and all above,
Sing alleluas to the Lord.

PSALM 148. S. M.

Universal praise.

1 LET every creature try
To praise the 'eternal King;
Let heaven and earth and sea and sky,
In general concert sing.

2 Begin, ye heavenly throngs,
Who stand around his seat,
Let Gabriel lead the joyful songs,
And Raphael keep the beat.

3 Ye sons of human race,
Join with the virgin band,
And next to cherubs claim the place,
Where all your choirs must stand.

4 Thou sun, with golden beams,
Assist the silver moon,
Thy Maker's brightness on thee streams,
'Tis God creates thy noon.

5 From God thy being came,
Thy parent is divine,
He form'd thy light of living flame,
And thou for God must shine.

6 Thou moon, with paler rays,
Join with the king of day,

Ye starry lights, ye milky ways,
Your twinkling eyes display.
7 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring 'round the skies,
His power and glory show.
8 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
To praise the Lord agree,
When all in dreadful storms conspire,
Fulfilling his decree.
9 By things in heaven above
His honors are exprest;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE FIRST.

10 Ye monsters of the deep,
Your Maker's glory spout,
Rouse from your liquid beds of sleep,
And lash the waves about.
11 Ye lions of the wood,
His sovreign word obey;
Praise ye the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills your mouths with prey.
12 Let every tamer beast
Adore his sacred name;
And while on grassy food you feast,
Praise him, who made you tame.
13 Ye birds of warbling note,
With mirth and song sublime,
Frequent the groves, and there devote
To God your sacred time.
14 Ye reptiles mean of birth,
Your tongues his praise should hiss,
While basking in your hours of mirth,
You feel the sunny bliss.

15 Insects the least of all
To God your voices raise,
Nor think your little tongues too small
To sing your Maker's praise.

16 By tongues of every race,
His honors are exprest,
But saints, who know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE SECOND.

17 Ye rocks of solid form,
That storms can never shock,
While you sustain the raging storm,
Adore the living Rock.

18 Ye mountains, and ye hills,
Attempt the pleasing strains,
Break forth with songs in purling* rills,
And murmur thro the plains.

19 Ye cedars tall and fair,
Ye shrubs and fruitful trees,
Catch from the hills the vivid† air,
And rustle with the breeze.

20 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye the sovreign King;
Judges, adore the potent hand
From whence your honors spring.

21 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and withering age
Their feebler voices try.

22 United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord, his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

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* Purling, gently flowing.
† Vivid, lively, quick, spritely.

23 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints who dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149. Part 1. C. M.

All saints.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. Let Greek and Jew
Join in the assembled throng;
Your hearts be glad, your songs be new,
And Jesus be your song.

2 Let youth his sacred praise advance,
And in their God rejoice;
Let virgins praise him in the dance,
With cheerful heart and voice.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, who lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
When on a dying bed;
And like the saints in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Ye saints, the hour is near at hand,
Rejoice with one accord;
We shall with Christ in glory stand,
Praise ye the sovreign Lord.

PSALM 149. Part 2. C. M.

The invitation.

1 THE judgment trumpet sounds aloud,
The Judge himself is nigh;
Behold him on the flying cloud,
Descending from on high.

2 The Lord will on oppressors frown,
And show the saints his love;

The prayer of faith shall bring him down,
With myriads from above.

3 What joy his presence shall afford,
To those who love his name;
And in their hands his two-edg'd sword
Shall put his foes to shame.

4 The saints shall rule with iron rod
The sinners who rebell,
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

5 The written judgments of our King
Must be fulfill'd at last;
Make haste, ye fowls of heavenly wing,
And take your full repast.

6 Come, eat the pamper'd flesh of those
Who scorn the judgment hour;
The men, who dare our God to 'oppose,
Your talons must devour.

7 Behold the dreadful day begins,
Ye nations quake for fear,
You must be punish'd for your sins,
For Christ the Judge is near.

8 The bloody tyrant bound with chains,
Shall leave the world abhorr'd;
But honor for the saint remains,
Praise ye the sovreign Lord.

PSALM 149. L. M.

The saints triumphant.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; proclaim him King,
Ye saints, his power and glory sing,
High in the church your voices raise,
In new melodious songs of praise.

2 Let Israel hear his sovreign voice,
And in his Maker's love rejoice;

Let Zion's sons, a chosen race,
Be joyful in the God of grace.
3 The Lord in virtue takes delight,
His saints are honor'd in his sight,
He will at last reward the meek,
And they shall find the rest they seek.
4 Rejoice, ye saints, lift up your heads
Triumphant on your dying beds;
Rejoice in God, and sing aloud,
For, lo! he comes to judge the proud.
5 Let the high praises of your God
Inspire your lips; for with his rod
You shall subdue the factious bands,
His two-edg'd sword is in your hands.
6 'Tis yours oppressors to pursue
With vengeance long to tyrants due;
You shall the power of kings restrain,
And bind the nobles with your chain.
7 Award the judgment God decreed
Against the serpent and his seed,
This honor to the just belongs;
Praise ye the Lord in joyful songs.

PSALM 150. C. M.

A song of praise.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, ye saints below,
With heavenly rapture sing;
Let all the world his glory show,
And make the churches ring.
2 Praise him, ye heavenly worlds above,
How glorious are his deeds,
How far the work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
3 O chant the name of Jesus round,
Let heaven and earth rejoice;

Advance his praise with mixed sound,
From trumpet, harp, and voice.

4 All that have motion, life and breath,
Pronounce the Savior blest;
But when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Meter.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

Common Meter.

ALL honor, praise and glory be
To God's tremendous name;
In essence one, in persons three,
From endless years the same.

Short Meter.

WE bless the sacred one,
Whose nature is the same,
The Father, Spirit and the Son,
Jehovah is his name.

Long Meter.

1 TO praise the sacred one in three,
Let all on earth as one agree,
And join the heavenly hosts above
To celebrate his power and love.

2 The Father laid the wond'rous plan,
The Son came down to die for man,
The Spirit works with God the Son,
And all the three subsist in one.

Common Meter.

1 NOW be the name of God ador'd,
Who saves our race from wo,
But still employs his dreadful sword
Against the stubborn foe.

2 O bless the Father, praise the Son,
Adore the sacred dove,
Resound the victory Jesus won,
And triumph in his love.

Short Meter.

1 WE bless the God, I AM,
Who reigns in heaven above,
All honor to the bleeding Lamb,
His love demands our love.

2 Redeem'd from death and sin
We praise the Paraclete,
Who doth in us his grace begin,
And makes the work complete.

As the 113th Psalm.

Let heaven and earth as one agree,
To praise the great the sacred three,
Whose nature and whose views are one;
Jehovah is his glorious name,
He lives from endless years the same,
Thro heaven and earth his will is done.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God, the eternal one,
Our voices now we raise,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit too, we praise.
God is the same
Misterious three,
Let all agree
To praise his name.

As the old 50th Psalm.

TO him who was, and is, and is to be
One in Jehovah. in Elohim three,
Father of all, in whom all creatures live,
Let heaven and earth to God the glory give;
Equal in grace, in power alike victorious,
The Father, Son, and Spirit are all glorious.

ERRATA.

Page 66 line 29 from top, for *heaveny* read *heavenly*.
105 25, for *has* read *hast*.
156 margin, for 1810 read 1808.
161 line 18, for *my* read *his*.
167 18, for *dismay* read *dismays*.
221 18, for *display* read *displays*.
222 27, for *thy* read *the*.
241 13, for *born* read *borne*.
293 21, for *glooming* read *gloomy*.
362 16, for *friend* read *friends*.

I have used *mine* and *thine* before a word beginning with a vowel in preference to the modern custom, *my* and *thy*. Neither way in my judgment is quite poetical; but to make it so the words *mine* and *thine* should be pronounced as if written *min* and *thin* and slightly accented. Before a word beginning with *h* I have used *my* and *mine*, *thy* and *thine* indifferently.